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1712-1750

Written by HERSELF

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PLATE I

Nathl. Hone Pinxt.] [*Rd. Purcell fecit*

MRS. LETITIA PILKINGTON

[*frontispiece*

THE ENGLISH LIBRARY

Edited by J. ISAACS

Memoirs of Mrs Letitia Pilkington

1712-1750

Written by

Herself

With an Introduction by

IRIS BARRY

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NEW YORK

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1928

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Introduction

By IRIS BARRY

I

When Dean Swift was living in Dublin, retired from the great world for ever, intellectually bored and easing the stress of his soul by tortuous enterprises of charity, he mentioned, in a letter to Lord Bathurst, two of his new acquaintances:

> *'a little young poetical parson, who has a littler young poetical wife . . . And the young parson aforesaid hath very lately printed his own works, all in verse and some not unpleasant; in one or two of which I have the honour to be celebrated, which cost me a guinea and two bottles of wine . . .'*[1]

These were Matthew and Letitia Pilkington, who had been brought to Swift's notice by Dr Patrick Delany. Along with their friends, the learned Constantia Grierson and Mrs Barber, they sat and listened eagerly to his conversation through long evenings at Delany's pretty house, Delville, or at the Deanery.

Swift was amusing himself, as far as he could tolerate amusement, with local talent humble enough to bear his eccentric behaviour and not too stupid to understand what he said. Lord Orrery wrote contemptuously:—

> *'. . . from Swift's settlement in Dublin as Dean of St Patrick's, his choice of companions in general showed him of a very depraved taste . . . you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe and an assiduity . . . To these ladies Swift owed the publication of*

[1] F. E. Ball, *Swift's Correspondence*, iv, p. 169, Oct. 1730.

many pieces which ought never to have been delivered to the press. He communicated every composition as soon as finished to his female senate, who not only passed their judgment on the performance but constantly asked, and almost as constantly obtained, a copy of it.'

But Swift was hard put to it to find some way of reconciling himself to his exile from London. He swore that he was glad to be quit for ever of Court and politics, but his mouth, as he said it, was a little twisted. He badly missed the converse of brilliant and polished men: it had given him so much pleasure to be rough and disobliging to them. Probably he missed even more the excitement of politico-literary intrigue and the chance of preferment, galled though he was now to think how many promises of rich rewards had been made him and none of them kept. But with Sir Robert Walpole sticking on in power after the accession of George II, and with the King's agreeable mistress, Mrs Howard, no more influential than she had been in the reign of George I, Swift knew there was little for him to hope for. He reserved his power of shooting arrows from afar. Once, in a gay mood, he offered Letitia Pilkington to show her all the money he had picked up in London when he was in the Ministry. Pulling open some drawers for her to peep in, he displayed their complete emptiness.

From 1730 *to* 1737 *the Pilkingtons saw a great deal of the Dean. He can never have dreamt that a part of what posterity knew of him would filter through Letitia, though he may all along have had designs to make some use of Matthew. Letitia herself was never deceived about Swift's reasons for tolerating her company. For one thing, he was deaf and she could speak to make him hear; and she could bear his wild jokes as well. Matthew was in Holy Orders. It was infinitely to his advantage to curry favour with the Dean, in hopes of preferment and all the benefits which might fall to a likely young curate with poetical and musical accomplishments, from one or another of Swift's highly placed acquaintance—and servile Matthew was quite willing to drink up his patron's wine-lees. His complaisance*

seems a good deal more mean than that of his neat little wife. She stood to get nothing by the association save—at the price of a cruel pinch from her mentor when she 'made use of an inelegant phrase'—some instruction in the writing of English, which she digested badly, and the chance of reading Swift's private correspondence while she was pasting it into a book for him.

Mrs Pilkington was intelligent, very trim in appearance, and at that time perfectly respectable. Her father, Dr Van Lewen, a Dublin obstetrician of Dutch birth, was highly considered in Ireland. Through her mother she could claim—what is so dangerous to the obscure—kinship with persons of quality, through a great-grandmother Meade, daughter of the Earl of Kilmallock. She had tried her eyes all her life with assiduous reading: in any case, they were weak from smallpox. And she possessed an astonishing memory. She had married Pilkington in 1730, *less from love than from seeing him devoted to her to the point of swoons. She was eighteen at the time, and he was thirty. She admitted that her lover possessed 'many agreeable accomplishments' and 'a good face'. Apart from sanguine expectations, he brought her as bridal gifts a harpsichord, an owl, and a cat.*

*All went well at first. Their income was only £*100 *a year, but she was allowed the use of her father's coach when she wanted it, and was in a position to drink the finest tea like a lady of quality. The tone of her very capable poem on the wrongs of birds, composed soon after they were wed, shows her to have been suitably devoted and happy. It is strange, by the way, that we should connect this note of prevention of cruelty to animals with the Victorian age. Most of the benevolent public sentiments had their rise in the eighteenth century. The feasts for chimneysweeps, which Mrs 'Queen of the Blues' Montagu provided, and Hannah More's boatloads of tracts for working men and the poor heathen afford two exquisite minor examples.*

'The ingenious Mrs Pilkington' must afterwards have looked back to those happy years with envy. She and her husband had a Lilliputian house. The garden was elegantly

laid out, and in the middle of it stood a summer-house. Here, feeling themselves directly face to face with Nature, the curate and his wife invoked the Muse, and, when they had finished their efforts, they took them round to the Dean for amendment. By now Matthew had secured a chaplaincy. Often enough in those days the post carried with it the duty of reading aloud morning prayers in a closet, while the lady who patronized the clergyman was dressing in the next room, with the door a little open. A book of light and accomplished verse had appeared under Matthew's name in 1731.

Suddenly, against the advice of everyone but Swift, the young divine dashed off to London, armed with letters of introduction to Pope, Arbuthnot, and others, and with the gift of the chaplaincy to the Lord Mayor of London bestowed on him, to oblige Swift, by Alderman Barber, then coming in Mayor. Swift had asked for it thus:

Dublin, July 22, 1732

'*Mr Alderman,*

There is a young gentleman of the clergy here, for whom I have great regard, and I cannot but wish this young gentleman, for whose learning and oratory in the pulpit I will engage, might have the honour to be your chaplain in your mayoralty. His name is Matthew Pilkington; he is some years under thirty, but has more wit, sense, and discretion, than any of your London parsons ten years above his age. He has a great longing to see England, and appear in the presence of Mr Pope, Mr Gay, and others, in which I will venture to befriend him. You are not to tell me of prior engagements, because I have some title, as an old acquaintance, to expect a favour from you . . . *Jon. Swift.*

You need not be afraid of Mr Pilkington's hanging upon you, for he has some fortune of his own, and somewhat in the Church, but he would be glad to see England, and be more known to those who will esteem him and may raise him.'[1]

Matthew, setting out so gaily for the metropolis, did not, however, by any means quite fathom all Swift's intentions. The publication of poems, or of Swift's kind of prose, was no simple matter in the 1730's. *Literary men, penetrating in Queen Anne's reign the region of politics as*

[1] F. E. Ball, *Swift's Correspondence*, iv, pp. 323–4.

never before, lived still in a realm of intrigue and counterplot, of Court-favourites and malice, of preferment, treachery, and corruption. In those years it mattered considerably to the people of England who ruled them and how. The effort of revolution had left England very self-conscious, nervous, and excitable. Here was a people that could for principles get rid of one King and select another of its own free choice, and yet persuade itself and the world that it still preserved its Constitution. And it took its Constitution very seriously. There had been a prospect that the Stuarts might return: here hope of their reinstatement was lingering; there men felt a bitter determination to exclude them for ever. Mighty clashings between Tories and Whigs had gone on and now Whig 'patriots' bandied abusive cries with the Whig 'courtiers'. The nation seethed with political passion, blew up and down like dough set to rise. A-top of the heaving mass, supported by Walpole and his associates, sat the Hanoverian George II, self-important and totally ignorant of the fact that he was ruled by his wife, uttering personal abuse in his native German and laying down the law in fairly correct French. When Pilkington arrived in London, the town, like the rest of the country, was not so sure that it liked this foreign ruler, save as a lesser evil than a host of foreign Papists in charge of its destinies.

In all the scuffling and struggling around the Throne during the preceding forty years, the men of letters had taken their peculiar part, fighting under the banner of this patron or that. They were a necessary arm in the scuffle. The printing-presses were working at high pressure to emit acres of verse and prose by writers big or little, good or indifferent. And while now and then an injudicious printer or author was imprisoned, or even more severely punished, for an indiscretion, there was almost nothing that could not be said—and that was not said—in the cause of Patriotism and in the service of politicians.

Since Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" *and Pope's* "Treatise on the Bathos" *and Gay's* "Beggar's Opera" *had shown in* 1727 *and* 1728 *what sharp weapons had been taken up in party-causes, Pope and Swift were at the*

height alike of their fame and their unpopularity. Both were attacked continually in the news sheets and in paid pamphlets. It was rumoured that, anyhow, they were Tory creatures and probably mixed up in plots for bringing the Stuarts back. The whole period was rendered infinitely lively by the great prevalence and power of political broadsheets, published by the ton and hawked in the ſtreets. Press and theatre alike were used for the promulgation of political views, and every expression roused a hot and quick retort. Everyone wrote very anonymously and very pointedly. Personalities of the moſt intimate order were exchanged: caricatures as cruel went with them.

Speculation as to what the Dean and Mr Pope were up to was certainly entertained in many places in London. Had either of them concocted the lateſt venomous poem against the King, the Queen, and the Miniſter? Was it that witty Lady Mary Wortley Montagu who had penned the retort? Even at Pope's villa at Twickenham there was a certain uneasiness about the Dean's behaviour. Things were not going so very well between Pope and Swift. They both contributed to the same "Miscellany," *and Swift began to feel that too much of the glory and profits went to Twickenham and too much of the writing came from Dublin.*

Some little time before he went to London, Pilkington had written letters to Pope on Swift's behalf, and there had been much tortuous explaining. Swift informed Letitia that Pope was not 'so candid to the Merits of other Writers as he ought to be', and observed, on the same subject, that 'Authors can no more bear a rival in the Empire of Wit, than a Monarch could in his Dominions.'

Now when Pilkington went to London, Swift secretly intended to use him as a catspaw to draw the publication of some or all of his works out of Pope's hands. If his manœuvre succeeded, he could again adopt more of that anonymity which so tickled his odd humour. He clearly had warned Pilkington of his intention to use him to broke some manuscript. Juſt as certainly he had refrained from warning him of the likely consequences. Matthew offered a number of Swift's poems to London printers, sometimes by a third party, and

was allowed by Swift to keep the proceeds for himself. The poems appeared. Swift immediately denied all knowledge of them. When the "Life and Character of Dean Swift" *was published, for instance, he wrote with what seems like genuine concern to Pope, admitting that he had showed a poem on that subject*

> *'to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them, especially one or two females, had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often, yet it happens that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this imposture.'*[1]

Motte, the publisher, a couple of years later writes to Swift most apologetically:

> *'Soon after Mr Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the* "Life and Character" *was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand, and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine.'*[2]

But worse confusion was to come. Mrs Pilkington went over to London to visit her husband the following year, and travelled with Mrs Barber, who carried with her, and gave secretly to Mr Pilkington, a packet from the Dean. In the following January Matthew Pilkington, Motte, Mrs Barber, and the printer and bookseller Gilliver were all arrested on account of a poem called "An Epistle to a Lady", *sold by Pilkington to Gilliver. That Swift had written the* "treasonable" *poem was certain: that the authorship transpired was due not so much to Matthew's blabbing, as the Dean's friends said, but, as Motte explains, to Gilliver's indiscretion and his desire to inculpate others instead of bearing the whole blame himself.*

[1] F. E. Ball, *Swift's Correspondence*, iv, p. 429.
[2] *Op. cit.*, v, p. 214.

II

Letitia Pilkington came back from London not too well pleased with things. She swears that her husband threw the painter Worsdale at her head, that she suspected he was seeking an occasion to get rid of her, and that he was consorting with Mrs Heron, the actress.

And Matthew was not forging ahead as fast as he had hoped. The valuable friends he should have made in London began to look remarkably unfriendly to the young gentleman, believing him to have played Swift false. Pope, naturally enough in view of the trouble caused between him and the Dean over "The Life and Character", *felt extremely bitter, and complained of him as a "most forward shallow conceited fellow". Even Alderman Barber who did not seem actually to dislike 'little Matthew in the Sanctuary', as Swift called him, was nevertheless inclined to criticize his staying on in London without his wife when his year's chaplaincy was over. That Matthew had not been very assiduous in his attendances worried him far less than that he had been extravagant. Bolingbroke, soon after the arrests, wrote darkly to Swift:*

> *'Pray, Mr Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations'*—[1]

and goes on even more mysteriously about a fellow that

> *'wants morals, and as I hear, decency, sometimes.'*

In September, 1734, *Pope complained bitterly to Swift of the damage done to them both by*

> *'the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me . . . it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling out to the dogs.'*[2]

All the while, Swift sucked in his cheeks, looked portentous, pointed out the blamelessness of his own conduct, and let

[1] F. E. Ball, *Swift's Correspondence*, v, p. 67.
[2] *Op. cit.*, v, p. 90.

little Matthew do the best he could. He still caressed the Pilkingtons, but less openly.

The curate, released from prison, returned to Dublin, and in the autumn of 1734 *received* £50 *from Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for an ode he wrote, "to be performed at the Castle of Dublin on 3rd October, being the Birthday of his most Excellent and Sacred Majesty George II". It was so very dutiful a poem as to be almost funny. There is the hand of a budding Laureate in the reference to the care with which Providence had supplied His Majesty with a suitable Consort:*

> *'Heav'n to grace his Throne inclin'd*
> *Created with exactest Care*
> *Caroline surpassing Fair,*
> *And stamp'd Perfection on her Mind.'*

The tactful divine has left on record, in a letter[1] *to Dr Delany, the agony which the* £50 *caused him. He boasted of it before he got it, spent it a hundred times over in fancy, went to collect it and found Lord Carteret's steward ill, feared he would never receive it, obtained it at last, lived in terror of burglars, and, in his excitement, tore it in half. He afterwards feared that, by allowing all this to be known, he had for ever alienated the good graces of his patron.*

Swift, rapidly failing in health, was still kind to Letitia. Only in the spring of 1737 *was he forced to drop both his diminutive friends. The Pilkingtons were in the Divorce Courts: there was great scandal, and the Dean, writing to the Alderman Barber, says of them:*

> *'. . . He proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom. She was taken in the fact by her own husband . . .'*

The nice, pretty, poetical Mrs Pilkington disappears at this date: the celebrated Mrs Pilkington appears in her stead.

It can matter very little now whether Letitia really was guilty or, as she vows, merely indiscreet with the co-respondent,

[1] Printed in full, *The British Letter Writer*, 1880, pp. 337-40.

Mr Adair, whose name she very gallantly omits from her "Memoirs." *As with all long-dead persons, her character is of more interest than her morals.*

Her own account is ingenuous. She was only reading a book, she says, late at night with a gentleman in the room. The gentleman was only there because he wouldn't leave the book behind him. This was cause enough, at the time, for a husband to secure a divorce and damages: even to-day, in the freest of circles, it would probably be dubiously received. She only went, she continues, to the same gentleman's lodgings because her husband turned her out, and she had nowhere else to go. When she left his protection, she was pursued by ill women, who wanted to bring her in touch with remunerative lovers, and the gallant lovers themselves slung filth at her when she refused their advances.

Letitia confesses of herself that, though Nature intended her for a harmless household dove, Fate made her a lady of adventure. It is too late now to decide how discreditable her adventures were, and, indeed, she is so very silly a woman and knows so little worldly wisdom that her breathless self-defence, with its mysterious allusions, makes one suspect her in cases where—had she said nothing—no one would have thought the worst.

Perhaps it is true that the husband encouraged the wife's indiscretions with a view to being rid of her. She affirms that he was jealous of her literary ability. We know him to have been ambitious, and we can guess that he may have wished a richer spouse. His son, John Carteret Pilkington, writing long after the event, relates that his father had fallen madly in love with a Miss Sandes, and passionately inscribed her name on every tree and every window-pane; but in all probability this is a malicious anticipation. The separation appeared to upset him. His son relates that, the morning after Mrs Pilkington had been expelled from his home, he

> *'called his children before him, and, in a most tender and pathetic manner, acquainted us of what he termed her misfortune.'*[1]

The divorce seems never to have been made absolute.

[1] *The Real Story of J. C. Pilkington*, London, 1760.

But the scandal was tremendous.[1] *In spite of the fact that the omnipresent Worsdale had turned up and employed her in writing poems for him, Letitia found Dublin too hot to hold her. She left for London towards the end of* 1738 *or the commencement of* 1739.

She arrived there with little enough in her pocket, and her head full of classical and contemporary tags. One of the directest passages of her "Memoirs" *describes how she waited at Chester for the stage-coach, playing ombre with a genteel landlady, and then travelled south with a Member of Parliament who told her many tales of Walpole's election tricks, and a Welshman who gave her a gingerbread favour.*

She knew enough from Swift to guess where money was, with good fortune, to be got by a 'little Irish muse'. After a short stay in 'Berry' St., St James's, and a summer-visit to some relatives in the country, she moved to what must have been almost suspiciously elegant apartments, on the first floor of a house on the East side of St James's Street, clean opposite White's, that famous club which had once been a chocolate-house.

She paid a guinea a week for her rooms, and kept a maid: while George Selwyn, man of fashion though he was, lived up two pairs of stairs in a room at half a guinea. But Letitia was wise to enter London with flying colours, and, indeed, had she been more of the adventuress and less of the muse she might have flourished exceedingly—women of no better a kind did so. Things went swimmingly at first. Dodsley, the printer, published her long, rather dull, but fashionably expressed poem "The Trial of Constancy"; *she got five guineas or more by it. And one fine day old Colley Cibber, the Poet Laureate, came bounding up her stairs like a two-year-old, to see her. He had read her poem; he would help her; he heard her story; and wept visible tears on reading her long poem* "Sorrow." *The*

[1] *Dublin Evening Post*, February, 1737–8.

"Last Tuesday [Feb. 8] came on in the Spiritual Court the trial of Mrs. Letitia Pilkington, alias Van Lewen, for adultery with Mr. Adair, which being fully proved, sentence of divorce was pronounced by Dr. Trotter, Vicar-General of the Diocese, and Judge of the Consistorial Court."

good, dull old thing rushed across the road to engage all the members of White's to subscribe to her efforts. The shining example of Mrs Aphra Behn, who not many years before had so remarkably succeeded at making a living by her pen, must have stuck then in Letitia's mind, though perhaps Cibber's meeting her at the commencement of her independent career was not quite a happy augury. For without any doubt that worthy man was the vilest of all our Laureates, and Fielding spoke with some truth when he remarked that Cibber wrote English only occasionally—by mistake.

It is possible to grow fond of poor, distracted Mrs Pilkington as she plunges into the tale of her adventures in London. There is something brave about her, as she leaves off a good indecent story about the Duke of Wharton's aristocratic freedom with the aristrocratic torso of Peggy Pulteney, to launch into an inquiry on the depth of the ocean or the likeness of the human brain to a vegetable growth. She so evidently meant to give her readers good value for their money. No one will pretend that she is a fine writer. Now and then she turns off a good phrase, but one must remember the company she had kept, and that her times resounded with eloquent elegance. Her poetry is no worse than much that was written by better people—two or three of the lyrics are charming.

But she was a writer and she needed bread. And the fashionable gentlemen at White's were quite willing at first to do the proper thing and subscribe to her poems, when asked by a person of eminence. As Chesterfield had so happily and so grandly said in 1737*—when Walpole was bringing in a licencer of plays to protect the government from Fielding and his sharp kind—it was the privilege of the privileged class to assist the possessor of wit. This Letitia's patrons appreciated, though, in truth, patronage was not what it had been. Pope had already complained, five years before:*

> *'This prints my Letters, that expects a Bribe,*
> *And others roar aloud "Subscribe, subscribe!"'*

There were so many impecunious scribblers that fine gentlemen and ladies tired of helping them. And we know that not

all the volumes subscribed for materialized, since Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, lived for twenty years on a translation of Plautus, for which he was always taking money but which he never wrote.

Letitia's only resource was her pen, and a writer's only hope was to find patrons. Otherwise there was nothing but to start hacking for the journals, for the jobbing-publishers that paid by the yard; unless the chance should be offered of ghosting for a man who desired praise for writing but was too ignorant to do it himself. In the end Mrs Pilkington tried all these methods. She wrote a poem, copies of which she sent to many members of the nobility. Some responded with a guinea. She wrote letters asking for support, and perhaps took Cibber's worldly advice not to send in begging-letters on a dark or a foggy morning and never to resent a refusal, since a second trial might be luckier. More guineas came in. She called in person, asking for subscriptions. Of this method of livelihood, a better writer than she can speak, though no more feelingly:

> *'I now experienced,' says Mr Wilson, in* "Joseph Andrews," *'what is worse then poverty . . . I mean attendance and dependance on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality . . . Sometimes I have been at last admitted; and the great man hath thought proper to excuse himself, by telling me he was tied up . . . The profits which booksellers allowed authors for the best works were so very small that certain men of birth and fortune some years ago . . . thought fit to encourage them further by entering into voluntary subscriptions for their encouragement . . . Subscriptions in this kind growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public, some persons, finding it not so easy a task to discern good from bad authors . . . to prevent the expense of subscribing to so many, invented a method to excuse themselves from all subscriptions whatever; and this was to receive a small sum of money in consideration of giving a large one if ever they subscribed; which many have done, and many more pretended to have done, in order to silence all solicitation.'*

To Mrs Pilkington we are indebted for short vivacious sketches of some of her patrons: Sir Hans Sloane, the King's

physician, snarls and tears at the sore eyes of a child with an ear of corn—perhaps it was the little girl whom honest Thomas Coram sent to him for relief. Richardson, to Mrs Pilkington's surprise, though a publisher, turned out to be a gentleman, and a generous one at that. The Duke of Marlborough, nephew to the great soldier, quite ſtole her heart away; while old Colonel Duncombe, seeing her watering the plants on her window-ledges, sends over a bottle of wine from White's and comes later himself, cracking many a lewd joke in the robuſt taſte of that day. Lord Galway drove her to write poems for him, and caught her in compromising circumſtances. John Wesley—but her description of him is not included in the "Memoirs." *It appears in one of the letters she wrote to her young patron, Lord Kingsborough,*[1] *and is worth quoting in spite of its lack of verisimilitude:*

> *'I went the other day to my printer to receive some arrears, and saw there a formal, ſtiff fellow in black, with his own lank hair . . . though I ſtarted every subject that could possibly seduce him into a general conversation, yet I could not, for the soul of me, wrench a sentence from him, more than that it would give him all imaginable pleasure if he could prevail on me to go and hear him preach. "Yes, sir," said I, "but I would fain hear you talk firſt: I am told you are a gentleman and a scholar. For my part, sir, when I go to church, notwithſtanding that some of her clergy are little better than they should be, I am so heartily reconciled, that it will be a hard matter how to make a Methodist of me."—"Well, madam," said Mr W.sl.y, if you'll let me wait on you at your house, we will then, over a dish of tea, converse of this matter." As I was impatient to hear what this sanctified Levite had to advance, I said I should expect him at breakfaſt the next morning. "Madam," said he, "if God is willing, I will go, and I am not without hopes of seeing you a ſiſter in Chriſt."*
>
> *'He came according to appointment, at eight o'clock, and at his entrance made me a very Court-bow. I was surprized, even before he spoke, to see the extraordinary alteration in his countenance, the muscles of which were the preceding day dropt to*

[1] *A Collection of Letters between Mrs Letitia Pilkington, deceased, and the Rt. Hon. Lord Kingsborough,* appended to *The Real Story of J. C. Pilkington* and *The Life of J. C. Pilkington.*

that flatness that the visage was a perfect blank; but they were now braced up to their proper functions, and he appeared a sprightly young fellow.'

She continues in this malicious vein, implying that Mr Wesley was more than something of a pious hypocrite, and concludes with saying that he begged 'to be incog.' but subscribed a couple of guineas to her support.

Summer, when Parliament is up, the Court at Richmond, and persons of quality out of town is always hard on Mrs Pilkington. In 1742 *she finds herself imprisoned in the Marshalsea for debt. Curiously enough, as prison has grown healthier and cleaner and harder to get into, it has grown less respectable. No one was the least ashamed of being locked up in the eighteenth century. When aristocrats were hung and beheaded to make a public holiday, and highwaymen lived like fighting cocks only a stone's throw from St James's Palace, prison was merely an inconvenience so long as one had a little money to pay one's way. Whiffs of genuine social history that prove Hogarth as accurate as a topical film strike us as we turn the narrow, black-printed pages of Mrs Pilkington's little volumes in their faded blue paper covers. Prison was noisome; but it was part of the great world where one could meet a friend, and where the vices, the virtues, and the finer shades were respected. Good old Cibber eventually came to her rescue, persuaded sixteen dukes to contribute to her enlargement; Chesterfield, who knew her by sight, sent money. She hoped again, and opened a shop in St James's for the sale of prints and pamphlets, advertizing, too, that she would for a fee write letters upon any subject but the law.*

To her came a mysterious customer, a gentleman disguised as a workman and wearing the apron that then distinguished the workman, to get a love-letter written. He lights up an obscure but attractive world of gallantry and politics. Letitia recalls—when he gives his name as Tom Brush—that she knew of other noble persons who pursued their loves in a lowly name and disguise. The reader, who may wonder if Tom Brush was perhaps Lord Burlington, will recall that the great Lord Chesterfield himself was once known as

Thomas Grimes, when he wooed and won the scandalous Teresa Constantia Phillips.

Now Mrs Phillips was important to Letitia. A comparison between the two of them was made and published by an author calling himself 'An Oxford Scholar'; and other pamphlets—not mentioned by Mrs Pilkington—name them both together. 'Con' Phillips, as Horace Walpole calls her, was a sad, naughty creature, whose amours were 'as public as Charing Cross' and who 'married' half-a-dozen times. She, in the same year Mrs Pilkington's First Volume of "Memoirs" *appeared, also delivered herself of the story of her own life, a good deal of which was inaccurately related, and incidentally most unlikely to please that very Thomas Grimes. Mrs Pilk——ton and Mrs T. C. Ph——ps were much talked of in* 1748*: and many of the raffish Teresa's exploits doubtless tagged on to Letitia.*

The little shop in St James's was not destined to support Mrs Pilkington for long. For one thing, many impecunious visitors from Dublin called on her: then, too, patronage was declining. Letitia's courage was a little broken. It seems incredible that her husband really meant to sell one of their boys away as a slave: his wife swears to it. Still, it is not more shocking than the current exposure of unwanted children, whose little corpses could be seen strewn along the roads leading out of London—or that a wife could be locked up, a private prisoner, by her husband for thirty years—or that a London magistrate would commit any servant to prison at his master's request.

In contrast to the ugliness of such happenings, one of Mrs Pilkington's stories of the same period of her life makes the reader strain to catch an echo of some vanished music. Mixed with it we hear a nagging wife's voice and the sobs of a frightened boy. Letitia's son had been apprenticed to Dr Arne, and, accused of stealing, fled the house while the family and friends were rehearsing "Comus".

Worsdale, the authoress's bête noire, *now comes on the scene again. After her shop failed, she earned bed and board from him by writing him poems, operas, and so forth. Her description of their meals is almost too vivid, and there*

follows the pretty tale of the unknown visitors who called one day when Worsdale was out, to kiss fervently his portrait of the Young Pretender, painted at Manchester during the '45. Letitia mentions nothing of the Rebellion itself. Like too many authors of "Memoirs," *she forgets that incidents which were commonplaces of current talk in* 1748 *might be thrilling two hundred years later. She flicks off, for instance, the remark that Harry Carey, along with her husband, was the most assiduous literary ghost or 'poetical stockjobber' as she calls it, for Worsdale, and never dreamt how much we should have preferred a little gossip about the author of* "Sally in our Alley" *to diatribes against Bishops! And for which theatres did this 'sad digressive writer' write Worsdale's operas—Haymarket, Lincoln's Inn Fields, or where? Again, if she meant to commit suicide in the pond in St James's Park, did she not in a happier hour ever go with one of the lovely gentlemen from White's to a ridotto or to see the fireworks at Vauxhall? She leaves us uninformed on such matters, but she gives us a vivid picture, lively as any novelist of the period sketched, of the young lady who deflected her thoughts from self-destruction, and took her into a house looking on the Park. Here lolls the lovely rescuer's husband, a former footman, now resplendent in a gold nightgown and as disagreeable and masterly as though he were not squandering all his fond, well-bred wife's fortune —like a footman!*

She never tells us why she went back to Dublin, in the end. We learn elsewhere, that, when she got to Dublin, she met with considerable success, as well as much scandal. Young Lord Kingsborough was constantly sending her bills for twenty pounds, and she in return was under the obligation of writing him 'amusing' letters. Indeed, when she once sent him a doleful epistle, he appended to his reply this querulous complaint:

> *'P.S.—I beg, dear madam, you'll send something to raise my spirits, which your last has much depressed'.*

Subscriptions were flowing in for her "Memoirs", *and*

a comedy from her pen, " The Turkish Court, or London 'Prentice ", *was acted at the Little Theatre, Capel Street, Dublin, in* 1748.[1] *This 'burlesque satirical piece' was never printed. The pamphlets which she and her husband exchanged on the subject of her* " Memoirs " *had a readier sale. They were animated, personal, scurrilous as anyone with a taste for paper-wars can see who cares to turn them up in the British Museum.*

III

It is a very different Matthew we meet after the separation from Letitia, and the interchange of abuse that the " Memoirs " *called forth—so different that the* " Dictionary of National Biography " *expressly forbids us to confuse him with himself! But the highly respected Vicar of Donabate and St Mary's in Dublin, who wrote a* " Dictionary of Painters "[2] *that remained the classical work of reference for the best part of a century, is the same Matthew Pilkington that hacked and struggled and pushed himself forward in London.*

Scandal had made the old life impossible for both of them. It told the most heavily on Letitia. Perhaps she scored more points in the pamphlet-warfare between them; but the wronged husband had the conventions and social decencies on his side, and it needed a more determined or a more reckless spirit than Letitia's to face the world and keep herself from wounds. There was a place for her, if she chose to take it. If she had allowed herself to be treated as a joke, a light woman with a comic tragedy to tell, she would have met with jovial and contemptuous encouragement. She fought with spasmodic courage against such an estimate. Yet, after all, it was her best means of livelihood, and she could not entirely deny it. She grew gayer and more distracted. To open view, she was as high-spirited as ever. In private, she found some consolation in drink.

[1] Cibber's *Lives*.

[2] *The Gentleman's and Connoisseur's Dictionary of Painters*. London, 1770. 4*to*.

The town rang with her name, and, wishing to catch a fair wind, she sat scribbling at the Third Volume of her "Memoirs" *as hard as she could go, flinging in anecdotes and reminiscences helter-skelter, hardly pausing at times to write sense. Her haste was the greater because she was doomed. With the last volume unfinished, duns prowling at the door and a landlord pressing for rent, she lay on her death-bed, wrote her last poem, told a last anecdote, drank some wine, wandered a little, and so died.*

Matthew, for his part, took to sobriety. He still lived in the house he had shared with Letitia. The elegant garden still surrounded it; the summer-house remained till the day of his death. But it was a reformed man that occupied the house. He tried to erase all memory of his past. He abandoned all commerce with his children. He never mentioned those wild and unfortunate years. And he succeeded so well that it was a hundred years before anyone discovered that the new Matthew and the old were the same being.

Four years after the death of Letitia, he married again. His second wife, Anne Sandes, if we are to believe his son John Carteret, was ferociously ugly: and, if we are to believe Matthew himself, was divinely domestic. At least it seems that he took good care never again to saddle himself with a seductive and rattle-headed partner. Anne had no possibilities of misconduct and heart-burning about her. She lived worthily, and inherited his goods.

It is only by Matthew's will[1] *that we can recognize him; and only there because he cannot refrain from a last fling at the ungrateful offspring of himself and Letitia. He leaves everything—even the summer-house—to his second wife, Anne. After disposing of his estate, he gives rein to his feelings:*

> *'To my son, William Pilkington, who never felt a filial affection for me (to the utmost of my observation) I give the sum of five pounds sterling and to those two abandoned wretches, John Carteret Pilkington and Elizabeth Pilkington, I give the sum of one shilling if Demanded within 12 months, and I should abhor to mention them in any Deed of mine, if it were not to prevent all possibility of Dispute or litigation.'*

[1] *Notes and Queries*, July 27, 1912, pp. 65–6.

By the time Matthew died, Letitia had been in her grave for quarter of a century, and even the wicked John had been dead for a good ten years.

Mrs Pilkington believed that she would be immortal, and that her title to her fame was her verse. The noise of her life echoed some little while after her, and lingered in people's memories, until the close of the eighteenth century. Even her verse was remembered for a time, and Wordsworth included "Sorrow" *in the* "Poems and Extracts" *he chose for Lady Mary Lowther's reading. In this small album she is cheek by jowl with Shakespeare and Dryden and a score of famous poets. It is probably the greatest honour she has been shown.*

Thackeray helped himself freely to her anecdotes of Swift, when writing his "English Humorists", *and, indeed, all of the Dean's biographers have been directly or indirectly indebted to her for the most human descriptions of the great satirist in his last years. But Letitia herself was soon entirely forgotten, as her times were absorbed in history.*

To the men and women of intervening generations the eighteenth century has seemed only a masquerade in which they could descry a few animated waxworks called Samuel Johnson, Robert Walpole, or Sarah Jennings. Those figures were strange and vivid, like good fancy-dress impersonations. But they were dead celebrities, typically dead celebrities. The fact loomed tremendously, was far more striking than the fact that they had once been living men. Boswell killed Johnson in order to preserve him. He became a great style, a mannerism, a representative man. And in much the same way the other famous men of the time came down to us formalized and stiffened.

It is true that from Hervey's "Memoirs" *and Horace Walpole's* "Letters" *great gusts of life blow out of a vanished Court and a dismantled observation-tower. But aristocratic gossip, above all aristocratic-dilletante gossip, is ageless, and hardly varies from century to century. The spiciest of Walpole's tales could easily be paralleled in Mayfair*

to-day or Pompeii yesterday, and Hervey's backstairs and Hervey's Queen are no remoter than Rasputin and the Russian Empire.

The rest, however, is costume-stuff. And this is sad. For the eighteenth century is not, as we lazily fancy, an age of romance. Its literature is not of a heroic or superhuman order, like that of the Elizabethans. No man was ever like Iago; no man spoke or behaved like Antonio or Troilus. They are moods or demons or states of mind: in their different human way, they masked an ideal as superhuman as that which informed the sculpture of Phidias. But Parson Andrews and Lady Kitty Crocodile, Atticus and Pomposo not only were like human beings: they were *human beings. The ideal of the eighteenth century, however formalized, however far from realization, was not abstract beauty or majesty, but truth, scientific truth. Its passion was to know, and, above all, to know men: to learn more thoroughly how they behaved. To us, who pine to know better* why *they behave as they do, the eighteenth century is elder brother, very close, very lively. And it is because Mrs Pilkington in her own small, bright, and particular way, brings back to life, brings out from the museum and the library, the behaviour and the cant, the day-to-day sentiments and reactions of her time that she is so valuable.*

Scandalous " Memoirs " *were a fashion when she wrote. Mrs Manly, for instance, the mistress of Alderman Barber, had published the* " New Atlantis ", *and found it selling like hot cakes. Lady Mary Pierrepoint, afterwards Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, could hardly wait for a new volume of this compendium of anecdotes about Stauratius the Thracian (whom she and everyone knew to be the Duke of Marlborough) and all the hotch-potch of gossip, larded with moralizing about life in an imaginary kingdom (which no one imagined to be elsewhere than England). Pope's Lord Fanny was appreciated for the portrait it was, and Fielding's Lady Bellaston was universally recognized.*

Every novelist of the day drew from observation; every dramatist from the life. The current of every work of fiction is stopped again and again for some new incomer to

enthral the reader and his fellow-characters with a biography, often strongly related to the author's. The Duchess of Marlborough and Cibber shared a passion to 'explain themselves', and looked into their motives deeper than one might expect. All men acknowledged that the proper study of mankind was man. The very artists of the day—Hogarth and Romney and Reynolds—show the belief every bit as much as that president of the age, Voltaire, and his cousin, Pope.

But somehow or other our feeling of the age springs most to life in the obscurer figures like Mrs Pilkington herself. She herself, her account of her own experiences, gives a groundwork for our recognition of humanity in the other figures of her time. We understand more what it was to be a writer when we read so vivid a picture of a random little hack. She goes the same way as the more famous writers; but with her we see that all this is not merely queer information: it is true. *If she in her chintz gown trotted through the snow to beg a subscription—it is just so humbly that all the band of her fellow-writers went about a livelihood. If she associated, without shame, with the valets and laundresses of the great, it is because she and all her fellows were in their proper place in the upper servants' hall. She starved; and, when we hear of it, we see many a better writer starving, too. They devilled for other men, and wrote by the yard, and went cap in hand to ill-bred publishers, and were tempted to sell themselves to the infamous Curll, and rejoiced for days should a Stanhope or a Churchill commend them.*

Her faults and her smallness make her more real to us than more venerable people; but she also makes them *more real. There is no need to put her on a pedestal. As a writer, she is prolix and jerky. Again and again we find a strange, confused, hysterical note in her. All the while personal grievances come cropping up and deflect the course of her narrative. She sometimes writes merely to ease her own fretted mind, protesting, giving involved explanations, making secret allusions. She talks to herself, so that it is an immense labour to follow her. Now and then she is entirely incoherent.*

But the moment she forgets her rage against her husband, the clergy in general, and her detractors in particular, the moment she becomes objective, she has command of an unusually lucid style and diction. Nothing, for example, could be clearer than her description of a journey from London to Chester by wagon in May, the horses bright with favours, and in the sunny and peaceful landscape a corpse on the gallows. Nothing could be better or more economically thrown in than her story of the rainy day in Dublin, when Swift clambered tirelessly up and down the stairs to complete the customary jog-trot constitutional which the bad weather had curtailed.

The Victorian, the Edwardian, even the conservative Georgian essayist on the eighteenth century is always apologizing. It was a rough age, he tells us mock-modestly; men drank deep and gambled long; virtue was at a discount, and dishonesty a mode. But the closer we look at it, the more affinity it seems to have with the life of to-day. The main difference that appears is that its men and women—or the best of them—seem to contain an inexhaustible fund of energy. Religion was as casual and politics as muddled: revolution as threatening, Europe as unstable. But there was more virility in literature. Life was more sharply reflected in it. It was more shameless, perhaps; but at the same time it was cleaner-flavoured and less hypocritical.

Common morality differs less from time to time than we like to confess. But public attitudes differ enormously. In the eighteenth century a woman was looked upon either as a paragon of chastity—or as a woman. Either she was unapproachable, or else she was—and fashion demanded that she should be—the object of innumerable gallant attempts. Chastity was entitled to singular respect; it was considered that it could have been preserved only by a miracle of strict behaviour and courageous opposition. Town and country alike were full of men who thought it binding upon them as gentlemen to attack the virtue of every attractive woman they met.

This common attitude should be remembered in reading the endless catalogue of unwelcome overtures in Mrs

Pilkington's " Memoirs ". *At first her complaints may seem the peevish discontent of an unsuccessful adventuress, eager to whitewash herself unnecessarily. But the literature of the day can testify to her. Like all autobiographers, of course, she exaggerates: and, being very conscious of the dubiousness of her own position, she saw it all too personally. But Fielding lets the Squire send his retainers to carry off poor Fanny as a matter of course. The very blue-stockings, some time later, could never dare to converse with men* tête-à-tête: *they had to take precautions to see them in clumps, reinforcing their individual virtue by reciprocal support.*

But Mrs Pilkington was in an even more vulnerable position. A divorced, penniless, unprotected young Irish scribbler, living alone in St James's, was obviously the easiest of game. After all that scandal, it was the hardest thing in the world to prevent people from treating her simply as a creature. In these circumstances, one imagines, she was not wholly irreproachable. Yet, by comparison with any of her contemporaries who found themselves exposed to the same dangers, she cuts a very creditable figure indeed.

She kept her head high, and showed a brave face to her detractors. She fought to the day of her death against all attacks on her human dignity. The pressure of Society would cheerfully have made a prostitute and plaything of her. It was the easiest way for her to go, and perhaps it would have been the most profitable and worldly-wise. She was a silly little thing to protest so much and fight so ardently to keep up appearance; but there was something heroic and indomitable in her silliness; and in a queer, outlandish fashion she preserved the honour of womanhood.

IRIS BARRY.

NOTE ON THE TEXT.

The Memoirs are printed without omission from the earliest editions. Capitals, spelling and punctuation have been modernized by the publishers. The footnotes in the text are by Mrs Pilkington. The verse quotations have been retained in the form given from memory by Mrs Pilkington. Their number, variety and incorrectness throw much light on her literary equipment.

J. I.

Memoirs of Mrs Pilkington

Volume I

Although it has been the common practice with writers of Memoirs to fill their volumes with their own praises, which, whatever pleasure they may have afforded to the authors by indulging their vanity, are seldom found to give any to the readers, I am determined to quit this beaten track, and, by a strict adherence to truth, please even my greatest enemies, by presenting them with a lively picture of all my *Faults*, my *Follies*, and the *Misfortunes* which have been consequential to them.

And I am the more inclined to proceed, in that I think the story may be instructive to the female part of my readers, to teach them that reputation

> *Is the immediate jewel of their souls,*
> *And that the loss of it*
> *Will make them poor indeed!—Othello.*

So that I propose myself, not as an example but a warning to them; that by my fall they may stand the more secure.

However numerous my mistakes in life have been, they have still had most surprising additions made to them, not only by base and unworthy minds—wretches devoid of truth and common honesty—but also by persons of high rank and such as outwardly profess Christianity; who have fancied it an act of piety to believe and spread of me the most improbable and notorious falsehoods!—nay, so far has their persecuting zeal been carried that they have rendered my honest industry ineffectual; and, by depriving me of any means to

support life, endeavoured to make me even such a one as they represented me to be. That clergymen and ladies of honour should unite in driving to extremity a person who never yet, either in her conversation or writings, offended against the laws of decency or humanity, is but too apt to make one think they had quite forgotten the Christian grace, *Charity*, without which we are told all other virtues are of no avail, and consequently fall far short of perfection themselves.

I therefore hope those who have taken such unbounded liberties with my character will also allow me to paint out theirs—only with this difference, that I shall confine myself to truth, a favour I never yet received at their hands; since even the priestly robe and mitred head have, with regard to me, disclaimed it, of which in the series of these melancholy adventures I shall be able to produce many surprizing instances.

I was born in the year 1712; by my mother's side descended of an antient and honourable family, who were frequently intermarried with the nobility. My great-grandfather was Earl of Killmallock, whose daughter married Colonel Meade, by whom he had twenty-one children, twelve of whom lived to be married. This gentleman, to his honour be it spoken, though he was a man of fortune and in the Army, declared on his death-bed 'That he never had, either when a bachelor or a married man, criminal conversation with a woman; never was drunk; never broke his word; nor ever used tobacco.'

The late Duke of Ormond, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, dining at Colonel Meade's, offered to confer on him the honour of knighthood; but he then being in an advanced age, declined it for himself, telling his Grace 'As he was going out of the world, and his eldest son coming into it, he would chuse, if he thought proper, his Grace should bestow it on him.' Which accordingly he did.

This gentleman, Sir John Meade, was bred to the law, and deservedly distinguished as one of the finest orators

that ever spoke at the bar. He was a perfect master of classical learning, and a lover and judge of the muse-like arts; his paternal estate was about fifteen-hundred-pounds a year, which was augmented by marrying successively two great heiresses as well as by the vast business he had in his profession: so that, with all those advantages of nature, education, and fortune, it was no wonder he should meet with universal respect and esteem.

He was in this situation, when Sir Edward Seymor had an estate of five-thousand pounds a year left to him in Ireland; this was a matter too considerable for Sir Edward to hope immediately to possess without law-suit or difficulty; so that he found his personal appearance absolutely necessary. It is to be observed that Sir Edward Seymor was accounted the proudest man in England; and Sir John Meade was as remarkable for the same fault: neither indeed did I ever meet with any person of either of those names in England or Ireland who was not abundantly stocked with it, though without the same pretensions to support it.

Sir Edward Seymor landed at Dublin filled with that natural contempt for the whole country which those of the English who have not been resident amongst them are but too apt to express on every occasion. He there found some of his own countrymen in places of profit and trust, of whom he enquired: 'Whether there are any such things as good lawyers to be met with in this damned place?'

They answered: 'Yes, very good; but, if he hoped to carry his cause, he must see Sir John Meade.' 'Well', said he, 'let one of my footmen go for him.'

'Your footman, Sir Edward!' said one of the gentlemen who knew Sir John; 'Why, 'tis odds if he will speak to you. I assure you, if he does, 'tis a favour few of his clients obtain from him.' 'What, a deuce', returned he, 'do Irish lawyers take such state upon them?' 'You are to consider, Sir Edward, he is a gentleman of family, has a noble fortune, and is so

eminent in his profession that, should he be employed againſt you, you may bid farewell to your claim.'

This laſt argument had such force with Sir Edward Seymour that he condescended to wait on Sir John Meade next morning. Sir John had been apprized of what the other had said, and resolving to be as ſtately as himself, sent him down word: 'He was very busy, but if he pleased to wait till he was at leisure, he would see him.' So Sir Edward was shown into a parlour, where he remained above an hour, fretting himself to death at this disrespectful usage, offered to a person of his dignity.

When Sir John thought he had pretty sufficiently mortified him, he sent to let him know he should be glad to see him, and received him with a politeness natural to him; but when Sir Edward went to open his case to him, he told him, 'He muſt leave him his brief, for he could not spare time to hear him.' So Sir Edward laid down his brief with a large purse of gold on it; and, having got his audience of leave, departed full of indignation at meeting with a man as proud as himself.

When the day appointed for the important trial was come, there were numbers of lawyers engaged on each side of the queſtion: Sir John, being, I suppose, resolved to try his client's patience to the uttermoſt, permitted every one of them to speak before him, without interruption, and sat drawing birds with a pencil, till Sir Edward was ready to burſt with rage at him, especially as he found the cause likely to go againſt him. At length, when their pleadings were ended, and judgment going to be pronounced againſt Sir Edward, Sir John Meade arose and desired to be heard, which he ever was with favour and attention by the Court when making a speech, which took an hour and a half in time; he so fully confuted all Sir Edward's antagoniſts, and made his title to the eſtate so evident, and with such powerful eloquence, that he had a decree to be put in immediate possession.

Sir Edward was so charmed with Sir John's graceful elocution that he could not forbear several times crying

out in ecstasy: 'An angel, by heaven! an angel!' But when he found the happy effects of it so much to his own advantage, he could no longer contain himself, but catching Sir John in his arms: 'My dear, dear friend', says he, 'permit me to have the honour of calling you so: I do not wonder you should be proud, who have more cause to be so than any man living.'

The Court not breaking up till it was late, Sir Edward pressed Sir John to give him his company that evening. Sir John excused himself, telling him: 'He was every night engaged to a Club.' 'Well, then', said Sir Edward, 'if you will give me leave, I will accompany you (provided you think it will be agreeable to your friends).' Sir John answered: 'They would all, he was sure, esteem it as a very great honour.' So accordingly Sir Edward met them, and they were mutually delighted with each other's conversation, we may presume, by their staying together till four the next morning. Some of Sir Edward's friends finding him in bed at twelve o'clock the ensuing day, he told them: 'He had sat up all night.' 'With whom, Sir Edward?' 'Why', returned he, 'With Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, and all the antient Greek and Roman poets, philosophers, and historians.'

From this time Sir Edward and Sir John contracted a friendship which did not terminate but with their lives.

As this little piece of history redounds to the mutual honour of both these great and eminent gentlemen, I hope it will not be accounted vanity in me to recite it.

One of Sir John Meade's sisters, being smitten with the good mien of a Roman Catholic officer in King James's army, stole a match with him, of which my mother was the first-fruits; but her mother died in childbed, of her second child, and King William entirely subduing Ireland, my grandfather thought proper to follow his Royal master's fortune to France, leaving my mother, then an infant, to the wide world. However, providence did not abandon the helpless orphan: her grandmother, the widow of Colonel Meade before-mentioned, took her home to her; and while

she lived, with true maternal tenderness bestowed on her the best and politest education. And when the trustees sat in Ireland, it being proved she was bred a Protestant, she recovered her mother's fortune, which had been settled on her, and which she had been some years kept out of on account of her father's being a forfeiting person.

He, in the mean time, returned privately to England, and married a niece of the celebrated Jesuit Father Hugh Peters: by this second venture he had one daughter, who was married to Mr Fowler of St Thomas in Staffordshire, the sole heiress of whom is the present Lady Faulconbridge, to whom, were it of any use to me, I have the honour of being a first cousin by the half-blood.

My mother being now in possession of a handsome fortune, and by the death of her grandmother entirely at her own disposal, for her father never enquired what became of her, did not, it may be supposed, want admirers, especially as she had a very graceful person, with abundance of wit, which was improved by reading and keeping the best company: however, none of them made any impression on her heart till she saw my father, who was the son of a Dutch physician that accidentally settled in Ireland, and who had no other fortune to boast of than a liberal education and a very amiable person and understanding—qualities which recommended him to my mother so powerfully that she had constancy enough to wait for him three years while he went to Leyden, where he studied physic under the late famous Dr Boerhaave; and, having taken his degree, he returned to Ireland, uniting himself in marriage to his faithful mistress. Her friends were at first much displeased with her; but my father's merit soon reconciled them to her choice; and there being then but one man-midwife in the kingdom, my father made himself master of that useful art, and practised it with great success, reputation, and humanity.

I was their second child, and, my eldest brother dying an infant, for a long time their only one; being of a tender weakly constitution, I was by my father greatly indulged—

indeed, I cannot say but it was in some measure necessary he should by this gentleness qualify my mother's severity to me: otherwise it must have broke my heart for she strictly followed Solomon's advice, in never sparing the rod; insomuch that I have frequently been whipped for looking blue on a frosty morning; and, whether I deserved it or not, I was sure of correction every day of my life.

From my earliest infancy I had a strong disposition to letters; but, my eyes being weak after the small-pox, I was not permitted to look at a book, my mother regarding more the beauty of my face than the improvement of my mind: neither was I allowed to learn to read. This restraint, as it generally happens, made me but more earnest in the pursuit of what I imagined must be so delightful. Twenty times a day have I been corrected for asking what such and such letters spelt; my mother used to tell me the word, accompanying it with a good box on the ear, which, I suppose, imprinted it on my mind. Had Gulliver seen her behaviour, I should have imagined he had borrowed a hint from it for his floating island, where, when a great man had promised any favour, the suppliant was obliged to give him a tweak by the nose or a kick on the rump, to quicken his memory. However, I do assure you, it had this effect on me, insomuch that I never forgot what was once told me; and quickly arrived at my desired happiness, being able to read before she thought I knew all my letters: but this pleasure I was obliged to enjoy by stealth, with fear and trembling.

I was at this time about five years of age; and, my mother being one day abroad, I had happily laid hold on *Alexander's Feast*, and found something in it so charming that I read it aloud—but how like a condemned criminal did I look when my father, softly opening his study-door, took me in the very fact! I dropped my book, and burst into tears, begging pardon, and promising never to do so again. But my sorrow was soon dispelled when he bade me not be frightened, but read to him, which, to his great surprise, I did very distinctly and without

hurting the beauty of the numbers. Instead of the whipping of which I stood in dread, he took me up in his arms, and kissed me, giving me a whole shilling as a reward, and told me : ' He would give me another as soon as I got a poem by heart,' which he put into my hand, and it proved to be Mr Pope's sacred *Eclogue*; which task I performed before my mother returned home. They were both astonished at my memory, and from that day forward I was permitted to read as much as I pleased; only my father took care to furnish me with the best and politest authors; and took delight in explaining to me, whatever, by reason of my tender years, was above my capacity of understanding.

But chiefly was I charmed and ravished with the sweets of poetry; all my hours were dedicated to the muses; and from a Reader I quickly became a Writer; I may truly say with Mr Pope:

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

My performances had the good fortune to be looked on as extraordinary for my years; and the greatest and wisest men in the kingdom did not disdain to hear the prattle of the little muse, as they called me, even in my childish days. But as I approached towards womanhood, there was a new scene opened to me; and by the time I had looked on thirteen years, I had almost as many lovers: not that I ever was handsome, farther than being very fair. But I was well-dressed, sprightly, and remarkably well-tempered, unapt to give or take offence; insomuch that my company was generally coveted; and no doubt but I should have been happily disposed of in marriage, but that my mother's capricious temper made her reject every advantageous proposal offered, and at last condemn me to the arms of one of the greatest villains, with reverence to the priesthood be it spoken, that ever was wrapped up in crape.

And here I cannot forbear observing, how very few that wear that sacred habit are adorned with any real sanctity of manners: what ambition, avarice, lust, and

cruelty reigns among them!—they are generally the first seducers of innocence (as the holiness of their office gives them free admittance into every family), and, as soon as they have made a breach in the tender mind for ruin's wasteful entrance (provided they can but slip their own necks out of the halter and remain unexposed), they shall be the first to persecute with Ecclesiastical Courts, and Spiritual Authority, that very person whom they themselves first taught the way to sin.

Let none presume to censure this as spite:
I suffer for their crimes of whom I write.

And 'tis ever allowed that the losers may have leave to speak.

I would not, by this reflection, be thought to strike at religion, or the valuable part of the clergy: those who are possessed of Christian charity, and make the sincerity of their faith appear in the righteousness of their lives, are truly worthy of reverence and honour; but alas! their number is so few that the ears of corn are scarce discernible among the tares, of whom no doubt Satan will reap a plentiful harvest.

But to return. Amongst all those who addressed me my heart retained its freedom; and if their flattery pleased me, it was only as it fed my vanity—that passion, which like pride is so universal. I had no particular engagement, was entirely submissive to my parents, punctual to all the duties of religion, unaffectedly innocent, and much more pleased with my female friends than with the company of men.

There were two young ladies, in particular, for whom, from my childhood, I had a very tender affection, and whom, as often as I could, I visited. As their brother was a clergyman, many of the gown frequented their house, and amongst the rest the reader of our parish Church, Mr Pilkington. He had a good face and many agreeable accomplishments, such as a tolerable taste in music and a poetical turn, which greatly entertained me;

but, being a man of obscure birth and low fortune, I had no farther thoughts of him than merely as an acquaintance. However, it was my misfortune to be liked by him when I leaſt imagined it. As he played very well on the organ, he gave us an invitation to Church, promising, after evening prayer, to sing an anthem for us. I, who always delighted in Church music, begged my mother's permission to go, which with some difficulty I obtained. After the music, he invited us into the veſtry room, where he had prepared a little collation of fruit, wine, etc., and, singling me out, he began to address me in a very passionate ſtyle, and earneſtly begged leave to visit me. I told him 'I was to go into the country next day, to ſtay all the summer, and were I not, I had no male visitants but such as my parents approved of; and consequently it was out of my power to grant his requeſt.' My mother sending for me, prevented any further conversation for that time; and early the next morning we set out on our intended journey.

During my ſtay in the country he wrote me a great many poetical compliments, and subscribed himself *Amintas*. As they were really very elegant, my mother, who always examined my letters, expressed great curiosity to know the writer, saying: 'I ought to return a letter of thanks to him.' But as I took this only for a trap, I told her, which was true, I knew not who it was, leſt I should be denied the pleasure of visiting the young ladies where I first saw him, if I should have given her the smalleſt hint that I guessed at the person.

I had, by this time, a brother of about nine years of age, of whom my father and mother were fond even to extravagance: whenever I went abroad, he used to cry to go with me, and was conſtantly indulged in it.

A few days after our return to town, I went to wait on the young ladies before-mentioned, and took my brother with me. I was scarce seated when Mr Pilkington came in, and, after saluting me, began to reproach me with cruelty in never having favoured him with an answer to any of his letters. I told him, 'I was much obliged

to him for the agreeable entertainment they had afforded me; but that, excepting my father, I had never wrote to any man—neither was I mistress of wit enough to correspond with him.' A good many civil things were said on both sides during tea-time; after which, my brother growing urgent with me to return home, I happened to say he was so great a favourite I durſt not contradict him; upon which Mr Pilkington made his application to him, and gave him an invitation to his lodgings; where he entertained him so kindly that the child returned in raptures with him, and loaden with toys and sweatmeats. Upon this civility to my brother, my father sent and invited Mr Pilkington to dinner; and you may be sure he did not refuse him, but quickly found the art of making himself so agreeable to my parents that they were even uneasy whenever he was absent, which seldom happened except when his duty required his attendance. He now began openly to court me; and, to my great surprise, neither of them seemed averse to it, but allowed him as much liberty of conversing with me as a reasonable man could desire; and for my own part, he gained so large a share in my eſteem that, as they seemed to approve of him, I was very well satisfied.

One year passed on in this manner, during which time Mr Pilkington never omitted anything to convince me of the sincerity of his passion; and though he saw me every day and all the day, yet every day was ſtill but as the firſt:

So eager was he ſtill to see me more.

The ensuing spring my mother took a lodging about a mile from Dublin, by the sea-side, for the benefit of bathing, where my father and Mr Pilkington came every afternoon together to visit us; but my father's business seldom permitting him to ſtay above half-an-hour, he generally left Mr Pilkington with us: who, one night happened to ſtay later than ordinary, left a gold watch and a handsome diamond ring in my possession leſt, as he said, he should be robbed of them going home. My

father and he coming to us the next day (according to custom), I brought to Mr Pilkington his ring and watch; but he would by no means accept of either, but insisted on my keeping them as a present: my father and mother were both by, and, neither of them showing any dislike to it, I was, with great reluctance, obliged by him to take them.

I mentioned these particulars, trifling as they are, because I have been accused of disobedience to my parents, in marrying without their consent or knowledge; whereas they were acquainted with the affair from beginning to end; neither was I any more than passive in it, never having allowed myself to have any will but theirs.

My father was at this time so eminent in his profession, and lived after so elegant a manner, that everybody concluded he was able to give me a very good fortune; and few people could believe he countenanced Mr Pilkington's addresses to me, he neither having any preferment in the Church, nor any other fortune: and whatever merit an Irish clergyman may possess, he has little hope of advancement by it unless he has some relation in the House of Commons, who, by betraying the interest of his country, can procure for him

> The leavings of a Church distressed,
> A hungry vicarage at best;
> Or some remote inferior post,
> With forty pounds a year at most.—SWIFT.

And in this the present state of poor Ireland near resembles that of England under the reign of Queen Mary, when, as soon as a bishopric became vacant, an Italian was immediately nominated to it. Ireland groans under the same calamity: An English viceroy, English judges, English bishops, with their long train of relations and dependents, lay their hard hands on all preferments; while her learned sons languish out life in hopeless poverty and dejection of spirit.

I have frequently observed it as a want of policy in the English Government, to permit the people of Ireland to

have an university; learning naturally inspires men with the love of liberty, the principles of which ought to be discouraged in the minds of those whom their masters are pleased to condemn to slavery, want, and oppression, unless perhaps it may be done with a cruel intent of making their yoke the more galling to them.

Ireland, while free, was remarkable for producing brave and valiant men. Ever witness for her:

> *Her matchless sons! whose valour still remains*
> *On French records for twenty long campaigns;*
> *Yet from an empress, now a captive grown,*
> *She saved Britannia's right, and lost her own.*—SWIFT.

I hope I shall be pardoned by all true patriots for this digression; if not, I can only make use of Falstaff's apology, *That Rebellion lay in my Way, and I found it.*

But to resume my thread. All my friends and relations attacked my father warmly on this head; who solemnly declared: 'He knew nothing of any amorous correspondence between Mr Pilkington and his daughter; that the gentleman came to visit us, as being parishioners.' But withal declared: 'Since such a report was spread, he would civilly forbid him the house'; which accordingly he ordered my mother to do. Mr Pilkington came as usual, and my mother delivered her dreadful commission to him. No sooner was the fatal sentence pronounced but my astonished lover fell, pale and speechless, on the floor; and, to say the truth, my case was little better than his: I raised him in my arms, and, senseless as he seemed, he grasped me close, and leaned his drooping head upon my bosom; whilst my mother applied remedies to him till he revived. When he came to himself, he blamed us for our care: saying: 'Since I was lost, he could not, would not live.'

As I was naturally of a soft compassionate temper, the condition I saw him in pierced my very soul, but I was too much in awe of my mother to venture to say so at that time. So he left me with sorrow deeply imprinted in his countenance, and, as I believed, in his heart.

About two years before this, a young woman[1] of about eighteen years of age was brought to my father, to be by him instructed in midwifery. She was mistress of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, and understood the mathematics as well as most men: and what made these extraordinary talents yet more surprising was that her parents were poor illiterate country-people; so that her learning appeared like the gift poured out on the Apostles, of speaking all languages without the pains of study; or, like the intuitive knowledge of angels. Yet inasmuch as the power of miracles is ceased, we must allow she used human means for such great and excellent acquirements: And yet in a long friendship and familiarity with her, I could never obtain a satisfactory account from her on this head; only she said: 'She had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish, when she could spare time from her needlework, to which she was closely kept by her mother.' She wrote elegantly both in verse and prose; and some of the most delightful hours I ever passed were in the conversation of this female philosopher.

My father readily consented to accept of her as a pupil and gave her a general invitation to his table, so that she and I were seldom asunder. My parents were well pleased with our intimacy, as her piety was not inferior to her learning. Whether it was owing to her own desire or the envy of those who survived her, I know not; but of her various and beautiful writings, except one poem of her's in Mrs Barber's *Works*, I have never seen any published; 'tis true, as her turn was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects, they might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly muse descend from its sublime height to the easy epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition; as may appear by the two following poems. To make them intelligible, my reader must observe that I being in a country-town at the assizes time, had writ her an account

[1] Afterwards married to Mr Grierson, of Dublin, the King's printer.

to Dublin of the principal entertainments I met with there and in the reſt of the country. I muſt also beg pardon for publishing the compliments paid to me in them, which I really would omit were it possible. Her answer to my firſt letter was this:

To Miss Laetitia Van Lewen

The fleeting birds may soon in ocean swim,
And northern whales through liquid azure skim:
The Dublin ladies their intrigues forsake,
To dress and scandal an aversion take;
When you can in the lonely foreſt walk,
And with some serious matron gravely talk,
Of possets, poultices, and waters ſtilled,
And monſtrous casks with mead and cyder filled;
How many hives of bees she has in ſtore
And how much fruit her trees this Summer bore;
Or, home returning, in the yard can ſtand,
And feed the chickens from your bounteous hand;
Of each one's top-knot tell, and hatching pry,
Like Tully waiting for an augury.
When night approaches, down to table sit,
With a great crowd, choice meat, and little wit;
What horse won the laſt race, how mighty Tray
At the laſt famous hunting caught the prey;
Surely, you can't but such discourse despise:
Methinks I see displeasure in your eyes:
O my Lætitia, ſtay no longer there,
You'll soon forget that you yourself are fair;
Why will you keep from us, from all that's gay,
There in a lonely solitude to ſtay?—
Where not a mortal through the year you view
But bob-wigged hunters, who their game pursue
With so much ardor, they'd a cock or hare
To thee in all thy blooming charms prefer.
You write of belles and beaux that there appear,
And gilded coaches, such as glitter here;
For gilded coaches, each eſtated clown
That gravely slumbers on the bench has one;
But beaux! they're young attorneys! sure you mean!
Who thus appear to your romantic brain.
Alas! no mortal there can talk to you,
That love, or wit, or softness ever knew—
All they can speak of's *Capias* and law,
And writs to keep the country fools in awe.

And, if to wit, or courtship they pretend,
'Tis the same way that they a cause defend;
In which they give of lungs a vaſt expense,
But little passion, thought, or eloquence:
Bad as they are, they'll soon abandon you,
And gain and clamour in the town pursue.
So haſte to town, if ev'n such fools you prize;
O haſte to town! and bless the longing eyes

Of your CONSTANTIA

The Second was as follows:

If my Lætitia ſtill persiſts to love
The country village and the shady grove,
The murmur'ng riv'let, and the turtle's moan,
Despising all the grandeur of the town,
Where beauty triumphs and where pleasure reigns,
And rounds of mirth relieve our daily pains;
Where George's mighty subſtitute appears,
And every face with blooming pleasure cheers;
Grafton! whom never fair one saw unmoved,
Whom ev'n great Churchill's beauteous offspring loved—
For him whate'er o'er all our kingdom's fine,
They in this happy place together join;
With him each warlike glittering soldier goes,
With him the tender race of whining beaux;
In short, we've here all that may hope t'engage
One of your wit, your beauty, and your age.
If all these pow'rful arguments should fail,
I'll in the tenderest part your heart assail;
The lovely Damon languishes and dies,
Nor can revive but by your charming eyes.
But I forgot——Mamma these lines must see,
So you shall hear no more of him from me.

As this lady was perfectly well acquainted with Mr Pilkington's regard for me, he applied to her to entreat a meeting at her lodgings, where I frequently went.

She had too much compassion for a despairing honourable lover to refuse his requeſt; and accordingly she gave him notice the next visit that I made to her, after having asked my consent to it. Our interview was very melancholy, and his sighs and tears prevailed so much on my young soft heart that at laſt I faithfully promised to be his; but added: 'We were both so young that it would be

prudent to wait till he had some preferment or till my parents came into better temper; and that, in the meantime, I would see him or write to him as often as I conveniently could.'

I forgot to mention that I had sent him his watch and ring some days before; he would fain have prevailed on me to take them again, but I absolutely refused them.

The next morning my father told me I must prepare to go and stay a year with my grandfather, who lived a hundred miles distant from Dublin, and that I must set out in two days. I made no answer, but thought proper to give Mr Pilkington notice of my departure, and easily prevailed on my brother to give him a letter; but Heav'ns! how was I frighted when he, returning in a few moments, told me Mr Pilkington had stabbed himself with his penknife: I ran all in tears to my mother, entreating her permission to go and see him. She appeared much concerned, and sent for him to come to us, which pleasing summons he readily obeyed. But I could scarce forbear laughing at my own credulity when my wounded swain came to us in perfect health. He had indeed given himself a scratch, on purpose to terrify us, and had just such a desperate wound as I have frequently received from the point of a pin, without complaining.

However, by this artifice he once more gained admission to us, and had an opportunity of assuring my mother: 'That if she sent me to the West Indies, he would follow me'; and added also: 'That he was next heir to a good estate' which was the most prevailing argument he could make use of to her, and took such an effect that she not only kept him to supper but so far indulged him as to give him a key to the garden, which opened into a little stable lane, by which means he could come in and go out as often as he pleased unnoticed. As soon as he left us, my mother spoke to me in this manner: 'Child', said she, 'I believe that young man loves you sincerely; neither have your father or I any objection to him; but in the light we appear in to the world, it would seem strange to accept of him as a son-in-law. Your father is not at

present able to give you a fortune; and I know most of those who address you hope for one with you; and he chooses rather to reject them than let them into his real circumstances. What I would therefore advise you to is this: 'If you love this man, marry him; we shall at first seem displeased, and then forgive it, and do for you every thing within our power. As he is an ingenious, sober man, your father's interest may soon get him a living, and till then ye shall both live with us.'

This discourse strangely surprised me, and left me doubtful how to act: to take to myself the reproach of disobedience, in the eyes of the world, appeared very shocking to me; and, though I was resolved to marry Mr Pilkington some time or other, yet I was startled at the thought of doing it immediately, and told my mother my objections. However, they appeared but trifling to her. The next morning she called me pretty early to breakfast, and, to my great surprise, I found Mr Pilkington with my father, his harpsichord placed in the parlour, which, with a cat and an owl, were all his worldly goods.

He told me, with great rapture, that he was going for a ring and a licence to be married in the evening. As for my part, I thought he only jested, till my father confirmed it by telling me I must either resolve to marry immediately or break off with Mr Pilkington entirely, leaving it to my choice which to do. I was too much confounded to make any other return than to give my hand to Mr Pilkington, who kissed it with great ecstacy; and, my unfortunate nuptials being thus concluded on, we were married privately in the evening by the Vicar-General, having no other witnesses but my father and mother and his father, and we resolved to keep it secret for a few days, to avoid the hurry and expense of matrimony. We went into the country to my uncle Brigadier Meade's seat for a fortnight; where, my new espoused husband staying from me a whole day in pursuit of his game (for he delighted in fowling), at his return I presented him with the following lines, my first attempt in poetry, that was not quite childish:

The Petition of the BIRDS

Ah shepherd, gentle shepherd! spare
Us plumed inhabitants of air
That hop and inoffensive rove
From tree to tree, from grove to grove;
What phrenzy has possessed your mind
To be deſtructive of your kind?
Admire not if we kindred claim,
Our sep'rate natures are the same:
To each of us thou ow'ſt a part
To grace thy person, head, or heart;
The chaſte, the fond, the tender *Dove*
Inspires thy breaſt with pureſt love;
The tow'ring *Eagle* claims a part
In thy courageous, gen'rous heart;
On thee the *Finch* beſtowed a voice
To bid the raptured soul rejoice;
The *Hawk* has giv'n thee eyes so bright,
They kindle love and soft delight;
Thy snowy hue and graceful mien
May in the ſtately *Swan* be seen;
The *Robin's* plumes afford the red
Which thy soft lips and cheeks bespread;
Thy filial piety and truth
The *Stork* beſtowed to crown thy youth.
Did we these sev'ral gifts beſtow
To give perfection to a foe?
Did we so many virtues give
To thee, too fierce to let us live?
Suspend your rage, and every grove
Shall echo songs of grateful love.
Let pity soothe and sway your mind,
And be the Phoenix of mankind.

This little poetical essay met with more applause than it really merited, on account of my youth, and was extremely acceptable to Mr Pilkington, who, with the raptures of an enamoured bridegroom, read it to every person whom he thought possessed of taſte or genius.

On our return to town we received the visits and compliments of all our acquaintance; every one of whom my mother assured I had married without their consent; but this was not all, for she said it so often that at length

she persuaded herself it was so, and made it a pretence for giving me all imaginable ill-treatment, both in public and private, which, having no remedy, I was obliged to bear as patiently as I could; for if I quitted her house, I had no place to go to, as Mr Pilkington's whole income would scarce have paid the rent of a tolerable ready-furnished lodging. However, I had some consolation in Mr Pilkington's tenderness, which seemed daily to increase for me, and in the conversation of a very agreeable set of friends, some of whom it may not be amiss to give a particular description of.

In the first place, I had the honour of being well received by Mrs Percival, who is married to the brother of the Earl of Egmont, to whose virtues I cannot refuse doing of justice (altho' her animadversions on me have not been over-charitable), a lady of most universal genius, there being no one accomplishment that adorns the woman of quality but what she possessed; and her station gave her an opportunity of shewing them to advantage. She was also extremely happy in her family; her husband was a most worthy gentleman; both her sons men of sense and honour, and one of her daughters very agreeable. It may easily be supposed this Belle Assembly engaged the company of all the learned and polite world: every night was a drawing-room, and the ingenious and curious of both sexes went home delighted and improved. As my father was physician to Mrs Percival, and her eldest son married to a near relation of mine, I had at all times free access, and so found a frequent pleasing relief from my vexations.

I had also the much-envied honour of being known to Dr Swift, whose genius, excellent as it was, surpassed not his humanity in the most judicious and useful charities; although often hid under a rough appearance, till he was perfectly convinced both of the honesty and distress of those he bestowed it on. He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy. Indeed, why should he not?—who, in true genuine wit, could fear no rival.

Yet as I have frequently observed in life, that where great talents are bestowed, there the strongest passions are likewise given. This truly great man did but too often let them have dominion over him, and that on the most trifling occasions. During meal-times he was evermore in a storm; the meat was always too much or too little done, or the servants had offended in some point, imperceptible to the rest of the company; however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his guests rich amends for the pain he had given them by the former part of his behaviour. For

> *Then was truly mingled in the friendly bowl*
> *The feast of reason, and the flow of soul*—Pope.

Yet strict temperance preserved; for the Doctor never drank above half-a-pint of wine, in every glass of which he mixed water and sugar; yet, if he liked his company, would sit many hours over it, unlocking all the springs of policy, learning, true humour and inimitable wit.

It is a very great loss to the world that this admirable gentleman never could be prevailed on to give us the particulars of his own life; because, as it is the fate of all eminent persons to have various characters given of them, so it was more remarkably his. One reason for this may justly be assigned—that, as at his first setting out party ran high, those who on either side had any talents for writing spared not to throw the blackest aspersions on the other; so that, if we give them both credit, we must conclude there was neither honour nor virtue among them; but that all who were out, Tories and Whigs, Whigs and Tories, were equally corrupt: indeed ambition is a grand deceiver, and apt to undermine integrity itself; and this the Doctor himself was so sensible of that I have frequently heard him declare: 'He thought it a great blessing that all his hopes of preferment were at once cut off; insomuch that he had nothing to tempt or mislead him from a patriotism in which his grateful country found their happiness and security.'

This leads me to a ſtory I remember to have heard him tell, and therefore, I hope, cannot be impertinent:

A clergyman whoſe character greatly resembled that I have heard Bishop Berkeley give to Bishop Atterbury—namely, a moſt learned fine gentleman, who under the ſofteſt and politeſt appearance concealed the moſt turbulent ambition: this clergyman having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a mitre: his friend Dr Swift went to congratulate him on it, but at the same time told him: 'He hoped, as his Lordship was a native of Ireland and had now a seat in the House of Peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the ſervice of his diſtreſſed country.' The Prelate told him: 'The bishopric was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the Court.' 'Very well', says Swift, 'then it is to be hoped when you have a better, you will become an honeſt man.' 'Ay, that I will, Mr Dean', says he: 'till then, my Lord, farewell." This pious prelate was twice translated to richer sees, and, on every translation, Dr Swift waited on him to remind him of his promise; but to no purpose. There was now an archbishopric in view, and, till that was obtained, nothing could be done. This in a short time he likewise possessed; he then sent for the Dean, and told him: 'I am now at the top of my preferment, for I well know no Irishman will ever be made Primate; therefore, as I can rise no higher in fortune or ſtation, I will zealously promote the good of my country.' (A fine reason truly !) And so he commenced a moſt outrageous patriot from those very laudable motives, and continued so till his death, which happened within these few years.

I hope my readers will indulge me in the frequent mention I shall make of Dr Swift; for, though his works are universally eſteemed, yet few persons now living have had so many opportunities of seeing him in private life; as my being a person *sans* consequence afforded me, which happiness I obtained by the following means.

The learned nymph before-mentioned, whom curiosity

engaged every person to see, had shown many of my scribbles to Dr Delany, known sufficiently by his own incomparable *Life and Writings*. As she was one of the first to congratulate me on my marriage, she was a witness how severely both Mr Pilkington and I were used, or rather abused, by my mother; she told Dr Delany of it, and made such a favourable mention of the poor young couple that he generously imagined his countenancing Mr Pilkington might be a means of procuring us better treatment. He had been class-fellow with my father in the College, and, though they did not visit, yet they had that mutual esteem for each other which good men feel for good men; and were pleased whenever accident threw them into each other's company. The Doctor, preaching at our parish church immediately after our marriage, was so kind as to join us coming out, and accompany us home, to wish the young couple joy, a favour we were all extremely proud of. At parting, he gave us all an invitation to dine at his beautiful villa, about a small mile distant from Dublin: what opinion I conceived of him and his improvements may be seen in the following lines, composed in one of his lovely arbours:

DELVILLE, *the Seat of the Rev. Dr* DELANY.

Hail, happy Delville! blissful seat!
The muse's best belov'd retreat!
With prospects large and unconfined;
Blest emblem of their master's mind!
Where fragrant gardens, painted meads,
Wide-op'ning walks, and twilight shades—
Inspiring scenes!—elate the heart!
Nature improved, and raised by Art,
So Paradise delightful smiled,
Blooming and beautifully wild.

Thrice-happy sage, who safe retired,
By Heaven and by the muse inspired;
In polished arts, or lays sublime,
Or God-like acts employ your time.
Here Nature's beauties you explore,
And, searching her mysterious store

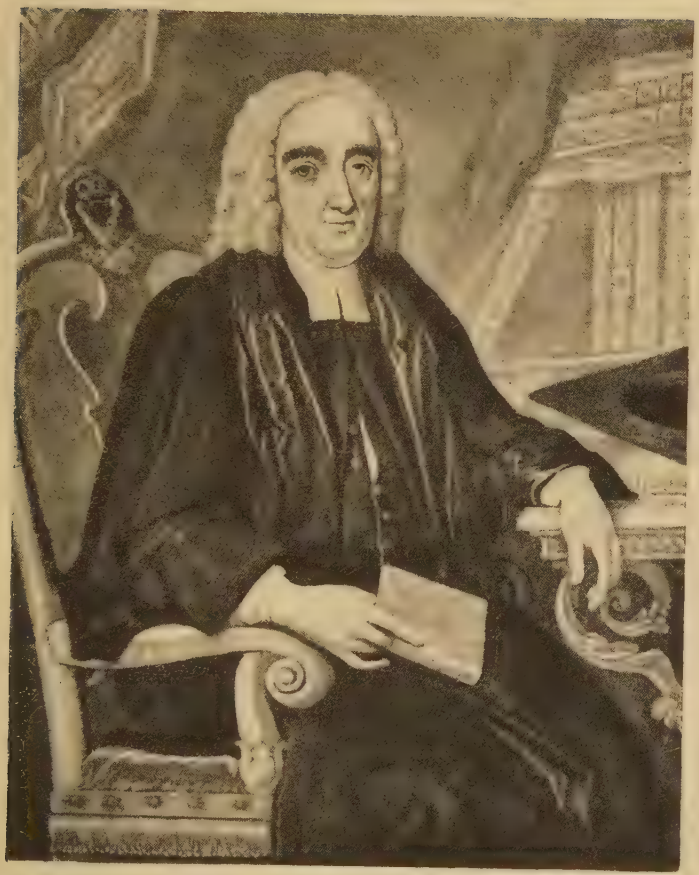
Through all her operations, find
The image of the Sovereign Mind;
And in each insect, plant, and flower
Contemplate the creating Power:
Nor is thy love of him alone
In fruitless speculation shewn;
Through life you happily exert
The Christian virtues of your heart,
To give new schemes of culture birth,
And bless and beautify the earth;
To raise th' afflicted from despair,
And make the friendless wretch thy care:
To thee the highest bliss is given,
A soul to praise, and copy heaven.

Whether it was owing to my youth or any real merit in the verses, I know not; but, weak as they were, from the candour of the company they met with great applause and the worthy gentleman to whom they were directed praised the poetry extremely—only modestly wished I had a better subject to employ my fine genius, as he was pleased to call it.

I hope, if I should live to publish these writings, none of the honourable persons mentioned in them, as having been once my friends, will be offended at it; since, whatever misfortunes have since befallen me, I was not then quite unworthy of the regard they showed me, and still retain a grateful sense of their favour; only lamenting that by one fatal folly it is irrecoverably lost.

And now I must confess, as I have talked of ambition, I had a strong one to be known to Dr Swift. As Dr Delany had recommended and introduced Mr Pilkington to him, and the learned lady before-mentioned, I thought it a little hard to be excluded from the delight and instruction I might possibly receive from such conversation; and, having often remonstrated on this head to no purpose, I at last told them (for to give me my due I was pretty pert) 'that truly they were envious, and would not let me see the Dean knowing how much I surpassed them all.' As I spoke this but half serious, I set them all a laughing, and as they were to meet the next day at the Deanery House, to keep the anniversary of

PLATE II



Markham Delin.] [*Vanhaecken Sculp.*

THE REVEREND DOCTOR JONATHAN SWIFT

Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin

[*face p 48*

his birthday, I enclosed to Dr Delany the following lines:

To the Rev. Dr SWIFT, *on his Birthday*

While I the God-like men of old
In admiration wrapt behold!
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er,
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus shine
In every excellence divine;
I grieve that our degen'rate days
Produce no mighty souls like these;
Patriot, philosopher, and bard
Are names unknown and seldom heard.
Spare your reflection, Phoebus cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwise;
Can you complain this sacred day
That virtues or that arts decay?
Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears
The virtues of unnumber'd years;
Behold in him with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
And know, Ierne in that name
Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame.

Dr Delany presented these lines to the Dean, and at the same time told him my saucy speech above-mentioned. The Dean kindly accepted of my compliment, and said: 'He would see me whenever I pleased.' A most welcome message to me!

A few days after, the Dean sent the Doctor word he would dine with him at Delville, and desired to meet Mr and Mrs Pilkington there. You may be assured I obeyed this welcome summons, and a gentlewoman was so kind as to call on me to go with her. When we arrived, Dr Delany's servant told us his master, the Dean, and Mr Pilkington were walking in the garden; we met them on a noble terrace whose summit was crowned with a magnificent portico, where painting and sculpture displayed their utmost charms. The lady presented me to the Dean, who saluted me, and surprised me by asking her: 'If I was her daughter.' She smiled and said: 'I was Mrs Pilkington.' 'What', says he, 'this poor little

child married! God help her, she is early engaged in trouble.' We passed the day in a most elegant and delightful manner; and the Dean, engaging Mr Pilkington to preach for him at the Cathedral the Sunday following, gave me also, with the rest of the company, an invitation to dinner. As the Communion is administered every Sunday in this antique Church, dedicated to St Patrick, the first prelate who taught the Gospel in Ireland, I was charmed to see with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that solemn service; which he had so much at heart that he wanted not the assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite through it without ever looking in the Prayer Book. Indeed, another part of his behaviour on this occasion was censured by some, as favouring of Popery; which was that he bowed to the Holy Table. However, this circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked aspersion of being deemed an unbeliever, since 'tis plain he had the utmost reverence for the Eucharist. Service being over, we met the Dean at the Church door, surrounded by a crowd of poor, to all of whom he gave charity, excepting one old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him: he told her very gravely: 'That though she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands.' And so we marched with the silver verge before us to the Deanery House. When we came into the parlour, the Dean kindly saluted me, and, without allowing me time to sit down, bade me come and see his study; Mr Pilkington was for following us, but the Dean told him merrily: 'He did not desire his company'; and so he ventured to trust me with him into the library. 'Well', says he, 'I have brought you here to show you all the money I got when I was in the Ministry, but do not steal any of it.' 'I will not indeed, Sir', says I; so he opened a cabinet, and showed me a whole parcel of empty drawers. 'Bless me', says he, 'the money is flown!' He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, some of which he told me: 'Were presented to him by the Earl and Countess of Oxford; some by

Lady Masham, and some by Lady Betty Germain'; at last, coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade me choose two for myself, but he could not help smiling when I began to poise them in my hands, choosing them by weight rather than antiquity, of which indeed I was not then a judge.

The Dean amused me in this manner till we were summoned to dinner, where his behaviour was so humorous that I cannot avoid relating some part of it. He placed himself at the head of the table, opposite to a great pier-glass under which was a marble sideboard, so that he could see in the glass whatever the servants did at it. He was served entirely in plate, and with great elegance; but, the beef being over-roasted, put us all in confusion: the Dean called for the cook-maid, and ordered her to take it downstairs, and do it less; the maid answered very innocently: 'That she could not.' 'Why, what sort of a creature are you', says he, 'to commit a fault which cannot be amended?' And, turning to me, he said very gravely: 'That he hoped, as the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by this manner of arguing, be able in about a year's time to convince her she had better send up the meat too little than too much done'; charging the men-servants: 'Whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they should take it, spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to aid them in case the cook resisted.' The Dean then turning his eye on the looking-glass, espied the butler opening a bottle of ale, helping himself to the first glass and very kindly jumbling the rest together, that his master and guests might all fare alike. Ha! friend', says the Dean, 'sharp's the word, I find; you drank my ale, for which I stop two shillings of your board-wages this week, for I scorn to be outdone in any thing, even in cheating.' Dinner at last was over, to my great joy; for now I had hope of a more agreeable entertainment than what the squabbling with the servants had afforded us.

The Dean thanked Mr Pilkington for his sermon: 'I never', says he, 'preached but twice in my life, and

then they were not sermons, but pamphlets.' I asked him: 'What might be the subject of them': he told me: 'They were against Wood's half-pence.' 'Pray, Madam', says he, 'do you smoke?' 'No, indeed, Sir', says I. 'Nor your husband?' 'Neither, Sir.' 'It is a sign', said he, 'you were neither of you bred in the University of Oxford; for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in those two arts no University in Europe can out-do them. Pray Mrs Pilkington tell me your faults.' 'Indeed, Sir, I must beg to be excused, for, if I can help it, you shall never find them out.' 'No', says he, 'then Mr Pilkington shall tell me.' 'I will, Sir', says he, 'when I have discovered them.' 'Pray Mr Dean', says Dr Delany, 'why will you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs Pilkington has any faults?' 'Why, I will tell you', replied the Dean; 'whenever I see a number of agreeable qualities in any person, I am always sure they have bad ones sufficient to poise the scale.' I bowed, and told the Dean: 'He did me great honour.' And in this I copied Bishop Berkeley, whom I have frequently heard declare: 'That when any speech was made to him which might be construed either into a compliment or an affront, or that (to make use of his own word) had two handles, he was so meek and so mild that he always took hold of the best.'

The Dean then asked me: 'If I was a Queen, what I should choose to have after dinner?' I answered: 'His conversation.' 'Pooh!' says he, 'I mean what regale?' 'A dish of coffee, Sir.' 'Why then I will so far make you as happy as a Queen—you shall have some in perfection; for when I was Chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the Government here, I was so poor I was obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason.' I could not help smiling at this oddity, but I really had such an awe on me that I could not venture to ask him, as I longed to do, what it meant. The bottle and glasses being taken away, the Dean set about making the coffee; but, the fire scorching his hand, he called to me to reach him his glove,

and changing the coffee-pot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordered me to put his glove on it, which accordingly I did; when, taking up part of his gown to fan himself with, and acting in character of a prudish lady, he said: 'Well, I do not know what to think. Women may be honeſt that do such things, but, for my part, I never could bear to touch any man's flesh except my husband's, whom perhaps', says he, 'she wished at the Devil.'

'Mr Pilkington', says he, 'you would not tell me your wife's faults. But I have found her out to be a d—ned, insolent, proud, unmannerly slut.' I now looked confounded, not knowing what offence I had committed. ——Says Mr Pilkington, 'Ay, Sir, I muſt confess she is a little saucy to me sometimes, but—what has she done now?' 'Done! why nothing but sat there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt me in making the coffee; whereas, had I had a lady of modern good breeding here, she would have ſtruggled with me for the coffee-pot till she had made me scald myself and her, and throw the coffee in the fire—or perhaps at her head, rather than permit me to take so much trouble for her.'

This raised my spirits, and, as I found the Dean always prefaced a compliment with an affront, I never afterwards was ſtartled at the latter (as too many have been, not entering into his peculiarly ironical ſtrain), but was modeſtly contented with the former, which was more than I deserved, and which the surprise rendered doubly pleasing.

By this time the bell rang for Church; and Dr Delany and Mr Pilkington, who with myself were now all the company (for the reſt departed before the coffee was out), were obliged to attend the summons. But, as there is no service in the Cathedral but Evening Prayer at six o'clock, I chose rather to attend the Dean there than go to hear another sermon: by this means I had him all to myself for near three hours, during which time he made me read to him the annals of the four laſt years of the Reign of Queen Anne, written by himself; the intention of which

seemed to be a vindication of the then Miniſtry and himself from having any design of placing the Pretender on the throne of Great Britain. It began with a solemn adjuration that all the facts therein contained were truth, and then proceeded, in the manner of Lord Clarendon, with giving the particular characters of every person whom he should have occasion to mention; amongſt whom, I remember, he compared Lord Bolingbroke to Petronius, as one who agreeably mingled business with pleasure. At the conclusion of every period, he demanded of me whether I underſtood it. 'For I would', says he, 'have it intelligent to the meaneſt capacity, and, if you comprehend it, 'tis possible everybody may.' I bowed, and assured him I did. And, indeed, it was written with such perspicuity and elegance of ſtyle that I muſt have had no capacity at all if I did not taſte what was so exquisitely beautiful.

Mr Pilkington, when he was Chaplain to Alderman Barber, in the year of his mayoralty, mentioned those *Annals* to Mr Pope, who said he had dissuaded the Dean from publishing them, as the facts contained in them were notoriously false. I was greatly aſtonished when Mr Pilkington told me this, nor could I tell what to determine. It seemed ſtrange to me that a person of the Dean's good sense and veracity should in the moſt solemn manner invocate the Almighty to bear teſtimony to falsehoods publicly known to be such. And yet, as Mr Pope was in prose a man of unqueſtioned probity, and united to the Dean in the ſtricteſt bonds of friendship, and consequently without doubt well acquainted with the transactions of those times, we can hardly suppose he would speak in the manner he did without juſt grounds for so doing; and his evidence seems ſtrengthened by his being of the *Romish* religion, which muſt certainly incline him to wish well to a Prince of the same faith. However, upon the whole, I am inclined to judge charitably of the Dean; and to believe that, though the Miniſters frequently employed him as a writer and entertained him as a companion, yet they had not let him into the depth

of their designs, *the Mystery of Iniquity!* So that what he relates in his *Annals* of the inviolable attachment of those in power to the *Hanover* Succession and the *Protestant* faith might be by him believed to be truth. For who so wise but may be deceived? And perhaps Mr Pope's long and intimate correspondence with Lord Bolingbroke gave him a better knowledge of what was really intended at that critical juncture. Pardon this disgression.

The bell rang for evening prayer, to which I accompanied the Dean. There is a fine organ in this Church, which, with its antique magnificence and so harmonious a choir, brought Milton's lines into my mind:

And let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high enbowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd choir below;
In service high! and anthem clear,
Which may with pleasure through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before my eyes.

On our return to the Deanery House, we found there waiting our coming Dr Delany and Mr Rochford, to whose wife *A Letter of Advice to a new-married Lady* (published since in the Dean's works) was written, and which, by the by, the lady did not take as a compliment, either to her or the sex, Mr Pilkington, Dr Sheridan, author of *The Art of Punning*, with two or three other clergymen (who usually passed Sunday evening with the Dean). Mr. Pilkington, and I were for going home, but the Dean told us: 'He gave us leave to stay to supper'; which from him was a sufficient invitation. The Dean then pulled out of his pocket a little gold runlet, in which was a bottle-screw, and, opening a bottle of wine, he

decanted it off; the last glass being muddy, he called to Mr Pilkington to drink it: 'For', says he, 'I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me.' Mr Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him: 'He did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate.' 'Why then', says the Dean, 'you shan't, for I'll drink it myself: why p—x take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he told me he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him.'

The Dean then missing his golden bottle-screw, told me, very sternly: 'He was sure I had stolen it.' I affirmed, very seriously, I had not. Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himself had laid it. ''Tis well for you', says he, 'that I have got it, or I would have charged you with theft.' 'Why, pray, Sir, should I be suspected more than any other person in the company?' 'For a very good reason', says he, 'because you are the poorest.'

There now came in, to sup with the Dean, one of the oddest little mortals I ever met with. He formerly wrote *The Gazetteer*, and, upon the strength of being an author and of having travelled, took upon him not only to dictate to the company but to contradict whatever any other person advanced, right or wrong, till he had entirely silenced them all. And then, having the whole talk to himself (for, to my great surprise, the Dean neither interrupted nor showed any dislike of him), he told us a whole string of improbabilities, such as 'That each pillar of St Peter's at Rome took up more ground than a convent which was near it, wherein were twelve monks, with their chapel, garden and infirmary.' By this account, every pillar must take up at least half an acre, and, considering the number of them, we must conclude the edifice to be some miles in circumference. No one present had ever

been at Rome, except himself, so that he might tell us juſt what he thought proper.

I took notice that before this dogmatical gentleman the Dean was moſt remarkably complaisant to Mr Pilkington and me, and at our going away the Dean would hand me down all the ſteps to the coach, thanking us for the honour of our company, at the same time sliding into my hand as much money as Mr Pilkington and I had given at the offering in the morning, and coach-hire also, which I durſt not refuse leſt I should have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parson who refused the thick wine.

It has been a matter of dispute amongſt the learned whether England or Ireland had the honour of giving to the world this admirable person; 'tis probable poſterity may contend this point as warmly as the seven cities of Greece did the birthplace of Homer. And, though in reality 'tis of no great importance where a man is born, yet, as the Irish are the eternal ridicule of the English for their ignorance, I am proud Hibernia had the happiness of producing this brilliant wit to redeem the credit of the country, and to convince the world a man may draw his firſt breath there, and yet be learned, wise, and generous, religious, witty, social, and polite.

The account I have frequently heard the Dean give of himself was that he was born in Hoy's Alley, in Warburgh's parish, Dublin; his father was a lawyer, and, returning from the circuit, he unfortunately brought home the itch with him, which he had got by lying in some foul bed on the road. Somebody advised him to use mercury to cure it, which prescription coſt him his life in a very few days after his return. The Dean was a poſthumous son to this gentleman, but, as he said, came time enough to save his mother's credit. He was given to an Irish woman to nurse, whose husband being in England and writing to her to come to him; as she could not bear the thoughts of parting with the child, she very fairly took him with her, unknown to his mother or any of his relations, who could learn no tidings either of him

or her for three years; at the end of which time she returned to Ireland, and reſtored the child to his mother, from whom she easily obtained a pardon, both on account of the joy she conceived at seeing her only son again, when she had in a manner loſt all hope of it, as also that it was plain the Nurse had no other motive for ſtealing him but pure affection, which the women of Ireland generally have in as eminent degree for the children they nurse as for their own offspring.

I believe the Dean's early youth did not promise that bright day of wit which has since enlightened the learned world. Whilſt he was at the University of Dublin, he was so far from being diſtinguished for any superiority of parts or learning that he was ſtopped of his degree, as a dunce. When I heard the Dean relate this circumſtance, for I set down nothing but what I had from his own mouth, I told him I supposed he had been idle; but he affirmed the contrary, assuring me he was really dull, which, if true, is very surprising.

I have often been led to look on the world as a garden, and the human minds as so many plants, set by the hand of the great creator, for utility and ornament. Thus, some we see early produce beautiful blossoms, and as soon fade away; others, whose germs are more slow in unfolding but more permanent when blown; and others again, who though longer in arriving at perfection, not only bless us then with shade and odour but also with delicious wholesome fruit. To go on with the allegory, we often hear from children very bright sallies of wit and reflections above their years. From these hopeful beginnings we are apt to expect something very extraordinary in their maturity; but how often are we disappointed? How often do we see these sparkling children dwindle gradually into the moſt humdrum men and women, as if, to make use of the floriſts' phrase, the *blow* was quite over; and some, whose childhood has given no presages of great talents, have improved every year till they have brought forth the beautiful flowers of poetry and rhetoric and the rich fruits of wisdom and virtue.

Whether this comparison will hold, I submit to the judgment of those who are better acquainted with the secret workings of Nature than I can presume to be. I am afraid of going out of my depth, and yet I have a great inclination to say a little more on this subject.

I have known a person, who in his youth was an extraordinary adept in music and performed on several instruments extremely well. I saw the same person some years after and lo ! his musical talent was entirely loſt, and he was then a very good painter. Now I could not help forming a notion in my own mind that, as our ideas depend on the fibres of the brain, it was possible we might, by the continual use of some particular one, weaken it so as to make it perish, and, at the same time, another might exert, from that very cause, itself with double ſtrength. Thus, I suppose, when this gentleman's musical fibres perished, his painting ones shot forth with vigour. If there be any truth in this whim of mine, which, I own, I am fond of believing myself, we may easily account for the various dispositions which we meet with even in the same person at different periods of life.

But to return. Although it is not in my power to give a succinct account of the Dean's life, neither have I any intention to attempt it, yet I believe I am better qualified to do it than moſt of those who have undertaken it, as they were absolute ſtrangers to him, and relate things upon hearsay. The Dean, for the latter part of his life, contracted his acquaintance into a very narrow compass, for, as he was frequently deaf he thought this infirmity made him troublesome, and therefore kept no company but such as he could be so free with, as to bid them speak loud or repeat what they had said: it was owing to this, that Mr Pilkington and I frequently passed whole days with him, while numbers of our betters were excluded; and as he was like another Neſtor, full of days and wisdom, so like him, he was pretty much upon the narrative, than which nothing could be more delightful

to me, as pleasure and instruction flowed from his lips:

His words

> *Drew audience, and attention still as night,*
> *Or summer's noon-tide air.*—Milton.

I remember in one of these periodical fits of deafness, for they returned on certain seasons on him, he sent for me early in the morning: he told me when I came he had found employment for me; so he brought to me, out of his study, a large book, very finely bound in Turkey leather, and curious gilt; 'this', says he, 'is a translation of the *Epistles* of Horace, a present to me from the author; it is a special good cover! But I have a mind there should be something valuable in the inside of it'; so, taking out his penknife, he cut out all the leaves, close to the inner margin. 'Now', says he, 'I will give these what they greatly want', and so threw them all into the fire. He then brought up two drawers filled with letters: 'Your task, Madam, is to paste in these letters in this cover, in the order I shall give them to you; I intended to do it myself, but that I thought it might be a pretty amusement for a child, so I sent for you.' I told him I was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands: 'But, Sir, may I presume to make a request to you?' 'Yes', says he, 'but ten to one I shall deny it.' 'I hope not, Sir: it is this; may I have leave to read the letters as I go on?' 'Why, provided you will acknowledge yourself amply rewarded for your trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you so far; but are you sure you can read?' 'I do not know, Sir; I will try.' Well then begin with this: It was a letter from Lord Bolingbroke, dated six o'clock in the morning: it began with a remark how differently that hour appeared to him, now rising, cool, serene, and temperate, to contemplate the beauties of Nature, to what it had done in some former parts of his life, when he was either in the midst of excesses or returning home sated with them; so he proceeded to describe the numberless advantages with which temperance and

virtue bless their votaries, and the miseries which attend a contrary course. The epistle was pretty long, and the most refined piece of moral philosophy I ever met with, as indeed every one of his were; and I had the unspeakable delight of reading several of them.

Nor can I be at all surprised, that Mr Pope should so much celebrate a genius who, for sublimity of thought and elegance of style, had few equals. The rest of the Dean's correspondents, were the Lady Masham, the Earl of Oxford, Dr Atterbury, Bishop Burnet, Lord Bathurst, Mr Addison, Archdeacon Parnell, Mr Congreve, Mr Poultney, Mr Pope, Mr Gay, Dr Arbuthnot—a noble, and a learned set! So my readers may judge what a banquet I had. I could not avoid remarking to the Dean that, notwithstanding the friendship Mr Pope professed for Mr Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if I may be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of *The Beggar's Opera*. The Dean very frankly owned he did not think Mr Pope was so candid to the merits of other writers as he ought to be. I then ventured to ask the Dean whether he thought the lines Mr Pope addresses him with, in the beginning of *The Dunciad*, were any compliment to him, viz.:

O thou! whatever title please thine ear.—Dunciad.

'I believe', says he, 'they were meant as such; but they are very stiff.'—'Indeed Sir', said I, 'he is so perfectly a master of harmonious numbers that, had his heart been in the least affected with his subject, he must have writ better. How cold, how forced, are his lines to you compared with yours to him.'

Hail happy Pope, *whose generous mind.*[1]

Here we see the masterly poet and the warm, sincere, generous friend; while he, according to the character he gives of Mr Addison, damns with faint praise—'Well,' replied the Dean, 'I will show you a late letter of his to me': he did so, and I own I was surprised to find it

[1] See Swift's *Libel on Lord Carteret*.

filled with low and ungentlemanlike reflections both on Mr Gay and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his disappointment at Court. 'Well, Madam', said the Dean,—'what do you think of that letter?' (seeing I had gone quite through it)—'Indeed, Sir', returned I, 'I am sorry I have read it; for it gives me reason to think there is no such thing as a sincere friend to be met with in the world.' 'Why', replied he, 'authors are as jealous of their prerogative as Kings, and can no more bear a rival in the empire of wit than a monarch could in his dominions.' 'But, Sir', said I, 'here is a Latin Sentence writ in italics, which, I suppose, means something particular; will you be so kind to explain it?' 'No', replied he, smiling; 'I will leave that for your husband to do; I will send for him to come and dine with us, and in the meantime we will go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard.' 'Where may that be, pray, Sir?' 'Why, a garden that I cheated one of my neighbours out of.'—When we entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square and enclosed with a stone wall, the Dean asked me how I liked it. 'Why pray, Sir', said I, 'where is the garden?' 'Look behind you', said he.' I did so, and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit-trees planted against it, which being then in blossom, looked very beautiful. 'What are you so intent on', said the Dean? 'The opening blooms, Sir, which brought Waller's lines to my remembrance:

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime.

'Oh!' replied he, 'you are in a poetical vein; I thought you had been taking notice of my wall! It is the best in Ireland: when the masons were building it (as most tradesmen are rogues) I watched them very close, and as often as they could they put in a rotten stone of which however I took no notice till they had built three or four perches beyond it; now as I am an absolute monarch in the *Liberties*,[1] and King of the Mob, my way

[1] *Liberties* belonging to the Dean.

with them was to have the wall thrown down to the place where I observed the rotten ſtone, and by doing ſo five or six times the workmen were at laſt convinced it was their intereſt to be honeſt.' ' Or else, Sir ', ſaid I, ' your wall would have been as tedious a piece of work as Penelope's web, if all that was done in the day was to be undone at night:' ' Well ', anſwered he, ' I find you have poetry for every occaſion; but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking (for indeed I was not quite ſo light then as I had been ſome months before) I would have you ſit down on that little bank till you are reſted or I tired, to put us more upon a par.'

I ſeated myſelf, and away the Dean walked, or rather trolled, as hard as ever he could drive. I could not help ſmiling at his odd gait, for I thought to myſelf he had written ſo much in praiſe of horſes that he was reſolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As I was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to me, and gave me a ſtrong confirmation of his partiality to thoſe animals: ' I have been conſidering, Madam, as I walked ', ſaid he, ' what a fool Mr Pilkington was to marry you, for he could have afforded to keep a horſe for leſs money than you coſt him, and that, you muſt confeſs, would have given him better exerciſe and more pleaſure than a wife—Why, you laugh, and do not anſwer me—Is not it Truth?' ' I muſt anſwer you, Sir, with another queſtion: Pray how can a bachelor judge of this matter?' ' I find ', ſaid he, ' you are vain enough to give yourſelf the preference.' ' I do, Sir, to that ſpecies here: a Houyhnhum, I would, as becomes me, give place to; but, Sir, it is going to rain.'—' I hope not ', ſaid he, ' for that will coſt me ſixpence for a coach for you (this garden being at ſome diſtance from his houſe). Come, make haſte: O, how the teſter trembles in my pocket!' I obeyed, and we got in a-doors juſt time enough to eſcape a heavy ſhower. ' Thank God ', ſaid the Dean, ' I have ſaved my money; here, you fellow (to his ſervant), carry this ſixpence to the lame old man that ſells gingerbread at the corner, becauſe he tries to do ſomething, and does not beg.'

The Dean shewed me into a little ſtreet-parlour (where sat his housekeeper, a matron-like gentlewoman, at work). 'Here', says he; 'Mrs Brent, take care of this child (meaning me) and see she does no mischief, while I take my walk out within doors.' The Deanery House has I know not how many pair of back-ſtairs in it, the preceding Dean who built it, being it seems extremely fearful of fire, was resolved there should be many ways to escape in case of danger.

The Dean then ran up the great-ſtairs, down one pair of back-ſtairs, up another, in so violent a manner that I could not help expressing my uneasiness to the good gentlewoman leſt he should fall and be hurt. She said: 'It was a cuſtomary exercise with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.'

I told Mrs Brent 'I believed the Dean was extremely charitable.' 'Indeed, Madam', replied she, 'nobody can be more so; his income is not above six-hundred pounds a year, and every year he gives above the half of it in private pensions to decayed families; besides this, he keeps five-hundred pounds in the conſtant service of the induſtrious poor: this he lends out in five pounds at a time, and takes the payment back at twelve-pence a week; this does them more service than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliges them to work and at the same time keeps up this charitable fund for the aſſiſtance of many. You cannot imagine what numbers of poor tradesmen, who have even wanted proper tools to carry on their work have by this small loan been put into a prosperous way and brought up their families in credit. The Dean (added she) has found out a new method of being charitable, in which however, I believe, he will have but few followers; which is, to debar himself of what he calls the superfluities of life, in order to adminiſter to the neceſſities of the diſtreſſed: you juſt now saw an inſtance of it; the money a coach would have coſt him he gave to a poor man, unable to walk. When he dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and gives away the price of a pint of wine; and thus he acts in numberleſs inſtances.'

My reader will, I hope, do me the justice to believe I was quite charmed with this account of the Dean's beneficent spirit, and I no longer wondered so many of the clergy endeavoured to depreciate him; for, as it is well known, there are not, in the general, a more voluptuous set of men living: this doctrine of self-denial was enough to make them pour out all their anathemas on him, and brand him with the name of *Atheist*, unbeliever, and such like terms as they in their Christian zeal thought proper to bestow.

I before admired the Dean as a person of distinguished genius, but now I learned to revere him as the angel of Ireland. The Dean, running into the parlour, threw a whole packet of manuscript poems into my lap, and so he did for five or six times successively, till I had an apron full of wit and novelty (for they were all of his own writing), and such as had not then been made public, and many of them, I believe, never will. Mr Pilkington coming, according to the Dean's desire, to dinner, found me deeply engaged, and sat down to partake of my entertainment, till we were summoned to table, to a less noble part. 'Well, Mr Pilkington', said the Dean, 'I hope you are jealous: I have had your wife a good many hours, and as she is a likely girl and I a very young man (*Note*, he was upwards of threescore) you do not know what may have happened: though I must tell you, you are very partial to her; for here I have not been acquainted with her above six months, and I have already discovered two intolerable faults in her. 'Tis true I looked sharp or perhaps they might have escaped my notice—Nay, Madam, do not look surprised, I am resolved to tell your husband that he may break you of them.' 'Indeed, Sir', returned I, 'my surprise is that you have not found out two and fifty in half that time; but let me know them, and I will mend of them, if I can.' 'Well put in', says he, 'for I believe you can't; but eat your dinner, however, for they are not capital.' I obeyed, yet was very impatient to know my particular errors; he told me 'I should hear of them time enough.'

The things being taken away, 'Now, good Sir', said I, 'tell me what I do amiss, that I may reform.' 'No', returned he; 'but I'll tell your husband before your face, to shame you the more—In the first place, Mr Pilkington, she had the insolence this morning not only to desire to read the writings of the most celebrated genius's of the age, in which I indulged her; but she must also, forsooth, pretend to praise or censure them, as if she knew something of the matter: indeed her remarks were not much amiss, considering they were guess-work; but this letter here of Mr Pope's she has absolutely condemned; read it (he did so): take notice of it', said the Dean; 'she would also have had me explain that Latin sentence to her, but I had some modesty, though she had none you see.' 'Why, Sir', said I, 'sure Mr Pope would not (especially to you) write anything which even a virgin might not read.' 'Now, Mr Pilkington', said the Dean, 'is her curiosity at work; I'll be hanged if she lets you sleep to-night till you have satisfied it. But this is not all; she had the vanity to affirm that she thought herself preferable to a horse, and more capable of giving you pleasure: Nay, she laughed in my face for being of a different opinion; and asked me how a bachelor should know any thing of the matter. If you don't take down her pride, there will be no bearing her.'

'Indeed, Sir', said Mr Pilkington, ''tis your fault that she is so conceited; she was always disposed to be saucy, but since you have done her the honour to take notice of her, and make her your companion, there is no such thing as mortifying her.' 'Very fine', said the Dean, 'I have got much by complaining to you, to have all your wife's faults laid at my door.' 'Well, Sir', said I; 'all these misdemeanours may be included under the article of *Pride*: Now, let me know my other Crime.' 'Why', said he, 'you can't walk fast; but at present, I excuse you.' 'Well, Sir, if I can't mend my pride, I'll try to mend my pace.' 'Mr Pilkington', said he, 'I have a mind to clip your wife's wit.' 'Indeed, Sir', said I, 'that's death by law, for 'tis sterling.' 'Shut up

your mouth, for all day, Letty', said Mr Pilkington, 'for that answer is real wit.' 'Nay', said the Dean, 'I believe we had better shut up our own, for at this rate she'll be too many for us.' I am sure, if I was not proud before this was enough to make me so.

The Dean guessed right when he said I would not let Mr Pilkington sleep till he had explained to me the Latin sentence in Mr Pope's letter; which, at my request, he did. And, indeed, none but such a wicked wit could have contrived to turn the words of our blessed Saviour so as to make them convey a very impure, as well as a most uncharitable, idea to the mind.

Feuds ran so high between my mother and Mr Pilkington that my life became very unhappy. So we determined to quit my father's house for a little one of our own, which my husband's father made us a present of; and which, by the bounty of our friends, who came a-housewarming to us, was soon elegantly furnished. There was a large garden to it, which Mr Pilkington laid out in a most beautiful taste, and built a delightful summer-house in it, fit indeed for a nobleman; here we usually entertained our friends; here also we both invoked the muse. Mr Pilkington coming in curate (by the removal of Dr Owens to a living, of whose behaviour to me in my misfortunes I shall have occasion to speak), and by having the honour of being chaplain to Lady Claremont, with an annual allowance I had from my father, our income was about one hundred pounds a year; so that having no rent to pay and, having my father's coach and table always at our command, we could, in so cheap a country as Ireland, live in a very decent manner; as Dr Swift mentions in a letter of his to Mr Pope, now published amongst others.

The Dean came to dine with us in our Lilliputian Palace, as he called it; and—who could have thought it?—he just looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into my bed-chamber, and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and well it was for me that the house was very clean; for he complimented me

on it, and told me: 'That was his custom; and that 'twas from the cleanliness of the garret and kitchen he judged of the good housewifery of the mistress of the house; for no doubt but a slut would have the rooms clean where the guests were to be entertained.'

He really was sometimes very rude, even to his superiors, of which the following story, related to me by himself, may serve as one instance among a thousand others.

The last time he was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. My Lord being willing, I suppose, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his Lady, nor mention his name ('Tis to be observed his gown was generally very rusty, and his person no way extraordinary.)—After dinner said the Dean: 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.' The Lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with a disgust, and positively refused him. He said she should sing or he would make her. 'Why, Madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor paltry English hedge-parsons; sing, when I bid you.' As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the Lady was so vexed that she burst into tears, and retired.

His first compliment to her, when he saw her again, was: 'Pray, Madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now as when I saw you last?' To which she answered with great good humour: 'No, Mr Dean; I'll sing for you, if you please.'—From which time he conceived great esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntness? It seems Queen Caroline did not, if we may credit his own lines wherein he declares that he

> *With Princes kept a due decorum,*
> *But never stood in awe before 'em;*
> *And to the present Queen, God bless her,*
> *Would speak as free as to her dresser;*
> *She thought it his peculiar whim,*
> *Nor took it ill—as come from him.*
>
> Swift, *On his own death.*

I cannot recollect that ever I saw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him, for, when any pleasantry passed which might have excited it, he used to suck in his cheeks, as folks do when they have a plug of tobacco in their mouths, to avoid risibility. He frequently put me in mind of Shakespeare's description of Cassius.

He is a great discerner, and he looks
Quite thro' the deeds of men—
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing.—Julius Cæsar.

As the Dean, and after his example Mr Pilkington, were eternally satirizing and ridiculing the female sex, I had a very great inclination to be even with them and expose the inconstancy of the men; and, borrowing a hint from a story in the *Peruvian Tales*, I formed from it the following poem, which I hope will be acceptable to my fair readers, as it is peculiarly addressed to them.

The STATUES or, the Trial of Constancy A Tale for the LADIES

In a fair island, in the southern main,
Blest with indulgent skies and kindly rain,
A Princess lived, of origin divine,
Of bloom celestial, and imperial line.

In that sweet season, when the mounting sun
Prepares with joy his radiant course to run,
Led by the graces and the dancing hours,
And wakes to life the various race of flowers,
The lovely Queen forsook her shining Court
For rural scenes and healthful sylvan sport.

It so befel that as in cheerful talk
Her nymphs and she pursued their evening walk,
On the green margin of the oozy deep
They found a graceful youth dissolved in sleep,
Whose charms the Queen surveyed with fond delight,
And hung enamoured o'er the pleasing sight:
By her command, the youth was straight conveyed,
And, sleeping, softly in her Palace laid.

Now ruddy morning purpled o'er the skies,
And beamy light unsealed the ſtranger's eyes,
Who cried aloud; 'Ye Gods, unfold this scene!
Where am I! What can all these wonders mean?'

Scarce had he spoke when with officious care,
Attendant nymphs a fragrant bath prepare;
He rose, he bathed, and on his lovely head
Ambrosial sweets and precious oil they shed:
To deck his polished limbs a robe they brought,
In all the various dyes of beauty wrought.
Then led him to the Queen, who on a throne
Of burnished gold and beamy diamonds shone:
But oh! what wonder seized her beauteous guest!
What love, what ecstasy his soul possessed!
Entranced he ſtood, and on his falt'ring tongue
Imperfect words and half-formed accents hung.
Nor less the Queen the blooming youth admired,
Nor less delight and love her soul inspired.

'O stranger!' said the Queen, 'if hither driven
By adverse winds, or sent a gueſt from Heaven,
To me the wretched never sue in vain,
This fruitful isle acknowledges my reign;
Then speak thy wishes, and thy wants declare,
And no denial shall attend your prayer';
She paused and blushed—the youth his silence broke,
And, kneeling, thus the charming Queen bespoke:

'O Goddess! for a form so bright as thine,
Speaks thee descended of celeſtial line;
Low at your feet a proſtrate King behold,
Whose faithless subjects sold his life for gold;
I fly a cruel tyrant's lawless hand,
And shipwreck drove my vessel on your strand.
But why do I complain of fortune's frowns?
Or what are titles, honours, sceptres, crowns
To this sweet moment, while in fond amaze
On such transporting excellence I gaze!
Such symmetry of shape! so fair a face!
Such finished excellence, such perfect grace!
Hear then my only wish, and oh! approve
The ardent prayer which supplicates thy love.

'From Neptune know, O Prince, my birth I claim',
Replies the Queen, 'and Lucida's my name;
This island, these attendant nymphs he gave,
The fair-haired daughters of the azure wave!

But he whose fortune gains me for a bride
Must have his constancy severely tried.
One day each moon am I compelled to go
To my great father's watery realms below,
Where coral groves celestial red display,
And blazing di'monds emulate the day.
In this short absence if your love endures,
My heart and empire are for ever yours;
And hoary Neptune, to reward your truth,
Shall crown you with immortal bloom and youth;
But instant death will on your falsehood wait,
Nor can my tenderness prevent your fate.
Twice twenty times in wedlock's sacred band,
My royal father joined my plighted hand;
Twice twenty noble youths, alas! are dead,
Who in my absence stained the nuptial bed;
Your virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler throne,
But mine is yielded on these terms alone.'

'Delightful terms!' replied the raptured youth;
'Accept my constancy, my endless truth.
Perfidious faithless men!' enraged, he cried,
'They merited the fate by which they died;
'Accept a heart incapable of change—
Thy beauty shall forbid desire to range;
No other form shall to my eye seem fair,
No other voice attract my list'ning ear;
No charms but thine shall e'er my soul approve,
So aid thy vot'ry, potent God of Love!'

Now loud applauses thro' the palace ring,
The duteous subjects hail their god-like King:
To festful mirth they dedicate the day,
While tuneful voices chant the nuptial lay.
Love-dittied airs, hymned by the vocal choir,
Sweetly attempered to the warbling lyre;
But when the sun descending sought the main,
And low-browed night assumed her silent reign,
They to the marriage-bed conveyed the bride,
And laid the raptured bridegroom by her side.

Now rose the sun, and with auspicious ray
Dispelled the dewy mists and gave the day;
When Lucida, with anxious care oppressed,
Thus waked her sleeping Lord from downy rest:
'Soul of my soul, and monarch of my heart,
This day', she cried, 'this fatal day we part;

Yet if your love uninjured you retain,
We soon shall meet in happiness again,
To part no more ; but rolling years employ
In circling bliss, and never-fading joy :
Alas ! my boding soul is lost in woe,
And from my eyes the tears unbidden flow.'
' Joy of my life, dismiss those needless fears,'
Replied the King, ' and stay those precious tears :
Should lovely Venus leave her native sky,
And at my feet, imploring fondness, lie,
E'en she, the radiant Queen of soft desires,
Should, disappointed, burn with hopeless fires.'

The heart of man the Queen's experience knew
Perjured and false, yet wished to find him true :
She sighed retiring, and in regal state
The King conducts her to the palace gate ;
Where sacred Neptune's crystal chariot stands,
The wond'rous work of his celestial hands.
Six harnessed swans the bright machine convey
Swift through the air or pathless wat'ry way ;
The birds with eagle-speed the air divide,
And plunge the Goddess in the sounding tide.

Slow to the Court the pensive King returns,
And sighs in secret, and in silence mourns ;
So in the grove sad Philomel complains
In mournful accents and melodious strains :
Her plaintive woes fill the resounding lawn,
From starry vesper to the rosy dawn.
The King, to mitigate his tender pain,
Seeks the apartment of the virgin train,
With sportive mirth sad absence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy moments smile ;
But there deserted lonely rooms he found,
And solitary silence reigned around.
He called aloud, when, lo ! a hag appears,
Bending beneath deformity and years,
Who said : ' My liege, explain your sacred will,
With joy your sov'reign purpose I fulfil.'
' My will ! detested wretch ! Avoid my sight,
And hide that hideous shape in endless night.
What ! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude distrust,
Resolve by force to keep a husband just ? '
' You wrong ', replied the hag, ' your royal wife,
Whose care is love, and love to guard your life.

The race of mortals are by nature frail,
And ſtrong temptations with the beſt prevail.'
'Be that my care', he said; 'be thine to send
The virgin train, let them my will attend.'

The beldam fled—The cheerful nymphs advance,
And tread to measured airs the mazy dance;
The raptured Prince with greedy eye ſurveys
The bloomy maids, and covets ſtill to gaze;
No more recalls the image of his ſpouse—
How falſe is man!—nor recolleƈts his vows;
With wild inconſtancy for all he burns,
And every nymph ſubdues his heart by turns.

At length a maid, ſuperior to the reſt,
Arrayed in ſmiles, in virgin beauty dreſſed,
Received his paſſion, and returned his love
And ſoftly woo'd him to the ſilent grove.

Enclosed in deepeſt ſhades of full-grown wood,
Within the grove a ſpacious grotto ſtood,
Where forty youths, in marble, ſeemed to mourn,
Each youth reclining on a fun'ral urn:
Thither the nymph direƈts the monarch's way—
He treads her footſteps, joyful to obey.
There, fired with paſſion, clasped her to his breaſt,
And thus the tranſport of his ſoul confeſſed.

'Delightful beauty, decked with ev'ry charm
High fancy paints! or glowing love can form!
I ſigh, I gaze, I tremble, I adore!
Such lovely looks ne'er bleſſed my ſight before!
Here, under covert of th' embow'ring ſhade,
For love's delights and tender tranſports made,
No buſy eye our raptures to deteƈt,
No envious tongue to cenſure or direƈt;
Here yield to love, and tenderly employ
The ſilent ſeaſon in ecſtatic joy.'

With arms enclosed, his treaſure to retain,
He ſighed and woo'd, but woo'd and ſighed in vain:
She ruſhed indignant from his fond embrace,
While rage with bluſhes paints her virgin face;
Yet ſtill he ſues with ſuppliant hands and eyes,
While ſhe to magic charms for vengeance flies.

A limpid fountain murmured through the cave;
She filled her palm with the translucent wave,
And sprinkling cried: 'Receive false man in time
The just reward of thy detested crime.
Thy changeful sex in perfidy delight,
Despise perfection, and fair virtue flight;
False, fickle, base, tyrannic, and unkind,
Whose hearts nor vows can chain nor honour bind:
Mad to possess, by passion blindly led;
And then as mad to stain the nuptial bed:
Whose roving souls no excellence, no age,
No form, no rank, no beauty, can engage;
Slaves to the bad, to the deserving worst,
Sick of your twentieth love, as of your first.
The statues, which this hallowed grot adorn,
Like thee were lovers, and like thee forsworn;
Whose faithless hearts no kindness could secure,
Nor for a day preserve their passion pure;
Whom neither love nor beauty could restrain,
Nor fear of endless infamy and pain.
In me behold thy Queen; for know with ease
We deities assume each form we please;
Nor can the feeble ken of mortal eyes
Perceive the Goddess through the dark disguise.
Now feel the force of Heaven's avenging hand,
And here inanimate for ever stand.'

She spoke. Amazed the list'ning monarch stood,
And icy horror froze his ebbing blood;
Thick shades of death upon his eyelids creep,
And closed them fast in everlasting sleep;
No sense of life, no motions he retains,
But, fixed, a dreadful monument remains;
A statue now, and, if revived once more,
Would prove, no doubt, as perjured as before.

I doubt not but the world will expect to hear from me some of the Dean's amours, as he has not quite escaped censure on account of his gallantries; but here I am not able to oblige my reader, he being too far advanced in years, when I first had the honour of being known to him, for amusements of that kind. I make no doubt but he has often been the object of love; and his *Cadenus and Vanessa* seem to assure us that he was the favourite of one lady; but, to speak my sentiments, I really believe it was a

passion he was wholly unacquainted with, and which he would have thought it beneath the dignity of his wisdom to entertain. Not that I ever imagined he was an enemy to the fair, for, when he found them docile, he took great pleasure to instruct them; and if I have any merit as a writer, I must gratefully acknowledge it due to the pains he took to teach me to think and speak with propriety; though to tell the truth, he was a very rough sort of a tutor for one of my years and sex; for whenever I made use of an inelegant phrase, I was sure of a deadly pinch, and frequently received chastisement before I knew my crime. However, I am convinced, had he thought me incorrigibly dull, I should have escaped without correction; and the black and blue flowers I received at his hands were meant for merit, though bestowed on me. Yet though (to my shame I own it) I was fond of admiration to a fault, and a little too much upon the coquette for a married woman, I would at any time give up any pleasure or gaiety for the more rational entertainment of the Dean's conversation.

Five years rolled insensibly away in a kind of tolerable happiness, as Lady Townly terms it; but that it seems I was not much longer to enjoy. However, before I enter on the history of my troubles, I shall endeavour to enliven my narration with all the more amusing incidents I can recollect.

The following trifle, as it was productive of a handsome letter to me from the Dean, and of more honour than I could possibly expect from it, my vanity will not let me omit. My brother teazed me one evening to write some verses as a school exercise for him. I asked him what I should write upon. 'Why', said he pertly, 'what should you write upon but paper?' So taking it for my subject, I wrote the following lines:

O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, constrained, I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity, to please a boy?

Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betrayed?
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lillied banks or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away.
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroyed, shall make thee live.

As the lines did not suit my brother's purpose, they lay carelessly on the table, when a lady of distinction, who was going to England, came to take her leave of us. She would examine what I had been scribbling, and seemed so well pleased with my rhymes that she did them the honour to put them in her pocket-book, and I never thought more of them.

About four years after this, making a visit to Baron Wainwright's Lady, she told me she had got a very pretty poem from London, wrote by the Lord Chancellor Talbot's daughter, a young lady of but twelve years of age, and desired I would read them for the entertainment of the company; but how great was my surprize to find they were the above lines! However, I went through my task, and Mrs Wainwright asked my opinion of them, and seemed impatient at my silence. I told her the young lady must have wrote them at least four years before, because I had seen them so long ago. Upon which the Baron said that he also remembered them, and that he was told by the person he saw them with that they were writ by a very young girl who was married to a clergyman in Ireland. My smiling made them guess at the person, and at the same time excused me for being not over-forward to praise them. When I returned home, I found a letter from Mr Pilkington, who was in London, with a newspaper enclosed, wherein the above poem was printed. I related this to the Dean, who ordered me to send the lines to him. The next morning a lady came to visit me,

who told me, it being the Dean's birthday, he had received a book very richly bound and clasped with gold, from the Earl of Orrery, with a handsome poem, wrote by himself to the Dean in the first page, the rest being blank; and that Dr Delany had sent him a silver standish, with a complimentary poem. 'Why then', said I, 'as the Dean is furnished with paper and ink, it is the least I can do to send him a pen'; so having a fine eagle's quill, I wrapped it into the following lines, and sent it to the Dean, and also the bit of a newspaper wherein the Lines on *Paper* were printed in London.

Sent with a Quill to Dr SWIFT, upon hearing he had received a Book and a Standish

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To music, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial Harmony inspire,
When fixed to strike the sweetly warbling wire;[1]
I to the faithful canvas have consigned
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from Raphael's sky-dipped pencils rise
Such heav'nly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise,
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays;
Nor thou, immortal bard, my aid refuse—
Accept me as the servant of your muse;
Then shall the world my wondrous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere.

On New-Year's-Day I received from the Dean the following Letter.

Deanery-House, Jan. 1. 1733–4.

Madam,

I send you your bit of a newspaper with the verses, than which I never saw better in their kind; I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write upon me, as have also some particular friends of genius and taste to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency shew

[1] Quills of the Harpsichord.

them except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen, which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy New Years, and am, with true esteem,

Madam,

Your most obliged

Friend and Servant,

J. Swift.

But as I have mentioned Mr Pilkington's being in London, I ought also to inform my reader what inducement he had to quit his family for a whole year, which was as follows. Dr Swift had, in Queen Anne's reign, been the first promoter of Alderman Barber, who, afterwards, by many lucky accidents, rose to be Lord Mayor of London, which station he filled with distinguished abilities, and retained so grateful a sense of the Dean's favour to him that he made him the compliment of nominating a Chaplain to him. The Dean offered this Honour to Mr Pilkington, who gladly accepted of it, and came home in high spirits to acquaint me with his preferment; but whatever joy it brought to him, I was quite sunk in sorrow at the thoughts of parting for so long a time with one I so dearly loved. All his friends were against his going; and the late Primate, Dr Hoadley, then Archbishop of Dublin, remonstrated to him that serving under a person so remarkably disaffected as the Alderman might very probably prejudice him in the eyes of the Government; but all in vain. Mr Pilkington was ever rash, obstinate, and self-willed, and should I add treacherous, cruel, and ungrateful, I should not wrong the truth; but, however unwilling I am to speak harshly of the husband of my youth and the father of my children, I must draw his character, wherein I will

Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in Malice.—Othello.

That he is both a scholar and a man of genius all who know him must allow; but, like Mr Pope, he is so plagued with envy that he even hated me because I could write, and took an invincible aversion to Counsellor Smith, because he excelled him on the harpsichord. It happened one evening that this gentleman sung and played to us the oratorio of Queen Esther; unfortunately for me I was so charmed with it that at the conclusion of the music I wrote the following lines.

To JOHN SMITH, Esq.

Music once more her ancient power displays,
Resistless now as in Timotheus' days;
Our varied passions change at thy command,
Our corresponding hearts obey thy hand.

Who can untouched attend the awful sound
When swelling notes proclaim Jehovah crowned?
Borne on the hallowed strains our souls arise,
Till Heaven seems present to our ravished eyes.

When to its source thy soul shall wing its flight,
And with eternal harmony unite,
Thy skilful hand shall heavenly joys improve,
And add new rapture to the bliss above.

As the lines were wrote off-hand, as, to say the truth, everything of mine is, for I am too volatile to revise or correct any thing I write, Mr Smith complimented Mr Pilkington on having a wife who could write better than himself: he supposing Mr Pilkington to be so much the lover that he would be delighted with my praise, and join in it. But, lack-a-day! he little knew what I was to suffer for the superiority of genius he was pleased to ascribe to me. I then was continually told, with a contemptuous jibing air: 'O my dear! a lady of your accomplishments! Why, Mr Smith says you write better than I; and to be sure he is a great judge!' But another unlucky accident likewise happened: how fatal to me has praise been! We supped at the Dean's, and I had been reading out, by his command, some of his prosaic work: he was pleased to say I acquitted myself so well that I should have a glass of his best wine, and sent

Mr Pilkington to the Cellar for it. The Dean in the meantime said to me: 'I would have every man write his own English.' 'To be sure, Sir', said I, 'that would be best.' 'Ay, to be sure, Sir; you give me an answer, and p—x take you, I am sure you do not understand my meaning.' 'Very possible, Sir; but I certainly understand my own, when I have any.' 'Well then, what do you understand by writing one's own English?' 'Why really, Sir, not to confine oneself to a set of phrases, as some of our antient English historians, Camden in particular, seems to have done, but to make use of such words as naturally occur on the subject.' 'Hush!' says he; 'your husband is coming; I will put the same question to him.' He did so; and Mr Pilkington answered: 'To be sure a man ought to write good English.' 'Nay, but his own English—I say his own: what do you understand by that?' 'Why, Sir', said he, 'what should I understand?' 'P—x on you for a dunce', said he; 'were your wife and you to sit for a fellowship, I would give her one sooner than admit you a sizar.'

And now my business was completely done. Mr Pilkington viewed me with scornful, yet with jealous, eyes. And though I never presumed to vie with him for pre-eminence, well-knowing he not only surpassed me in natural talents but also had the advantage of having those talents improved by learning, and was sensible the compliments I received were rather paid to me as a woman, in whom any thing a degree above ignorance appears surprising, than to any merit I really possessed, he thought proper to insult me every moment. Indeed, he did not beat me, which some of the good-natured ladies have brought as an argument that he was an excellent husband; but how any man, especially a clergyman, could strike a wife, who never contradicted him and who was the most remarkably gentle, even of her own soft sex, I know not. Besides, I had then a fond father to protect me; I am sure I may say with Ophelia:

My violets all withered when he died.

Then was I left defenceless to all the injuries my husband's subtle cruelty could devise, against open unsuspecting innocence.

Another trivial accident also offended my husband. He was one winter's evening reading Horace, and said he would engage to write an ode exactly in his manner: so he directly set about it. The fancy came into my head to write one also, though I understood not a word of Latin, and knew no more of the poet than from the English translations. My lines were as follow:

An Ode

I envy not the proud their wealth,
  Their equipage and state;
Give me but innocence and health,
  I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
  A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind,
  Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
  With brighter lustre shone
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
  Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
  Ambition ever knows—
A stranger to the calm delights
  Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
  Keep me, ye powers divine;
And pleased, when ye demand my life,
  May I that life resign.

As I had finished my task first, I showed it to Mr Pilkington, who, contrary to my expectation (for I imagined he would be pleased), was very angry, and told me the Dean had made me mad; that the lines were nonsense, and that a needle became a woman's hand better than

a pen. So to bring him into temper I praised his ode highly, and threw my own into the fire. And here let me seriously advise every lady who has the misfortune to be poetically turned never to marry a poet, but remember Swift's lines:

What poet would not grieve to see
His friends could write as well as he;
And rather than be thus outdone,
He'd hang them every mother's son.

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings and hisses;
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

And if a man cannot bear his friend that should write, much less can he endure it in his wife: it seems to set them too much upon a level with their lords and masters; and this I take to be the true reason why even men of sense discountenance learning in women, and commonly choose for mates the most illiterate and stupid of the sex; and then bless their stars that their wife is not a wit.

But if a remark be true, which I have somewhere read, that *a foolish woman never brought forth a wise son*, I think the gentlemen should have some regard to the intellects of those they espouse.

But to return from this long though necessary digression and take things a little more in their order. Mr Pilkington, contrary to everybody's advice who had any regard for him, went for England. I was very desirous of going with him; but he told me plainly he did not want such an encumbrance as a wife, and that he did not intend to pass there for a married man; and that, in short, he could not taste any pleasure where I was. As this was a secret I did not know before, I received it with astonishment; for amidst all his wayward moods, I ever imagined, till then, that he loved me, and that the many ill-natured speeches he made me were rather the effect of a bad temper than any settled aversion he had taken against

me; especially as I observed he treated everybody with contempt, even persons every way superior to him (the Dean alone excepted, to whom he paid even a servile complaisance). And, though he now fairly plucked off the mask and let me see my mistake, I could hardly give him credit—so unwilling are we to believe truth when it runs counter to our wishes.

The next day he went on board the yacht, in company with Mr Edward Walpole, to whom he was recommended by a man of quality since dead; and left me and my three children, almost without an adieu: so eagerly did he seek his own destruction.

I am hardly able to describe the various emotions with which my heart was agitated on his departure. Love, grief, and resentment for his last speech by turns possessed it. However, I received a very kind letter from him from Chester, which made me a little easy; and, as my friends seldom permitted me to be alone, I did not give much way to melancholy.

I believe it will be expected, from the general reflections I have thrown out against the clergy, that I should descend to particulars and expose the guilty by name; but this invidious task I must decline: besides, as Angelo says in *Measure for Measure*, when he is tempting a virgin and she threatens to expose him:

> *Who will believe thee, Isabel?*
> *My unsoiled name, th' austereness of my life,*
> *My interest in the State, may vouch against you,*
> *That you shall stifle in your own report,*
> *And smell of calumny.*

Besides, I should arm a formidable body against me, who would not fail, sooner or later, to take ample vengeance. *As unforgiving as a Churchman* is become proverbial; so, as I am a sort of a priestess, I will, like a faithful Mother Confessor, keep the secrets of my ghostly brethren.

I have another inducement to silence—not, I must own, quite so good-natured—which is, that I have a malignant pleasure in keeping those in awe who awe all

the world beside, which I should lose the moment I had done my worſt. I remember a certain gentleman who, happening to be guilty of a venial transgression with a mean woman, it unluckily manifeſted itself. The gentleman was young, and had a very severe father, who gave him but a scanty allowance, all of which did not satisfy the mercenary wretch of a woman, who, hoping to gain more, went and told her ſtory to his father; the consequence of which was that she never afterwards had a shilling from either.

The dullest genius cannot fail
To take the moral of the tale.

So let the ſtricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled go play.

The innocent cannot take offence, and for the guilty, I will for the present, with the charitable Ghoſt in *Hamlet*,

Leave them to Heaven,
And to the thorn that in their bosoms lodge,
To prick and goad them there.

But once more to gather up my clue. I received so passionately tender a letter from London from Mr Pilkington, that I quite forgot all his unkindness; and, sitting down to answer it without the leaſt intention of rhyming, the following Lines flowed from my pen:

These lines, dear partner of my life,
Come from a tender faithful wife;
Happy, when you her thoughts approve,
Supremely happy in your love:
O may the blissful flame endure,
Uninjured, laſting, bright, and pure!
Thus far in verse, but can the muse
Descend so low as telling news?
Or can I easily in rhyme
Inform you how I pass my time?
To soothe my woe and banish care,
I to the theatre repair,
Where, charmed with Shakespeare's lofty scenes
And pure inimitable ſtrains,
My rapture raised so high appears,
It seeks to hide itself in tears.

On Tuesday last all day I ſtayed
In Delvile's sweet inſpiring ſhade;
There all was easy, gay, polite,
The weather and the gueſts were bright:
My loved Constantia there appeared,
And Southern long for wit revered,
Who like the hoary Pylian sage,
Excels in wisdom as in age.
'Tis thus your absence I beguile,
And try to make misfortune smile;
But never can my conſtant mind
A real pleasure hope or find,
'Till Heaven indulgently once more
My Colin to my eyes reſtore.

P.S.

Permit me here, e'er I conclude,
To pay a debt of gratitude,
To Worsdale, your ingenious friend,
My praises and my thanks commend;
Yet all are far beneath his due,
Who sends me[1] what resembles you.

The Dean had given Mr Pilkington letters of recommendation to several eminent persons in England, and, amongſt the reſt, one to Mr Pope; who, no sooner received it, but he invited Mr Pilkington to pass a fortnight with him at Twickenham, he not being yet entered on his office of Chaplain. I received from him from thence a letter filled with Mr Pope's praises, and the extraordinary regard he showed him, introducing him to several noblemen, and even oppressing him with civilities, which he modeſtly attributed to Mr Pope's reſpect for the Dean and handsomely acknowledged the obligation. As I thought this a very proper letter to communicate, I went directly with it to the Deanery. The Dean read it over with a fixed attention, and, returning it to me, he told me, he had by the same packet received a letter from Mr Pope, which, with somewhat of a ſtern brow, he put into my hand, and walked out into the garden. I was so ſtartled at his auſterity that I was for some minutes unable to open it, and, when I did, the contents greatly

[1] My husband's picture.

astonished me. The substance of it was, that he had, in pure complaisance to the Dean, entertained Mr Pilkington; but that he was surprised he should be so mistaken to recommend him as a modest ingenious man who was a most forward, shallow, conceited fellow: that, in the hope of having an agreeable companion, he invited him to pass a fortnight with him, which he heartily repented, being sick of his impertinence before the end of the third day; and a great deal more, much to the same purpose. By the time I had read it through, the Dean returned, and asked me what I thought of it; I told him I was sure Mr Pilkington did not deserve the character Mr Pope had given of him; and that he was highly ungenerous to caress and abuse him at the same time. Upon this the Dean lost all patience, and flew into such a rage that he quite terrified me; he asked me why I did not swear that my husband was six foot high. And Did I think myself a better Judge than Mr Pope? or Did I presume to give him the lie?—and a thousand other extravagancies. As I durst not venture to speak a word more, my heart swelled so that I burst into tears, which, he attributing to pride and resentment, made him, if possible, ten times more angry, and I am not sure he would not have beaten me, but that, fortunately for me, a gentleman came to visit him. As I was in a violent passion of tears, the Dean did not bring him into the room where I was, but went to receive him in another, and I gladly laid hold of that opportunity of making my escape from his wrath.

The next morning early I wrote him a letter, expressive of the anxiety I was under lest I had any way offended him; and assured him, which was truth, my tears did not flow from pride, but from the apprehension I had that Mr Pope might influence him to withdraw his favour from us. I added on my own part that, even if I was partial to Mr Pilkington, I hoped it was the most pardonable error a wife could be guilty of; and concluded with begging, if he had any regard for my peace, he would honour me with an answer. By the return of the messenger I received the following lines:

Madam,

You must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather choose to indulge them in their follies than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband of what has passed, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely,

Your Friend,

J. Swift.

Accordingly I waited on the Dean about five o'clock in the evening, an hour I knew he would be free from company. He received me with great kindness, and told me he would write a letter of advice to Mr Pilkington. 'But', said he, 'should you acquaint him with this letter of Pope's, he might, perhaps, resent it to him, and make him an enemy.' How kind! how considerate was this! The Dean then showed me the poem he wrote on his own death. When I came to that part of it:

> Behold the fatal day arrive!
> How is the Dean? He's just alive,

I was so sensibly affected that my eyes filled with tears. The Dean observing it, said: 'Pooh, I am not dead yet—but you shall not read any more now.' I then earnestly requested he would let me take it home with me, which he did on certain conditions, which were that I should neither show it to any body nor copy it, and that I should send it to him by eight o'clock the next morning—all which I punctually performed.

But the Dean did not know what sort of a memory I had when he intrusted me with his verses: I had no occasion for any other copy than what I had registered in the *Book and Volume of my Brain:* I could repeat the whole poem, and could not forbear delighting some particular friends with a rehearsal of it. This reached the

Dean's ear, who imagined I played him false, and sent for me to come to him. When I entered, he told me I had broke my word with him, and consequently forfeited all the good opinion he had ever conceived of me. I looked, as I think he generally made me do, like a fool; and asked what I had done. He told me I had copied his poem and shown it round the town. I assured him I had not. He said I lied, and produced a poem something like it, published in London, and told me that from reading it about that odd burlesque on it had taken rise. He bade me read it aloud. I did so, and could not forbear laughing, as I plainly perceived, though he had endeavoured to disguise his style, that the Dean had burlesqued himself; and made no manner of scruple to tell him so. He pretended to be very angry, asked me, did I ever know him write triplets? and told me, I had neither taſte nor judgment, and knew no more of poetry than a horse. I told him I would confess it, provided he would seriously give me his word he did not write that poem. He said P—x take me for a dunce. I then assured him I did not copy his poem; but added, when I read any thing peculiarly charming, I never forget it; and that I could repeat not only all his works but all Shakespeare's, which I put to this trial: I desired him to open any part of it, and read a line, and I would engage to go on with the whole speech. As we were in his library, he directly made the experiment. The line he firſt gave me, he had purposely picked out for its singular oddness:

But rancours in the vessel of my peace.—Macbeth.

I readily went on with the whole speech, and did so several times that he tried me with different plays. The Dean then took down *Hudibras*, and ordered me to examine him in it as he had done me in Shakespeare; and, to my great surprize, I found he remembered every line from beginning to end of it. I say, it surprized me, because I had been misled by Mr Pope's remark that,

Where beams of warm imagination play
The memory's soft figures melt away.
Essay on Criticism.

To think wit and memory incompatible things, I told the Dean he had convinced me the old proverb was false; and, indeed, I know not how any person can be witty without a good memory. When I returned home, I found I had not been mistaken in the opinion I had conceived that the Dean had burlesqued his own poem. I had a confirmation of it in a letter from Mr Pilkington, to whom he had sent it, to have it printed in London.

My evening's chat with the Dean furnished me with matter of speculation on that most amazing faculty of the human mind, memory; which, according to my usual custom, I threw it into rhyme, and hope it will not be displeasing to my reader.

Memory; a Poem

In what recesses of the brain,
Does this amazing power remain,
By which all knowledge we attain?
What art thou, Memory? What tongue can tell
What curious artist trace thy hidden cell,
Wherein ten-thousand diff'rent objects dwell?
Surprising store-house! in whose narrow womb,
All things—the past, the present, and to come—
Find ample space, and large and mighty room.
O falsely deemed the foe of sacred wit!
Thou, who the nurse and guardian art of it,
Laying it up till season due and fit.
Then proud the wond'rous treasure to produce,
As understanding points it, to conduce
Either to entertainment or to use.
Nor love, nor holy friendship without thee
Could ever of the least duration be;
Nor gratitude, nor truth, nor piety.
Where thou art not, the cheerless human mind
Is one vast void, all darksome, sad, and blind;
No trace of any thing remains behind.
The sacred stores of learning all are thine;
'Tis only thou record'st the faithful line;
'Tis thou mak'st humankind almost divine.
And when at length we quit this mortal scene,

Thou ſtill ſhalt with our tender friends remain,
And time and death ſhall ſtrike at thee in vain.
Lord, let me ſo this wond'rous gift employ;
It may a fountain be of endleſs joy,
Which time or accident may ne'er deſtroy.
Still let my faithful Memory impart,
And deep engrave it on my grateful heart,
How juſt, and good, and excellent thou art.

My reader may now plainly perceive I was moſt incorrigibly devoted to verſifying, and all my ſpouse's wholeſome admonitions had no manner of effect on me: in ſhort, I believe this ſcribbling itch is an incurable diſeaſe; for, though Horace ſays[1] taking ſome phyſic in the ſpring rid him of it, yet, as he even relates this in flowing numbers, we have no cauſe to give him credit. He alſo declares all poets are viſibly poſſeſſed, and mad. Shakeſpeare ſeems to be of the ſame opinion though he deſcribes it with greater elegance than even Horace has done, at leaſt in the tranſlation:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heav'n;
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

The truth of which he has fully verified, giving us in his divine works a new creation of his own, with a new language alſo peculiar to the different ſpecies and orders of beings he introduces to us. Milton had ſtudied him with care, and, like the bee, committed many ſweet thefts on his immortal blooms. Whoever reads the part of the fairies in the *Midſummer Night's Dream* may eaſily perceive how many beautiful images Milton has borrowed thence to adorn his maſque of *Comus*. And really, I think, as Shakeſpeare had plundered all art and nature, the viſible and inviſible world, it was but juſt to make reprisals, and ſteal from his rich ſtore.

I hope my reader will pardon me for ſo often running

[1] See his *Art of Poetry*.

away from myself; I cannot say, I am egotist enough to be much enamoured of such an unhappy theme, and have often wished I could do it in reality; for I have been plunged in such calamity that I have even thought it impossible to be true, and vainly hoped to wake, as from some hideous dream, to find a better fate.

And, as one travelling in a barren waste could not be displeased to be sometimes led out of the direct road to view a more agreeable prospect, I deal thus with my readers, and turn them from the gloomy vale of my life, to relieve them with something more pleasing.

To amuse myself, and indeed with no other view, I wrote in my husband's absence, all the following poems; which, if they should not happen also to amuse my readers, they are at their own liberty, and may turn them over.

Advice to the People of Dublin in their choice of a Recorder

Is there a man, whose fixed and steady soul
No flatt'ry can seduce, no fear control?—
Constant to virtue, resolutely just,
True to his friend, his country, and his trust:
Like Tully, guardian of the Roman State,
Is patriot, lawyer, orator complete;
If such there be, O! let your noble zeal
Advance him to defend the public weal.

Painters and poets are in this alike,
Mean artists oft a strong resemblance strike;
And who can this unfinished picture see,
But owns, O Stannard! it was drawn for thee.

Verses wrote in a Library

Seat for contemplation fit,
Sacred nursery of wit!
Let me here enwrapped in pleasure,
Taste the sweets of learned leisure:
Vain, deceitful world, adieu
I more solid bliss pursue.

Faithful friends surround me here,
Wise, delightful, and sincere;

Friends who never yet betrayed
Those who truſted in their aid;
Friends who ne'er were known to ſhun
Thoſe by adverſe fate undone.
Calm Philoſophy and Truth,
Crowned with undecaying youth,
Glowing with celeſtial charms,
Fondly woo me to their arms.
Here immortal Bards diſpenſe
Poliſhed numbers, nervous ſenſe;
While the juſt hiſtorian's page
Back recalls the diſtant age,
In whoſe paintings we behold
All the wond'rous men of old;
Heroes fill each finiſhed piece,
Once the pride of Rome and Greece

Nor ſhall Greece and Rome alone
Boaſt the virtues all their own;
Thou, Ierne, too ſhalt claim
Sons amongſt the heirs of fame;
Patriots who undaunted ſtood,
To defend the public good;
Foremoſt in the ſacred line,
Ever ſhall the Draper ſhine:
Next be virtuous Stannard placed,
With unfading honours graced;
Godlike men! accept my praiſe,
Guard and elevate my lays.

Learning can the ſoul refine,
Raiſe from human to divine.
Come then, all ye ſacred dead,
Who for virtue wrote or bled;
On my mind intenſely beam,
Touch it with your hallowed flame.
And thou chaſte and lovely muſe,
Who didſt once thy dwelling chooſe
In Orinda's ſpotleſs breaſt,
Condeſcend to be my gueſt;
Bring with thee the bloomy pair,
Young-eyed health and virtue fair;
Here your pureſt rays impart,
So direct and guard my heart,
That it may a Temple be
Worthy Heaven, and worthy thee.

Letitia Pilkington

Flavia's Birthday, May the 16th

To MISS HOADLEY

Whilſt thy fond friends their annual tribute pay,
And hail thee daughter of the fragrant May;
Whilſt they behold, with rapture and surprize,
New charms enrich thy soul and point thine eyes;
Ah! let the muse her secret joy declare,
Attend her transports, and her words revere:
She looks on Time, and with prophetic eyes
Sees him, for thee, ſtrew blessings as he flies;
And, whilſt all other beauties he impairs,
Add new perfection to thy ripened years;
Till ev'ry year, improved with ev'ry grace,
You shine unrivall'd both in mind and face.

So the same sun, with unresiſted power,
Burns the wide lawn, and animates the flower;
Bids it unfold its beauties, and delight
With sweets the sense, with sunny dyes the sight;
Bids it, like you, each hour new grace assume,
And smile, unmatched, in loveliness and bloom.

An Invitation to a Gentleman

A female, moderately fair,
Pleased with your spirit, wit, and air,
To me assigns the pleasing task,
Your company to-night to ask:
She has prepared a feaſt refined,
A sacred banquet for the mind;
And you shall sup in solemn ſtate,
Whilſt round the tuneful siſters wait;
Who, if you wish for drink, shall bring
You water from Pieria's spring,
More elevating than champagne,
And far more apt to heat the brain.
Pindar, who wrote in ancient days,
Has celebrated water's praise:
But if, with Flaccus, you incline
To like the product of the vine,
And choose a more substantial feaſt,
She'll do her beſt to hit your taſte.

SOLITUDE

The sun had sunk his glitt'ring head
In the fair ocean's watery bed,
And evening came, that soothed the pain
Of every toil-enduring swain,
When, faint from noon's excessive heat,
I sought a peaceful cool retreat,
A deep impenetrable shade,
Where not a sunbeam ever strayed.

O sacred Solitude, said I,
To thy calm bosom let me fly;
O bless with thy seraphic joys,
A soul averse to pomp and noise;
Wisdom with contemplation dwells
In twilight groves and lonely cells;
She flies the proud, she shuns the great,
Unknown to grandeur, wealth, and state.
Hail, heav'n-born virgin! deign to bless,
This sacred, silent, sweet recess;
Give me, celestial maid, to know
The joys that from thy presence flow;
Do thou instruct my voice to sing
That God from whom thou first did'st spring,
That God, at whose almighty call
From nothing rose this beauteous all.
Then when the morning stars proclaim
The glory of Jehovah's name,
When praises every tongue employ,
And men and angels shout for joy,
Assist me with thy aid divine,
In those blest hymns my voice to join.

To Strephon, written for a Lady to her Lover

Behold the spring in fresh attire,
Gay blooming season of desire,
With fragrant breath salutes the grove,
Awaking nature, joy, and love:
The woods in verdant beauty dressed,
Have her enlivening power confessed:
What means this coldness in your breast?
Not all the kindly warmth in mine,
Can thaw that frozen heart of thine.

Go then, inconſtant, go and rove;
Forget thy vows, neglect thy love:
Some senseless, taſteless girl pursue,
Bought smiles befit such swains as you;
While for the worse I see you change,
You give me a complete revenge.

A SONG

Strephon, your breach of faith and truſt
Affords me no surprize;
A man who grateful was, or juſt,
Might make my wonder rise.

That heart to you so fondly tied
With pleasure wore its chain,
But from your cold neglectful pride
Found liberty again.

For this no wrath inflames my mind,
My thanks are due to thee;
Such thanks as generous victors find,
Who set their captives free.

To a very young Lady

Thy genius, beauty, innocence command
This humble tribute from the muse's hand;
A faithful muse, who hears with secret joy,
Thy early virtues every tongue employ.

O ſtill thy parents godlike ſteps pursue,
Still keep their mutual excellence in view;
So shall the wond'ring world with transport see
All virtue, all perfection live in thee.

Queen Mab to Pollio

The Queen of the Fairies this summons does send
To Pollio, her counsellor, cousin, and friend;
We order you here to attend us to-night,
We revel by moonlight with pomp and delight!
Our grove we illuminate, glorious to see,
With glittering glow-worms begemming each tree;
We'll drink up the dew that impearls all the flowers,
And in circling joys spend out circling hours.
If you fail in attendance, by my sceptre I swear,
My fairies shall bring you by force through the air.

But however reluctantly I do it, I must return.

The following *Ode* of Horace, bearing some similitude to my then present circumstances, I took the liberty of paraphrasing, and sent it to my husband, notwithstanding his former lectures.

The Seventh Ode of the Third Book of Horace paraphrased
Quid fles, Asterie ?

Asteria, why will you consume
In sighs and tears your rosy bloom ?
No more your youthful husband mourn ;
He soon shall to your arms return.
Propitious winds shall waft him o'er,
Enriched from Britain's fruitful shore ;
In vain the nymphs display their charms
To win him to their longing arms :
Though strong temptations court the youth,
Doubt not his constancy and truth :
They fixed as rocks, unmoved remain
While winds and waves assault in vain.

You only teach his soul to know
The secret pang, the tender woe ;
For you he feels a thousand fears,
And oft bedews his couch with tears.

Ah ! then in kind return beware
Left tempting words your heart ensnare :
Avoid the dusk and silent shade,
Nor heed the painful serenade :
Let prudence, that unerring guide,
O'er every thought and act preside ;
So shall your faith and virtue prove
Worthy his matchless truth and love.

Mr Pilkington, who loved me best at a distance, wrote me a very kind letter, wherein he told me my verses were, like myself, full of elegance and beauty; that Mr Pope and others whom he had shewn them to longed to see the writer; and that he heartily wished me in London. And this put the fancy into my head of going there; and as some of my acquaintance intended for it, with whom I

thought I could agreeably travel, I soon resolved to accompany them.

Mr Pilkington had been absent nine months—a tedious time in a lover's reckoning. In three months time his office expired, for every new Lord Mayor of London has a new Chaplain; so I thought I should have the pleasure of passing the winter in London, and then, if nothing better offered, we should return home together. London has very attractive charms for most people, as our Irish nobility and gentry sufficiently evidence by spending the greatest part of their time and fortunes there; and can it be wondered at that a young lively woman should be fond of taking the only opportunity she might ever have of seeing such a place? Well, but how to execute my project was the question; for I was apprehensive, if either my own parents or Mr Pilkington's were acquainted with it, they would prevent me; so I resolved to make but one confidante, which was a very faithful servant, who in the evening put my portmanteau aboard the yacht. Next morning, the wind being fair, I went, under pretence of seeing my friends safe aboard, down the river with them and into the ship, as it were out of curiosity; but, being then out of danger of pursuit, I told them my intention, which some approved of and some blamed. However, as I did not question a kind reception from my husband, and knew my children would be well taken care of by my parents, I was very cheerful and easy, and little regarded what was thought of my frolic; neither could I divine that any evil construction would be put upon it.

We had a very safe passage, and a pleasant journey. I wrote to Mr Pilkington from Parkgate, and he and Mr Worsdale met me about four miles distance from London. So I took leave of my fellow-travellers for the present, and went into the coach to them, which drove to Mr Worsdale's. Mr Pilkington received me very obligingly, and called me his little fugitive and run-away; but a stranger would have thought Mr Worsdale was my husband, he welcomed me so kindly and paid me so many compliments.

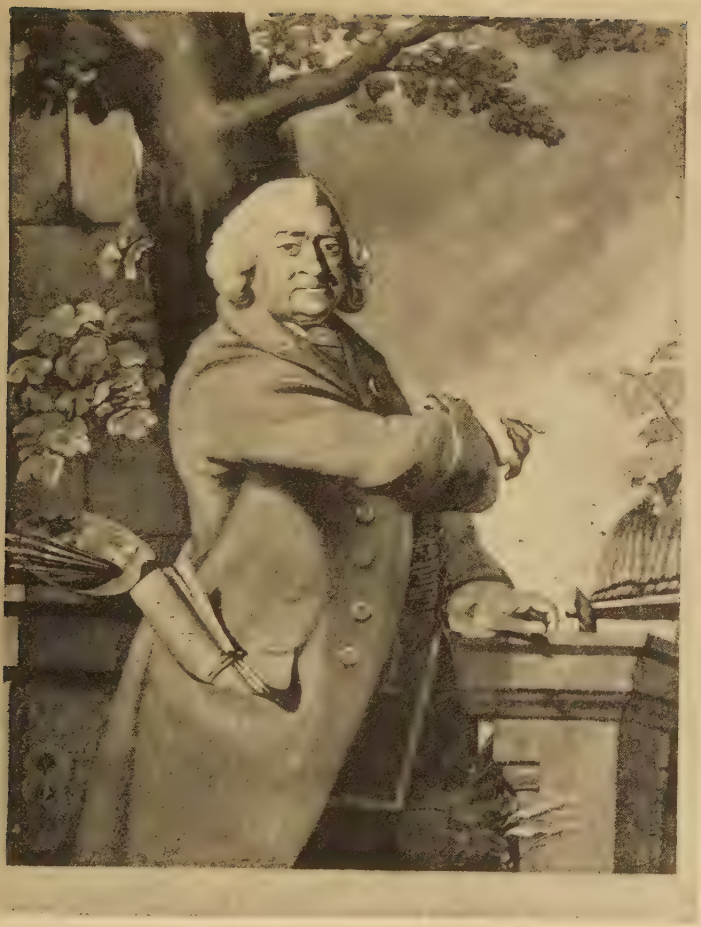
As I had been up at three o'clock in the morning, I was heartily fatigued, and desired Mr Pilkington to take leave; but he whispered me to invite Mr Worsdale home to supper with us, which accordingly I did; and he was so transported with this civility he could not conceal his joy; whatever I commended amongst his paintings, he would force me to accept of; and putting as many bottles of wine into the coach-box as it would conveniently hold, we went to Mr Pilkington's lodging, which I found very handsome and convenient. Wine and good cheer entertained us till midnight, to our mutual satisfactions.

When Mr Pilkington and I were alone, he told me that, though he was very glad to see me, he was afraid I would have but a lonely time of it in London, he being obliged to attend on the Lord Mayor from nine in the morning till six in the evening, and from thence he always went to the play, and afterwards to supper with Mrs Heron, one of the actresses, of no very good fame. Though I thought this but an odd manner of life for a clergyman, I did not say so, being unwilling to offend him. I had heard it whispered that he liked this woman, but I resolved patiently to wait the event.

The next day, when he was going out, I put him in mind that Mr Worsdale said he would pass the evening with us; but he laughed at my believing it, and said he was a man so uncertain in his temper that perhaps I might never see him again while I lived. Just then a lady who came over with me called on us; and Mr Pilkington and she had some private chat. When she was gone, he told me she had brought him a letter and some poetry from the Dean, which he had ordered him to dispose of and put the money in his own pocket; as he could not stay to read them, he took them with him to the Lord Mayor's.

However, Mr Pilkington was mistaken in imagining Mr Worsdale would fail in his appointment: he came, and told me Mr Pilkington was at the play, but would sup with us. He made use of his absence to compliment me at an unmerciful rate, and sung me all the tenderest

PLATE III



R. E. Pine Pinxt.] [*W. Dickinson fecit.*

JAMES WORSDALE, ESQ.

Ridendo dicere verum

[*face p. 98*

love-songs he could think of in the most pathetic manner. In short, he exerted his talents to entertain me, and behaved himself so much in the style of a lover that, had I not been married, I should have imagined he intended to address me. When Mr Pilkington returned, he told him he was certainly the happiest man living, and wondered how he could be a moment out of my company, where he could stay for ever. Mr Pilkington seemed much pleased with his gallantry and said he hoped I would induce him to see us often. When we were alone, he told me he believed his friend was in love with me. I answered, if he thought so I wondered he gave him so warm an invitation. He said he was a very generous man, and that his liking to me, if well managed, might prove very profitable; for he valued no expense where a lady was in the case. So, it seems, I was to be the bait wherewith he was to angle for gold out of a rival's pocket—a scheme which had a twofold prospect of gain annexed to it; for while a lover has hope, he seldom quits the chace and will even thank the husband for taking the friendly freedom of using his purse; and yet should the gallant be detected in taking any friendly freedoms with the wife in return, the law is all against him; damages and imprisonment must ensue—which considerations may serve as a warning to all men not to invade properties, or commit wilful trespass on their neighbour's ground.

If my readers are by this time the least acquainted with my spirit, they may judge, I looked on this project with the contempt it deserved; however, I promised complaisance, which indeed Mr Worsdale's seeming merits might well deserve. The next day I was invited to the Lord Mayor's, who, on account of the resolute opposition he had given to the Excise Act, was the darling of the people. He was but indifferent as to his person, or rather homely than otherwise; but he had an excellent understanding, and the liveliness of his genius shone in his eyes, which were very black and sparkling He always treated me with great complaisance, and gave me a general invitation to his table. As the Lord Mayor

was a bachelor, he had a gentlewoman who managed his household affairs, and who, except on public days, did the honours of his table. Mr Pilkington told me she was violently in love with him, and was ready to run mad upon hearing I was come to London. How true this might be I know not; but as she was very civil to me, and was old enough to be my mother, I was not the least disturbed with jealousy on her own account; though I can't help saying she gave me a great deal of uneasiness, by relating to me many instances of my husband's extraordinary regard for the player afore-mentioned. We went together to the play on purpose to see her; and, to do her justice, she was a graceful, fine woman—at least she appeared such on the stage, and had a peculiar skill in dressing to advantage. Mr Pilkington and Mr Worsdale were at the play; they met us going out, and Mr Pilkington committed me to the care of his friend, who had a coach waiting to convey me home; but Mr Pilkington went to his old rendezvous to the actress, to my very great mortification, because I really preferred his conversation to any other in the world. However, he was so complaisant, he used every evening to send Mr Worsdale to keep me company while he pursued his pleasures; and, as I shall answer it to Heaven, he did everything in his power to forward and encourage an amour between his friend and me.

One instance out of an hundred I could produce I submit to the impartial judgment of my reader. One of the young ladies at whose house I first saw Mr Pilkington, happening to be in London and but in low circumstances, came to visit me; she insisted on my passing the next evening with her, and just as I was going Mr Worsdale came in, and offered to accompany me, to which I gladly consented, hoping, as he was then a man of interest, he might recommend her to some good family as a governess to children or a lady's woman, when he knew how well qualified she was for either place. As her spirit was far above her ability, I was concerned to see what expense she had put herself to for my reception, having provided

a very genteel supper, to which she would oblige us to ſtay. While she was giving orders for it, I informed Mr Worsdale of her diſtress, who immediately gave me a guinea for her, but entreated I would give it to her as present from myself, which, as I knew it was the only method to make her accept of it, I did.

When I came home, I related to Mr Pilkington Mr Worsdale's obliging and generous behaviour; but little was he pleased with the recital: what could I think of him when he told me I did very ill to introduce a new woman to him, Mr Worsdale; and that he hoped I would lose him; and that henceforth he would beſtow his favours on her? A speech more proper for the mouth of one of those abandoned wretches who live by the sale of the innocent than for a husband, a gentleman, and one who ought to be a Chriſtian. But I believe he was of opinion that

Let the malicious world say what it please,
The fair wife makes her husband live at ease.

And, provided he sold me well and *put money in his purse*, little regarded either my temporal or eternal happiness.

Another inſtance either of his extraordinary confidence in my fidelity to him, or rather indifference about it, was that he obliged me to go alone with his friend to Windsor, though, as it was winter, there was no possibility of going there and returning the same day, it being twenty miles diſtant from London; so that we had not only two days but a night also to pass together. Could any husband be more obliging to his rival than to give him such an opportunity to accomplish his wishes? Had mine but concurred, I had then been undone; for truly the gentleman tried every argument to win me to them; but in vain. My husband's misconduct in exposing me to such temptation ſtung me to the quick; nay, I could not help believing they were both in a plot to betray me to ruin; and, as we were at the top Inn in the town, I ſtarted at every noise of horsemen who ſtopped there; and concluded, though falsely I believe, that Mr Worsdale had given Mr Pilkington a direction where to find us; and,

as this imagination wholly possessed me, I little regarded either the elegance of our entertainment or the tenderness and passion the gentleman expressed in every word and look: his soft endearments were all loſt on one who regarded him as an enemy. I was obſtinately sullen, and pretended weariness on purpose to quit his company; but I loſt all patience when, calling to the maid to show me to my chamber, I found there was but one—nay, and but one bed too—provided for two gueſts; for, it seems, my gentleman had so ordered it, hoping, no doubt, to supply my husband's place.

I was now in a manner convinced there was treachery intended againſt me, and reproached my desiring swain in such bitter terms that he had no way to prove his innocence but by retiring, though very reluctantly, to another apartment; and I took special care to barricade my own, not only double-locking it but also placing all the chairs and tables againſt the door, to prevent a possibility of being surprized.

I rose very early next morning, to take a survey of what curiosities Windsor afforded, as it was too late the night before to see any thing; but found nothing worth observation except the Caſtle, whose eminent situation and Gothic grandeur might very well, some ages ago, make it eſteemed a *nonpareil*; but, as it has frequently been described and celebrated, I shall only say that, considering it as the palace of the Edwards and Henrys, I was touched with something like a religious veneration for it, which no modern building could inspire me with.

Mr Worsdale attended me with great reſpect, and, excepting that he tenderly reproached me with what he called my cruelty the night before, gave me no farther cause of displeasure, but brought me safely home in his chaise to Mr Pilkington.

But pray, gentle reader, suppose it had happened otherwise—that night, solitude, an agreeable and importunate lover should have prevailed on human, yielding frailty, whom could my husband so properly have blamed for it as himself? He who beſt knew our frames bids us

avoid temptation as the surest method, nay, and perhaps the only one, of avoiding sin; for who so firm that may not be seduced? Why then should Mr Pilkington drive me into the toils unless he meant to have me made a prey of?

I fairly confess this action greatly sunk him in my esteem; nay, it even did the same in Mr Worsdale's, especially as he reaped no satisfaction by it. I could scarcely after regard Mr Pilkington as a husband, but rather as a man whose property I was, and who would gladly dispose of me to the best bidder. Shocking thought!

And yet this scheme was so artfully managed, as indeed all his against me have ever been, that I could not well reproach him for it; for he would have alleged it was a party of pleasure, intended by him for my health and recreation; and to have mentioned Mr Worsdale's attempt, why, to say the truth, I looked upon it, as a thing which any man in the same circumstances might naturally be guilty of, even though he had no previous liking to, or thought of, the woman. So, as there was no harm done, I judged it most prudent to be silent. Besides, no faults are so easily pardoned by our sex as those we believe to be occasioned by our own charms, the eager lover's constant excuse, and which our vanity is but too apt to admit as a reasonable one.

Of all things in nature, I most wonder why men should be severe in their censures on our sex, for a failure in point of chastity. Is it not monstrous that our seducers should be our accusers? Will they not employ fraud, nay, often force, to gain us? What various arts, what stratagems, what wiles will they use for our destruction? —but that once accomplished, every opprobrious term with which our language so plentifully abounds shall be bestowed on us, even by the very villains who have wronged us.

O Heaven that such companions thou'ldst unfold!
And put a whip in ev'ry honest hand
To lash such rascals, naked thro' the world,
Even from the East to the West.

I am sure the whole female sex will join with me in a hearty curse.

Mr Pilkington's year of chaplainship being near expired, I hoped that he would return to Ireland; but he had entertained a belief that Mr Walpole would provide for him, and therefore determined to stay in London, so I was forced to return single; for, as Mr Pilkington's income ceased with his office, he chose to accept of an offer from Mr Worsdale to lodge in his house. For several reasons I thought it most proper to revisit my native country; the first, and chief, was the affection I bore to my dear little ones; the next, to avoid both the temptation and scandal I must have suffered by going into the house of a person who, with regard to women, had an avowedly dissolute character.

But, however cautiously and prudently I acted in this affair, it was not my good fortune to escape calumny: so far from it that I was both traduced for going to London, and for returning from it; and the wife of a certain Bishop, who invited me to dine with her a day or two after my return to Dublin, when we retired to our tea, abused me in language I should have scorned, in respect to my own gentility, to have given to the meanest servant I was ever mistress of: and because my husband had made me a present of a few little trinkets, all which in the expense amounted but to a trifle, told me she was sure some gallant had given them to me. But, as I have since been informed, she was ragingly jealous of me, although, without any reason. I can the more readily pardon her inhuman treatment of me.

But as I did not choose to bear reproaches I did not deserve, I sent for a chair, and, bursting into tears, left the room. In the hall I met the Bishop, who was coming to drink tea with the ladies. He was surprised to see me so disordered, and, tenderly laying hold of me, inquired the cause. I desired he would ask his lady, who had invited me to use me ill: which he said he hoped she would not do, even in regard to my condition (being then pregnant). But, Heaven knows! had he but considered how cruel

all barren creatures naturally are, insomuch that I have seen a barren ewe attempt to kill a young lamb, he would rationally have judged what might have, even in law, been my protection was the very cause of her hatred and displeasure to me.

However, as this lady was the first to attack my character, I can do no less than return her these my public and grateful acknowledgments; for, though perhaps half the world cannot tell whom I mean, yet as it is more than probable the person concerned may read over these *Memoirs*, she at least will know her own portrait.

'Tis really a sad misfortune that the honest liberty of the press is so suppressed in Ireland; but, however, I promise all my subscribers to oblige them with a key to whatever secrets I have been obliged to lock up; and many I have been obliged to strike out of my work—otherwise I could never have had a single line printed.

Vice in power will command at least an outward homage, and helpless poverty dare not either oppose or expose it.

A few days after my return to Ireland, Sir Daniel Molineux said, in French, to my brother, in St Anne's Church, that he was surprized to see me look so cheerful considering my husband was in the Bastille. My brother told it to me; but for my life I could not guess what the gentleman meant.

But too soon I was informed by the newspapers, that Mr Pilkington, Mr Motte, and Mr Gilliver were all taken up on account of some treasonable poetry which Mr Pilkington had given to the two latter to print. I then recollected the papers afore-mentioned, delivered to him by one of my female fellow-travellers.

Who was the informer I know not, both parties having violently accused each other; but in my soul I believe Mr Pilkington was innocent, and I am sure I have no reason to be partial to him. But certain it is, his character suffered so much that it almost broke my heart, as it deprived me of any hopes even of his having bread for his family. The notion of his having betrayed Dr Swift

incensed the whole kingdom of Ireland against him; and, as I did not for many weeks receive a letter from him, I knew not how to justify him; and when called upon by the late Primate (Dr Hoadly) to give him an account of the affair, I could only answer him with tears—which as both he and his lady were exceedingly humane, pleaded his cause as powerfully as the most moving eloquence could have done—his Grace bade me be comforted and write to my husband to come over and mind his duty, and he would still be a friend to him; and generously added that, as many persons busied themselves in bringing stories to him to Mr Pilkington's disadvantage, I should be welcome to his table every day, which would discountenance those who endeavoured to prejudice him when they saw it did not make him or his lady withdraw their regard from me.

His Grace's goodness affected me so much that my tears of sorrow were converted to those of gratitude; nor could I forbear falling on my knees to pay my acknowledgments to him and his good lady, for the relief their kindness had given to a heart overcome with anguish.

At length I received a letter from Mr Pilkington, which he was obliged to enclose to a gentleman for me, otherwise it would have been carried to the Castle, and there examined: so great notice was taken of these poems. He wrote me word he had been ill of the rheumatism, and in great trouble; that he would directly return to Ireland, but that he had not money to bear his expenses. I made an application to my father for him, who bade me let the fellow go to the West Indies, and he would take care of me and the children. But, unfortunately for me, I had too much good-nature to take this wholesome advice—so far from it that I never ceased importuning him, but followed him from morning till night, like Niobe all tears, till he gave me a bill of twenty pounds to send to him, with which he came over to Ireland; but so pale and dejected that he looked like the ghost of his former self; and the disregard he met with from everybody went very near his heart. Every day there was a new abuse

published on him; my father battled for him, and I did everything in my power to cheer and comfort his spirits. Compassion wrought now the same effects on me as love had done heretofore; and, as he frequently wept, I could not forbear mingling my tears with his; and, by way of consolation, wrote to him the following lines.

No more, lov'd partner of my soul,
  At disappointments grieve,
Can flowing tears our fate control,
  Or sighs our woes relieve?

Adversity is virtue's school
  To those who right discern;
Let us observe each painful rule,
  And each hard lesson learn.

When wint'ry clouds obscure the sky,
  And Heaven and earth deform,
If fixed the strong foundations lie,
  The castle braves the storm.

Thus fixed on faith's unfailing rock,
  Let us endure awhile
Misfortune's rude, impetuous shock,
  And glory in our toil.

Ill-fortune cannot always last,
  Or though it should remain,
Yet we each painful moment haste
  A better world to gain:

Where calumny no more shall wound,
  Nor faithless friends destroy,
Where innocence and truth are crowned
  With never-fading joy.

I should not have dwelt so long on every trivial circumstance, had I not been strangely traduced about this affair, which, as I shall answer it to God, I have related with the utmost truth and exactness. I never had any breach with Mr Pilkington till our final separation; and I am sure, if my father had suspected me of any dishonour, he would sooner have joined with my husband to prosecute

me than have given him a single shilling to make up matters between us.

Neither can I really imagine what I had done to merit all the cruel and scandalous aspersions thrown on me, especially by the ladies: it would be infinite vanity to suppose envy had any share in their gentle breasts, or that the praises I received from the other sex, on account of my writings, awaked their displeasure against me. For though

They had no title to aspire;
Yet, when I sunk, they rose the higher.

But what I think most surprising is that women who have suffered in their own reputations are generally most cruel in their censures on others. I could mention a lady who was so fond of a certain Colonel that, when he died, she was almost mad, though he was a married man; and yet she was heedful of the main chance, in prevailing on him to leave her his estate she had before secured to herself, he being married to her. I remember this lady the whole town-talk of Dublin, and yet, by having a large ill-got fortune, she procured a second husband, commenced prude, though not till youth and beauty were fled, and is, if she yet lives, one of the bitterest enemies to any woman who has ever committed even an act of indiscretion that can be found in the world, as I found, many years ago by woeful experience.

So Flavia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Florimel an arrant jilt.

But enough of this. When Mr Pilkington was once more settled in his cure, I being very much inclined to a decay, my father said nothing would more effectually restore my health than the country: so, having often been invited to his brother's at Cork, I resolved on going there for a few months, where I was very kindly received. We took the diversions of the season at Mallow, where nothing remarkable happened to me, except that one gentleman there, took it into his head to do what they

there call black-guard me incessantly. It was the reigning humour of the place, amongst the young folks, to call names, sell bargains, and sometimes talk indecently, all of which I abhorred; and therefore this gentleman singled me out as a mark for this sort of wit; and the more he found it vexed me, the more he persisted in it. At last I very seriously demanded of him what I had done to provoke him to teaze me in the manner he did. He said he heard I was a wit, and wished I would write a satire on him. So, to oblige him, I sent him the following lines, which obtained me a truce from his anti-sublime conceits.

The Mirror

Strephon; since my skill you task
And so oft your picture ask,
Lest my colours prove too faint
Such a various mind to paint
I, who ne'er descend to flatter,
And abhor to deal in satire,
Have at length contrived a way.
Your resemblance to display.
I have brought truth's polished mirror,
Which shall show you every error;
And, as faithful glasses do,
Shall reflect your graces too.

Barren minds, like barren soils,
Mock the cultivator's toils;
Though he sows the choicest seeds,
The produce is chaff and weeds:
Thine, with wild luxuriant growth,
Yields us corn and thistles both.
Every virtue to its side
Has a neighbour vice allied;
These, though sprung from different roots,
So immix and blend their shoots,
That we know not what to call
Products so equivocal.

All who know you would admire
Your true courage, sense, and fire,
Did not oft the rude and rash,
With these nobler talents clash.

Bounteous Nature framed your mind
Fit for sense and taſte refined:
You her choiceſt gifts refuse,
And the meaneſt manner choose;
If from thence you merit claim,
Every shoe-boy has the same,

How can you to fame ascend,
If your course you downward bend?
You, indeed, may hope in time
To achieve the low sublime;
And, suppose the bottom gained,
What but filth could be obtained?

If my freedom here offend you,
Think it kindly meant to mend you.
In your mind are seeds of worth—
Call their latent virtues forth;
Nor need you far from wisdom roam:
Your beſt examples are at home.[1]

And here, gentle reader, I muſt bid you take leave of the hope of any farther cheerful amusement; here commences the mournfuleſt tale which ever yet was either told or read.

The winter's return brought me to Dublin. My husband met me about a mile from town, and took me and my aunt Van Lewen's ſiſter, who came to town with me, out of the ſtage-coach into a hackney one. He entertained me with an account of a violent quarrel he had with my father; and said, he hoped, if I had any regard for him I would never go within his doors. This was a ſtrange command, and as ſtrange did it appear to me that he should quarrel with the beſt-natured gentleman in the world—his father in effect, as he treated him as his son. I told him I hoped he would excuse my once disobeying him; for I owed, if possible, a superior duty to my father than a husband could claim. Mr Pilkington was very angry. This was on Thursday night: the next morning, at all hazards I waited on my

[1] His father, Colonel Murray, and his second wife Lady Blaney.

father, who received me with a coldness which struck me to the heart. I asked him if I had any way offended him. He said Mr Pilkington had used him so ill he did not desire to see his wife. 'Dear Sir', said I, 'am I not your daughter?' 'Yes', said he, 'and, had you taken my advice in letting the villain go to the West Indies, I should have regarded you as such; but make much of him, and remember, the hour will come when you will wish you had followed your father's counsel.' My aunt's sister was with me, to whom he never once spoke, but walked to and fro in a sort of a distracted manner, and looked so ill that, imagining my presence disturbed him, I asked him where my mother was. He said she was gone to take the air; and that he had company to dine with him, so that he could not ask me to stay. I took the hint and departed from him in such inconceivable sorrow as I never in my life experienced before, because I really loved him more than any thing in the world.

I passed the remainder of the day in tears, for my husband never came home till twelve o'clock at night; so that I had full liberty to indulge my sorrow. I sent my compliments on Friday and Saturday morning to my parents: they answered they were very well, but they neither asked me to come to them nor came to me.

On Sunday I was invited to dinner to Mr Dubourg's. I found myself so ill that I could not go to Church; however, about two o'clock, I went to dine with my friends, who looked on me with as much surprize as if they had seen an apparition. They had no sooner seated me but they both went out of the room, and held a long consultation at the door. Little did I think how deeply I was concerned in it. At length Mrs Dubourg came in: I tenderly reproached her with her coldness to me. She said she was not well; and asked me, had I heard from Molesworth Street that day? I told her I had not. She asked me if Mr Pilkington would come to dinner? I told her he was engaged to preach at St Peter's Church in the afternoon, and therefore went to Mrs Warren's, where they dined early. A little while after, Counsellor Smith

came in; but they called him out, and held a long conference with him. In short, every body behaved themselves so oddly to me that I knew not what to make of it.

Just as dinner was served up, Mr Pilkington came in: 'My dear (said I) you are better than your promise.' 'Why (says he), I am not come to dine, but to tell you your father is stabbed.' Had he plunged a dagger in my heart, it could not have given me a deeper wound.

It seems this accident, for such my father declared it to be, happened at nine o'clock in the morning; and so unkind were my mother and sister, they never sent me the least notice of it. The company I went to had known of it some hours before; and consequently were surprized to find me ignorant of what so nearly concerned me, and what, by that time, all Dublin knew. None of them could find in their hearts to tell me of it; and this was the occasion of the many consultations they held, which had appeared so strange to me. It would be tedious to my readers to relate every difficulty I had even to see my father. In respect to the ashes of my mother, I do not choose to tell how ill I was used upon this occasion; but, as I owe no sort of respect or ceremony to my sister, (if I may call her one, who by no means deserves that title), I must proceed. I rose from the table, had a chair called, and went to my father's. Three of the servants sat in the hall, and my sister, excessively dirty, walked to and fro in it. She would willingly have kept me out; but, however, the servant knowing me, opened the door. The first sounds which struck my ear upon my entrance were the deep and piercing groans of my dear father. When I attempted to go upstairs to him, my sister by violence pulled me down; but the agony I was in for my father and the resentment I conceived at her gross usage of me supplied me with strength to get up in despite of her. When I opened the dining-room door, the floor was all besmeared with blood; my mother, in an arbitrary voice, asked me what business I had there. I

told her I had a child's right to pay my duty to my father. She said if I spoke to him it would kill him. Upon which, for the first and indeed the only time that ever I gave her an impertinent answer I said that if every person about my father had loved him with half my tenderness, he would not have been reduced to the condition I was then too sure he was in. Upon this, I offered to go into the bed-chamber, but was not only forcibly withstood but even beaten by my mother, and again asked, if I intended to kill my father. I made her no reply but sat down, and assured her that the first person who opened that door I would go in. In about three minutes time Dr Cope, Dr Helsham, Mr Nicholls, and in all seven physicians and three surgeons (as my father was universally esteemed) came of their own accord to visit him: when I heard them on the stairs, I took that opportunity to open the bed-chamber door, in which neither my mother nor my sister could well oppose, as the gentlemen were come into the dining-room before they were apprised of my intention; but, Heavens! how shall I describe the agony that seized me when I beheld my dear father pale as death, and unable to utter any thing but groans? Those only who have loved a father as well as I did mine can judge of my condition: I kneeled down by the bedside: weak as he was he kindly reached out his hand to me. He asked me if this was not an unhappy accident. I begged he would not speak, because Mr Nicholls had told me his lungs were wounded, and that every word was detrimental to him; but, as I had not ever knowingly offended him, I begged he would give me leave to pay my duty to him, and that he would signify it by laying his hand on my head, which he not only did but desired I would not leave him. But here my father gave me an impossible task; for no sooner were the gentlemen departed but my mother said she must speak with me; and, whether she was really mad or counterfeited to be so, I know not; but she insisted on my going to bed with her, alleging that my sister was younger and stronger that I, and better able to bear the fatigue of sitting up.

This seemed to carry the appearance of love and tenderness; but Heaven knows it was far otherwise, as I afterwards found out; for the three following days my mother never permitted me to leave her; if I ever attempted it, she tore her hair, and screamed like a lunatic. The fourth night I heard my father ring a bell; my mother was asleep, and, as my thoughts were ever on him, I ran downstairs to him, undressed as I was. He seemed surprized to see me, having been told that I was in my own house and would not undertake the trouble of attending him. I found him in a very cold sweat; it suddenly came into my head, that if I could change that into a hot one, it might perhaps relieve him. So after assuring him that I had not quitted him nor had ever been out of the house, but was prevented by my mother and sister from attending on him, he said he was very dry, and asked me what the physicians had ordered for him to drink. As they all concluded he would not outlive that night, they had ordered nothing, but left him to take what he pleased, as, in spite of all precautions to the contrary, I had overheard. Upon this I resolved so far to turn physician myself as to tell him they ordered him to drink some hock and sack made warm. Weak as he was, he could not forbear smiling, and saying he never heard of such another prescription: 'Ten gentlemen meet to order me some hock and sack mixed!' said he; 'well, give it me; it must certainly be a cure for a pleuretic fever.' I did so—nay, I not only gave it to him that time but plied him with it every time he called for drink all night, till it produced the effect I desired, and threw him into a fine breathing sweat and a deep sleep. It may now be demanded where my sister was all this time—why, as she had not, if I may speak my mind, half the regard for my father that I had, she was fast asleep in the arm-chair, nor could he awake her.

When the physicians came in the morning they were agreeably surprized to find my father's fever quite gone, and his eyes looked very lively: he told them their merry prescription had done him great service. I winked at

them not to undeceive him: they understood me, and Dr Helsham called me aside, under the pretence of giving me some directions, but in reality to enquire of me what I had administered. I told him, and he could not forbear smiling. He called the gentlemen into the next room to a consultation, to which presently after I was summoned. As both Dr Helsham and Dr Cope were men of wit and pleasantry, they rallied me agreeably on presuming to practise physic, having never taken my degrees, and assured me I should be called before the College of Physicians, and be prosecuted as an empyric.

I rose up, and, making a low curtsey, I told them, as the best part of the College of Physicians were then present, they would, I hoped, have candour enough to permit me to make my own defence; to which they all assented by a gracious nod, and bade me proceed. I then, making another reverence, told them, that as to my right of practising physic, I held it *extra judice*, and, smiling, said, I suppose they all understood Latin—but as their proper business was to destroy life, I hoped they would not take it amiss if I for once, in a case which so nearly and deeply concerned me, had, to the utmost of my power, frustrated their designs; neither had I presumed to interfere till they themselves had assured me all hope of my father's life was gone, and that he could not live till morning. 'But', said I, making another curtsey, 'I, with all respect to this honourable Board, humbly presume to believe

> *'They had rather choose that he should die*
> *Than their prediction prove a lie.'*

Nothing except my father's being so very weak, and so very near to us, could have prevented the gentlemen's laughing heartily at my fine harangue. However, I was dismissed with honour; and, as my father seemed now to want nothing but restoratives, I was directed to make him some viper broth, hartshorn jelly, chocolate, and other nourishing aliments.

From this time we entertained hopes of my father's recovery. In a few days he was so strong as to be able

to sit up from morning till night. The whole town seemed to participate in our joy; and many who had never visited him before came now to congratulate him and his family on this happy change. Whether it was owing to his having seen too much company, or to his own over-neatness in insisting on having his chamber cleaned, I know not; but I received a message from Mr Pilkington that he was taken very ill and desired to see me. As I had flattered myself my father was out of danger, I obeyed the commands of my husband, and prevailed on Mr Nicholls to visit him. He had got a cold, and was a little feverish. Mr Nicholls thought proper to take a little blood from him, and I stayed with him that night and part of the ensuing day. Mr Pilkington, being much relieved, gave me leave in the evening to go to my father's, where I found all things in confusion, and he so ill that there was now not the least hope of his recovery. He coughed incessantly, was seized with what they call a gallopping consumption, and in a very few days after expired, leaving me in inconceivable sorrow. About an hour before he departed, I left the room, being unable to see his last agonies, and went up to my mother, who was as fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour. Some time after I heard the windows thrown up, by which I knew his mortal cares were ended.

We had that evening engaged a nurse keeper, but did not dare to let her into my father's presence, lest he should say, as he once did on proposing such a thing, that we were tired of him; but now her assistance was absolutely necessary, though my sister told me she herself helped to wash and lay my father out. I am sure I could have died sooner, but some persons have uncommon courage, or rather, as Swift observes:

> *Indifference clad in wisdom's guise,*
> *All fortitude of mind supplies.*

About three o'clock in the morning, on New Year's Day, my sister came into the room, and desired me to come and help her to take my father up, that he wanted

to rise. Though I was certain he was dead, as I had not taken off my clothes I went with her, and sent in the maid to sit by my mother. I asked my sister on the stairs, Was my Father alive? She answered 'No'. So with a heavy heart I went into the dining-room; but by no means could I summon up sufficient spirits to look upon the clay-cold figure of him who, under God, was the author of my being. My heart fluttered; my tongue refused its office; neither had I the poor relief of tears—no wonder, when the very spring and fountain of my life was stopped —the very source of it stopped, if the streams thereon dependant were for a while froze up and dead.

While I was lost in melancholy-musing, my sister was very industrious in making the tea-kettle boil. I do not say this by way of reflection on her; for, though I was less assiduous about it, my own mouth was perfectly parched with thirst, and I was very glad of something to moisten it.

When the tea was ready, unluckily we had no sugar, nor was there any in the house but what was in the tea-chest, the key of which was in my mother's pocket under her head. My sister went up and waked her, telling her my father wanted a little burnt wine. She readily gave it, and prayed devoutly that it might do him good. My sister came down laughing, to think how she had imposed on her. If anything could have added weight to the intolerable burden of my sorrows, I now felt it, by considering how terrible my mother's surprise and disappointment must be!

About six o'clock, I thought it was proper to send the chest of plate into Dean Madden's, and to lock up whatever was valuable—a prudent precaution, as it too soon appeared. After this I went into my mother's chamber: she asked me how my father was. I told her he had been very ill in the beginning of the night, but was now very quiet. She said she hoped sleep would do him good. I answered I trusted in God it had. So she arose, and would not put on her shoes lest she should disturb him: nay, so strong was the force of her imagination that she even

said she heard him cough as we passed by his chamber-door. But a sad counterfeit was I; for, when we came into his dressing-room, which opened to the garden, as it was now daylight, my mother easily perceived the concern in my countenance. She shrieked when she looked at me, and with great impatience asked me what ailed me: 'O Lord!' cried she, 'cannot you give me one word of comfort?' I answered very faintly I wished it was in my power; but alas! her worst fears were but too true—all was over. I really thought she would now have run quite mad; scarcely could I prevent her going into his chamber. I sent in for Dean Madden, who by prayers and spiritual advice a little calmed her; but one woe trod upon the other's heels: Mr Nicholls (who for the particular regard he had for my father was his first visitor, and whose humanity during the whole time of his sickness deserves a grateful acknowledgment—which, if the surviving part of his family refuse, I think it incumbent on me to pay, so far at least as words can do it) came into the dining-room; he guessed our loss ere we could speak it, and seemed to bear a part in our sorrows. He asked me what hour he should come to open my father. I told him he had left his curse on any person who attempted it. He said he was very glad of it; for, as this dismal operation must have fallen to his share, it would, I am certain, greatly have shocked his humanity. I would have had him go up to see my mother: he said it would but renew her trouble, and that when she was a little more calm he would make her a visit.

I now thought it highly necessary to persuade my poor mother to take at least a dish of tea, which I could not do but by assuring her I was ready to faint. Just as it was prepared, a servant, looking like a ghost, opened the door, and beckoned me to follow him; I did so, and upon coming downstairs found the house filled with sheriff's officers: one of them, whose name was Williams, was most remarkably insolent, and abused me very grossly. I once more sent in for Dean Madden; I believe the worthy gentleman thought his words might prevail, but

the scoundrel Williams bade him go talk in his pulpit. However, I had presence of mind sufficient to write a line to Counsellor Smith; he happened not to be at home, so I begged of the Dean to go to my mother, lest those licensed robbers should plunder the house. About seven in the evening Mr Smith came; he found the wretches very busy in taking an inventory of the furniture. They were full as rude to him as they had been to the Dean; and at last carried it so far as to insist upon arresting my father's body just then laid in a coffin. I, almost wild with grief, ran after them: the coffin was open, and I raised my dear father in my arms, and, as if he could have heard me, asked him: 'Would he not protect his family?' Mr Smith had in the meantime sent for the High-Sheriff; he was a young, good-natured gentleman; and, after heartily reprimanding the fellows—nay, and even making Williams beg pardon on his knees—dismissed them all except one whom he ordered not only to be civil but also to do the work of a servant; assuring us he would take an inventory of the things himself as soon as the funeral was over.

The next day, being Sunday, we determined to have my dear father buried, according to his own directions privately at twelve o'clock at night; and I easily prevailed on Mr Smith, and his present lady to give their company to my mother during the time of this last sad solemn ceremony. As my mother wept incessantly, it made her sleepy; but the noise made in carrying down my father's corpse awaked her; and, as she had only slumbered in her chair, she started up, crying out they were carrying her dear husband to the grave, and that she would go and be buried with him. We were obliged by violence to restrain her; nay, and also to assure her he had been interred some hours, and that the noise she heard was only that of the servants who were setting things in order. Mr Smith and his lady, who, according to their promise, came and passed the evening with my mother, said everything that reason, Christianity, or humanity could dictate, to mitigate her affliction. Gratitude for their kindness

made her endeavour to suppress the anguish of her soul; nay, out of complaisance to them, she drank a glass or two of wine, which, as she had not done for some weeks before, produced the effect I desired, of making her sleep. Mr Pilkington attended the funeral obsequies, which was the only instance of respect or kindness he ever showed to the family.

Early the next morning I rose; and if, in the melancholy situation of my soul, any thing could have made me smile, the cook-maid's simplicity would certainly have done it; for, finding her fire made, her dishes washed, and every thing set in good order, so well did the bailiff, who was left in the house, obey the High Sheriff's orders in doing the work of a servant; and he, having walked into the garden, the maid, not recollecting there was any such person in the house, stood crossing herself, and praying to the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints in Heaven. I asked her: 'What was the matter?' 'O, my dear Madam! (said she) my master was always neat; and see, for all he is dead, how he has made the fire, and cleaned up the kitchen for me.'

I left the poor girl in her mistake, and went up to my mother. It grieved me to awake her; yet, knowing the High Sheriff would be early with us and that the inventory of what was in her chamber must be taken, I thought it was most decent for her to be up, as her unhappy situation could not authorize her taking on the state of a lady of quality, to lie in bed a month for fashion's-sake.

She was not long up before the gentleman came. From him I learned that this execution was laid at the suit of the widow Ford, who, being executrix to her children, had asked my father where she could lay out their money to advantage. As Mr Monck wanted money, my father immediately thought of him; but, as his estate was not liable to his debts, my father became surety for him. This was enough for me: I immediately wrote to Mr Monck who, on receipt of the letter, came to town and, with great honour, not only discharged his own debt

but also paid the Sheriff's fees, which in three days amounted to twenty pounds.

This gentleman was the late Henry Stanly Monck, of St Stephen's Green.

My sister, like all provident persons, made the best of her way to her husband's mother; who, being assured by Dean Madden that he himself had married my sister to her son, which had been questioned on account of his abrupt departure from her soon after he had made her a mother, was so kindly received by her new parent that for three weeks after she never either sent or came to know what was become of the old one.

As my father had positively prohibited us from writing any account to my brother, then at Paris, of the misfortune that had befallen him, I thought it not proper to disobey him; yet at the same time judged it highly necessary he should be apprized of the melancholy situation of his affairs at home: I therefore engaged a young gentleman, an intimate friend of my brother's, to undertake the mournful task, and advise him immediately to return to Ireland. But his best speed could not overtake his father's life, who had been three weeks buried ere he arrived. When he saw us in deep mourning, and missed the dear parent who used ever to receive him with the love of a father and the freedom of a companion, all his resolution could scarce support it: and, though he endeavoured to comfort us, 'twas but too visible he wanted it himself. My heart bled for him, so disappointed in all his hopes, which, as they had been high raised, were now the more depressed. In short, we were all mere outside, each endeavouring, by a forced cheerfulness, to conceal their inward anguish from each other.

As my brother soon after sold off the goods by auction, and placed my mother, who was left entirely dependent on him, to board at a clergyman's house in the country—after which I never saw her more—I returned to my own house.

Mr Pilkington, having now no expectation of a fortune by me, threw off all disguise, and showed himself in his

proper colours. He had, it seems, while I was in the country in a bad ſtate of health, got in league with the Widow Warren, whom he intended, if I had died as was expected, should supply my place. However, he was resolved to get rid of me at any rate; and as nothing but my death or a divorce could accomplish his desires, the latter seemed the safer method. To this end he set all his engines to work. His firſt scheme I shall here relate.

One morning pretty early he sent for me to come to him to breakfaſt in the summer-house. As I thought he was alone, I ran to him quite undressed, but was confounded at the sight of a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and who was dressed out with the utmoſt magnificence and curiosity, rather in the habit of a birth-night beau than a morning visitor. I was for retiring, but Mr Pilkington obliged me to come in, and introduced him to me. I sat down with the beſt grace I could, and made the tea. Before it was half over Mr Pilkington said he was obliged to visit a sick person, but that he should return in half an hour, engaging me not to let the gentleman go till then; at the same time assuring him I was very well qualified to entertain him agreeably. The gentleman did not express the leaſt reluctance at complying with his requeſt—so far from it that, as soon as he was gone, he said, he was much indebted to Mr Pilkington's complaisance for the favourable opportunity he had afforded him of speaking his wishes; and, laying hold of my hand, he began to address me in a moſt bombaſtic ſtyle, with fustian from exploded plays. For my part, I thought he was mad, and growing angry at what I deemed a great incivility to a married woman, I assured him, if he persiſted in such impertinence, I would quit the place. He then begged pardon moſt humbly indeed, for he threw himself on the carpet at my feet, swearing he would never rise till I had forgiven him; which, not to be plagued with his farther impertinence, I was forced to say I did. He then wanted me to confirm it by a kiss, but that I would by no means grant. In short, his

company was so tiresome that I most impatiently longed for a release; which, however, Mr Pilkington was resolved not to give me: so finding the gentleman was determined to persecute me, I told him I was engaged to dine abroad and hoped he would excuse my leaving him, as I expected a lady to call upon me, which laid me under a necessity of going to dress.

Upon this civil dismiss, to my great satisfaction he took his leave, promising me he would do himself the honour of waiting on me again very speedily, to which I made no reply.

I believe he went to Mr Pilkington to give him an account of what had passed, who some time after returned, and seemed much offended that I had suffered his friend, as he called him, to go away; adding that he was related to the Duke of Dorset and might, by his interest, get him a good living. I answered: 'Let him be ever so well related, he was a very troublesome coxcomb, and if *he* liked such company, I did not.'

A few days after, my youngest child died, and, that I might avoid seeing the funeral, I retired to the summer-house, where I sat weeping—when suddenly this same fine spark opened the door. He told me Mr Pilkington had sent him to desire I would have some coffee ready, and that he would be at home immediately. I desired the gentleman to go with me to the dwelling-house, not choosing to stay alone with him at so great a distance from everybody. The coffee was prepared, but no Mr Pilkington came, so we drank it without him, and the gentleman fell into his old vagaries again. I then

> *All smarting with my griefs, being vexed*
> *To be pestered by a poppinjay.*—Shakespeare.

burst into tears, and demanded of him what he meant by such insolence. He looked very much confounded, and asked me was I in earnest. I assured him I was, and that I would acquaint Mr Pilkington with his rudeness. He smiled at that threat, and, to my great surprize made me the following speech: 'Madam, I am convinced

by your behaviour that you are a woman of honour, and am very sorry I should be so unfortunate as to provoke your tears: the best recompence I can make you is to entrust you with a secret; and I doubt not but you will have discretion enough to make a proper use of it. Mr Pilkington described you to me as a lady very liberal of your favours, and begged I would be so kind as to make him a cuckold, so that he might be able to prove it, in order to a separation from you, promising to give me time and opportunity for it. He assured me it would be no difficult task; that I need but throw myself at your feet, whine out some tragedy, and you would quickly yield. But I am now convinced that he is a very great villain and very unworthy of you.'

I leave my reader to judge of my astonishment. I could scarce give the gentleman credit; and yet it was but too evident that he spoke truth, as it was now nine o'clock at night, and Mr Pilkington not come home to his invited guest.

When I had recovered power to speak, I told him I supposed Mr Pilkington knew him to be a person destitute of all honour and humanity when he proposed such a scheme to him as that of betraying any woman. 'Faith, Madam', returned he, 'I never intended it; for, had you made me happy, I would, like a gentleman, have forsworn it, and also have given you a proper caution. But I would not pay you so ill a compliment as not to assure you, the bait was very alluring. I believe there are very few young fellows who would have refused him the favour he desired of me.' I then begged he would be so kind to leave me, which accordingly, taking his leave very respectfully, he did.

I went to bed full of disquietude; but the bitter anguish of my soul quite banished sleep. I considered the snares laid for me, and that he who ought to be the guardian and protector of my innocence was the very first person who sought to destroy it. I wept abundantly, and prayed heartily to God to deliver me out of my trouble; at length I fell into a slumber, when methought my

father, just as I had seen him in his coffin, drew open the curtain, and muttered something to me very low and indistinct; but the words *Trouble*, *Sorrow*, *and Shame* I very plainly heard. I started up, and turned the head-curtain back; but, seeing nothing, concluded the trouble of my mind produced such terrifying dreams, and, recommending myself to Heaven, once more addressed myself to sleep; when suddenly methought I was in the midst of a parcel of ruffians who were fighting, and that I, though I knew not why, was the occasion of their quarrel. At last I thought one of them gave me a severe blow over the head, at which I screamed out, and Mr Pilkington, who was now in the chamber, waked me, and asked me, what was the matter. I told him I had a very shocking dream. 'Why', says he, 'you grieve so much after your father, and your brat, and take no sustenance, that it is no wonder you should be in the vapours.' I desired he would be so kind as give me a little water; for I was in a faint cold sweat; but, as he always kept some cherry-brandy in his study, he made me take a little of it, which greatly revived me. I then told him Mr H——d had been to see him. He asked me how long he stayed. I answered, 'till I was weary of him.' 'Why, did he offend you?' 'Indeed (returned I) he did.' 'How?' said he. 'By a great deal of impertinence, not worth relating.' 'I suppose (said he) the coxcomb was repeating his poetry to you.' 'No (returned I) he spoke nothing of his own; he had a proper authority, I believe, for whatever he said.' I looked earnestly in Mr Pilkington's face, and could easily perceive he was in great confusion; so he put out the candle, and came to bed without asking me any farther questions.

Early the next morning he went out of town, without either leaving a shilling to provide for his family, which consisted of a maid, a footman, two children, and myself, or any person to serve his cure; neither did I for the space of two months hear from him or receive any supply; till at last by accident I learnt he was with the Widow Warren. For the truth of this, the Reverend Dr

Bradford can bear witness; I mean, so far as his going away without either asking his permission, or substituting any person to do his duty.

But when a lady's in the case,
All other business must give place.—Gay.

Even in religion itself.

I now beg leave to demand of every person who has been severe in their censures of me what duty, love, or respect was due to such a husband? When an honest man is linked to a perfidious woman, his misfortunes claim compassion; but sure a voluntary cuckold is the meanest wretch in human nature, and deserves nothing from the world but the utmost contempt.

In the meantime the parish was quite in an uproar—no body to visit the sick, or read six o'clock prayers. I related this part of my distress to my brother, who prevailed on a young gentleman who had been his school-fellow and companion, then newly ordained, to do Mr Pilkington's duty.

As for my two children, I sent them to school, and they dined every day with Mr Pilkington's father; the servants were forced to run to debt for provision; and, for my own part, I quartered myself on my next-door neighbours, Mr Lindsay and his spouse, where I always met a cheerful and friendly reception.

I must here observe that, because I loved reading, Mr Pilkington took with him the key of his study, into which he had removed all my books, presents to me from my friends before I was married. He also locked up the garden, rather choosing it should be overgrown with weeds, and the plants and flowers die for want of water, than that either I or the children should have the pleasure of amusing ourselves in it. The tea-chest was also secured; so I was left like a tame cat, with the liberty of walking about two or three empty rooms.

When I had learnt where Mr Pilkington was, I wrote to him, but received no answer. At length, one Saturday, about twelve o'clock at noon, his horse was brought

home, and a mangey dog, of which I was ordered to take a particular care, which I did; and now expected the master. But as his buxom old widow (and old enough she was to be my mother, and big enough to make four of me) came to town with him, he stayed with her till twelve o'clock at night. His first question when he entered was 'Where was his dog?'—with which, having played about half an hour, hugging, kissing, and calling it an angel, he at last vouchsafed to come upstairs. I sat in my closet in a very pensive posture: his first salutation to me was to ask me how I had the impudence to write to him about my family affairs. I asked him: 'to whom else should I write?' 'Very fine! (returned he): suppose Mrs Warren had opened my Letter!' 'I could not suppose that, Sir, because it is a liberty I never took with you.' 'You took with me! Why should you?' 'Nay then (said I), why should she?' 'I have (said he) great patience that I do not turn you out of doors.' 'As soon as you please, Sir; I know my way to St Sepulchre's, and, late as it is, I dare say they will give me admission.'

I believe he thought he had now gone too far, and was more than half afraid I would publish all his villanies; so he fell into his old trade of dissimulation, in which he is a perfect master; and, taking me by the hand, told me he did not think so gentle a temper as mine could be disturbed at anything; and that it was very unkind in me to be disobliged at his taking a little recreation in the country; adding that he often wished for me there. I asked him why he did not take me with him. He said he had proposed it to Mrs Warren; but that she had objected against it, telling him I was a woman of so bad a reputation that she would not for all the world countenance me. I must beg leave to ask my readers what sort of terms this couple must be on, when she took the liberty of traducing his wife to him. She may be very chaste, for aught I know; but I verily believe many an unhappy creature who has even prostituted herself for bread would not have been guilty of her crime.

Cursed be he that parteth man and wife is part of our Ash-Wednesday service, to which I say *Amen* with all my heart and soul.

But to return: I told Mr Pilkington, I was extremely obliged to the lady; that moſt men, even if they hated their wives would resent any injury offered to them as being part of themselves; but he was too good a Chriſtian for that. So I arose, and was for leaving the room. He asked me, where I was going. I answered: 'To sleep with my children; for why should I, Sir, go to bed to a man in whose person, mind, or fortune I have no longer a share; and who has as effectually divorced himself from me as the law can do.'

However, he insiſted on my ſtaying with him, which accordingly I did. We both rose pretty early; and, the children coming in to ask his blessing, he whipped his daughter severely, because, as he said, she resembled my mother, though indeed she was infinitely more like his own. And, to show his impartiality, he whipped the poor little boy for being like himself.

When this scene was over, the children were turned down to the kitchen, and the mangey dog, which it seems was given him by Mrs Warren, invited to a good plate of toaſt and butter and half-a-pint of cream for his breakfaſt, so well did he fulfil the old proverb: *Love me, love my dog.*

After these holy exercises he went to the communion; which, indeed, I had intended to do, but, as he had really vexed me paſt my patience, I could not compose myself sufficiently for the worthily receiving those sublime myſteries.

Thus we may see it is in the power of a bad man not only to deſtroy our temporal but also our eternal happiness

I saw no more of him till midnight, buxom Joan engaging him till then, or in other words the Widow Warren.

Mr Pilkington's father, hearing he was in town, came the next morning to see him, and demanded of him the money he had paid for his children's tuition; upon which

he turned to me, with an air of great contempt, and told me he thought when he had married so accomplished a lady she might have taught her children to read, write, work, etc., and at leaſt have saved him the expense of their education. I told him, and indeed it was truth, that I should never desire a more delightful employment that that of cultivating their minds but that he ought to consider he left no support for our bodies, and consequently I was obliged to go abroad every day to seek for food, and could not encumber such company, as I might be welcome to, with my children. Here Mr Pilkington's father interrupted me by saying I might always have been welcome to him. Indeed I doubt it not, for he was a good-natured man, but, as he kept an alehouse, it was no very agreeable place for me to pass my time in.

Next morning buxom Joan came in her own coach for her Chaplain—a right which moſt widows of fortune claim. I looked at her, and she hid her face. Mr Pilkington soon waited on her, and away they went together, leaving me juſt as desolate as I was before.

Mr Pilkington has often alleged, in order to prove me an adultress, as I was with child when we parted, that he had had no manner of matrimonial commerce with me for four years. I was but juſt four and twenty years of age when we were separated, and, as my reader may observe, he would not permit me to have a separate bed: whether what he not only said but swore was true or false, I do not see how he could gain any honour by it.

For as the Spanish friar says, when old Gomez boaſts that his wife was a spotless virgin for him:

> *A fine commendation truly!*
> *The Church did not put you together for that.*

And here, gentle reader, give me leave to drop the curtain. To avouch mine own innocence in a point where appearances were ſtrong againſt me would perhaps little avail me: the supreme Judge of hearts alone will at the laſt great day clear or condemn me, to whose unerring juſtice and boundless goodness I submit my cause.

When snares and lime-twigs are spread for a poor bird, it cannot well escape. Yet I may say with the condemned Duke of Buckingham, in Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth*

We both fell by our servants;
Therefore this receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you are not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they perceive
The least rub in your fortune, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

A proper caution to both sexes, to be duly on their guard against confidantes.

I could reckon up numberless instances of Mr Pilkington's aversion to me; one in particular I cannot pass over. One day, at dinner, the pin in the robing of my gown pricked my breast; as there was no body but my husband and children present, I made no scruple of uncovering my bosom to examine what had hurt me; upon which Mr Pilkington rose from table, and said I had turned his stomach. As I really had a fine skin, and was then a most remarkably neat person, I thought he only jested, and merrily told him, he should kiss my breast and make it well. But alas! it was not like Prior's *Lover's Anger*, where when the lady complains that

An ugly hard rose-bud fall'n in my neck,
It has vex'd me, and plagu'd me to such a degree!
Look here now; you'll never believe one, pray see,
I' th' left side of my breast what a mark it has made!
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

For he told me he was sure he should faint if I came near him; and either pretended to throw up his dinner, or did it in reality. After which polite compliment, he drank a large glass of cherry-brandy, to settle his stomach; and repaired to his usual haunt, i.e., to buxom Joan.

About twelve at night he returned, and awaked me out of a sweet sleep by telling me I was a most expensive

extravagant woman. I asked him in what. He said, in putting on clean linen every day; whereas Mrs Warren, who had a thousand pounds a year, assured him she never shifted herself but once a week and showed him half-sleeves, which she wore, to save the expense of washing. I answered him very carelessly that I supposed that was what charmed him; and therefore: *Dirt to Dirt.*

I beg leave here to remark, that my husband's complaints were very different from those of most married men; their general excuse for going astray is, that their wives are dirty, slothful, ignorant, &c., the very reverse of which swinish qualities made my good man hate me.

Well, grant me guilty, which never yet was proved;
Yet I do think, if wives do fall, it is their husband's fault.
Say, that they slack their duty, and pour our treasure into foreign laps,
Or else break out in peevish jealousy,
Throwing restraint on us: or say, they strike us;
Or scant our former having, in despite:
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is. And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections,
Desire for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well or let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.—Shakespeare.

And in one of the *Sermons on Social Duties*, published lately by a *real* divine, he makes this observation, that he believes very few women have either been so weak or so wicked to wrong the marriage-bed but when they have been provoked to it, either by the ill-treatment they received from the husbands or in revenge to their prior falsehoods.

If I have not delivered the most worthy author's sentiments with his own elegance of style, I am sure he will pardon me, as I only quote from memory, not being mistress of his admirable works.

I do assure my reader I do not by these quotations mean to countenance vice

> *Or to arm my pen*
> *Against the sun-clad power of chaſtity.*—Milton.

So far from it that in my opinion nothing can excuse the breach of it; and a female

> *Should ſtrip herself to death, as to a bed,*
> *Which, longing, she'd been sick for,*
> *Rather than yield her body up to shame.*

All I intended is this; the world has been pleased to say I had a moſt excellent husband; and therefore have thought proper, not thinking their bill of accusation large enough, to add *ingratitude* to every other vice and folly they are pleased to attribute to me.

But so many yards of prunella and a bit of clear cambric, properly placed under the chin, it seems make a holy man.

> *Yet, let's write Good Angel on the Devil's horn,*
> *'Tis not the Devil's creſt.*
> *And so an outward sainted prieſt may*
> *In all his dressings, titles, caraćts, forms,*
> *Be an arch-villain; and his filth being caſt,*
> *Appear a pond as deep as hell.*—Shakespeare.

I hope Mr Pilkington will return his acknowledgments to me for making him publicly known; for, as I hear, his poems have suffered the fate of all things mortal; and, to use his own lines:

> *Since he and his writings so soon are forgotten,*
> *E'er his carcass becomes, like his principles, rotten,*
> *My muse shall forbid it, transmitting his merits,*
> *As the curious, for show, preserve monſters in spirits.*—
> Pilkington's *Elegy on the Rev. Mr Graffan, written many years before the gentleman's death.*

And so if my *quondam* husband arrives at fame or ever goes to Heaven—either of which I very much doubt—I think he muſt ſtill reſt my debtor.

For fame has but two doors, a white and a black one,
The worſt you say, he's ſtole in at the back one.

And that cuckolds go to heaven, nobody ever yet disputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me that helped to send him thither. If I have beſtowed on him fame in this world and salvation in the next, what could a reasonable man desire more from his wife? But some folks are never to be satisfied !—But whether he is entitled to the horn or not muſt always be a secret: I hope some curious commentator will hereafter endeavour to find out the truth of it, for my mind gives me that

I, like the classics, shall be read
When time and all the world are dead.

And if a Scotch barber, one Allan Ramsay, promises himself so much, in a sort of burlesque on Horace, why may I not be indulged in equal vanity, the ruling and darling passion of our sex? Though I shall never carry it to such an unnatural height as Dr Young (or Mr Pope) makes a lady do when she is dying:

'Odious, in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!'
Were the laſt words that dying Flavia ſpoke.
No, let a charming chintz and Flanders' lace,
Shade my pale corſe, and deck my lifeleſs face.
One would not, ſure, look ugly when one's dead;
And—Betty, give my cheeks a little red.

I muſt beg my reader's pardon for these numerous quotations; but, as Swift says: 'those anticipating rascals the ancients have left nothing for us poor moderns to say'. But ſtill, to show my vanity, let it ſtand as some sort of praise that I have ſtolen wisely.

At length the fatal hour arrived, when Mr Pilkington's machinations wrought the effect he so long desired, namely my deſtruction—and, as he never did things by halves, that of his own children also; to whom his barbarity has exceeded anything I ever either heard or read of—but that in due place.

I own myself very indiscreet in permitting any man

to be at an unseasonable hour in my bed-chamber; but lovers of learning will, I am sure, pardon me, as I solemnly declare it was the attractive charms of a new book which the gentleman would not lend me but consented to ſtay till I read it through—that was the ſole motive of my detaining him. But the ſervants, being bribed by their maſter, let in twelve watchmen at the kitchen-window, who, though they might have opened the chamber-door, choſe rather to break it to pieces, and took the gentleman and myſelf priſoners.

For my own part, I thought they had been houſe-breakers, and would willingly have compounded for life, when entered Mr Pilkington, with a cambric handkerchief tied about his neck after the faſhion of Mr Fribble, and with the temper of a Stoic, bid the authorized ruffians not hurt me. But his Chriſtian care came too late; for one of them had given me a violent blow on the temple, and another had dragged two of my fingers out of joint. The gentleman, at the ſight of Mr Pilkington, threw down his ſword, which he obſerving, made two of the watchmen hold him, while he moſt courageouſly broke his head.

After this heroic action, he told me, who ſtood quite ſtupified between ſurprize and pain, that I muſt turn out of doors; but, obſerving that I was fainting, he brought up a bottle of wine, and kindly drank both our healths. He would fain have prevailed on us to pledge him; but we were not in a temper to return civility. Upon which he took my hand, and very generouſly made a preſent of me to the gentleman, who could not in honour refuſe to take me, eſpecially as his own liberty was not to be procured on any other terms. Mr Pilkington kindly diſmiſſed our guards, and aſſured us, as ſoon as ever he had obtained a divorce, he would with great pleaſure join us together in holy matrimony. At the door the gentleman's ſword was delivered to him. Mr Pilkington offered to kiſs me at parting, which mean piece of diſſimulation, ſo much in the ſtyle of Jack Ketch, gave me the utmoſt comtempt for the villain.

It was by this time two o'clock in the morning, and we knew not where to steer our course. However, the gentleman's servant always sat up for him, and therefore he judged it more adviseable to go to his own lodging than to search for any other, and truly I little cared where I went.

And here, I sincerely assure my reader, that neither of us even entertained a thought of anything like love, but sat like statues till day-break; when, recollecting that I had nothing to change me with, I wrote a letter to Mr Pilkington to desire he would send me my wearing apparel or at least some clean linen.

He complied with my request, and wrote me a long letter, wherein he seemingly expressed an infinite concern for my loss, but, as I had most strenuously recommended our children to his care, he gave it then under his hand that he was perfectly convinced they were his own, and that I might depend on his tenderness to them; but at the same time, as he was determined to be legally divorced, he expected I would not give him any opposition in it.

Before I received this letter, I had taken a lodging in Abbey Street up two pair of stairs, where my clothes were brought to me, together with it; but not a single shilling to assist me; my watch, my books, and even what few jewels I possessed before marriage, were detained from me, which threw me quite dependant on the courtesy of the person I was accused with.

But Mr Pilkington was so highly provoked at our not cohabiting together, as he wished, that he forced the gentleman to fly, who having notice that there was an action taken out against him, made the best of his way to London, leaving a letter with five guineas enclosed in it for me, in the hands of a dissenting minister, who very faithfully discharged his trust.

Curiosity made me go to the gentleman's lodging to inquire of his landlady what she knew relating to him; the gentlewoman was very obliging, but could give me no satisfaction or light into the affair. However, she

made me drink tea with her, and we sat together till near nine o'clock at night.

At my return to my own lodging, the maid told me my room was let; I said that was odd, as it was taken by the week and one not then expired, to let it without giving me warning to provide myself, which, at that hour, in a winter's night, it was impossible for me to do.

The maid, to whose care this house was entrusted, for I know not who was landlord, told me I might if I pleased lie in the first floor, as the family were not come to town and there were only their servants in the house, whom she could dispose of into worse beds; but, to my great surprize, I found the lock had been taken off the bed-chamber door, which I well remembered had been on it in the morning, as I had some difficulty to open it to take out some china.

I asked her the meaning of it. She insisted positively that there never had been a lock on it, which knowing to be a falsehood, I began to be apprehensive some foul play was intended; nor was I mistaken.

I then asked her for a young woman who she had told me was a servant out of place, that lodged in the back parlour; she said she was abed in the garret, and that my trunk was there also: this gave me a sufficient excuse, as there was no lock on the trunk, to go up to her; and, as she had been a lady's woman and very well knew who I was, I told her all my apprehensions, and she readily consented to quit her own bed and come to mine.

We brought down the trunk between us, and placed it against the chamber-door. As the maid was busied with her new guests, she took it for granted I was alone, and therefore resolved to provide me with a male bed-fellow, as a proper consolation for a person in my unhappy situation.

About seven o'clock in the morning, not then clear day, she very furiously pushed open the chamber-door, and told me one Mr B——k, desired to breakfast with me, who was a Member of Parliament and a man of fortune, and the person who had taken the house. I told her I never wished to see any human creature, and should

be glad I could hide myself even from myself; but she, supposing me to be alone, directly introduced a man, full six feet high and of the most disagreeable aspect I ever beheld. Perhaps it was my terror that painted him so to my imagination.

I started up and threw my gown about me, but I was not quite so quick in putting on my clothes as the gentleman was in taking his off, resolving, without the least ceremony, to come to bed to me. I pulled my companion, who asked him what he meant. 'Why, who the D——l are you, you old B—ch', said he; 'this lady (meaning me) is publicly known through all the coffee-houses in Dublin.' Had the gentleman been studying how to disappoint his own intentions, he could not more effectually have done it, as he brought all the horror of my condition full upon my mind. And as I had no protector, no friend, no guardian, I burst into tears, and told him, if he was a gentleman, he would not insult misery. 'Do I occasion tears, Madam?' 'You do, Sir, and therefore I desire you will depart.' 'Well, Madam', said he, 'I beg pardon. I had a full history of you from the maid of the house, who said she believed a companion would not be disagreeable to you, especially as she was apprehensive you had no money.' 'Sir', said I, 'she is mistaken: I have at least enough to discharge my lodging, which I will immediately do; and once more I desire you to withdraw'—which accordingly he did.

I then prevailed on the young woman who was with me to take a lodging for me, and in about half-an-hour I went to it. But

> *Now came the general slander charge*
> *Which some invent, the rest enlarge.*

So from my heart, I wrote the following lines:

Sorrow

While sunk in deepest solitude and woe,
My streaming eyes with ceaseless sorrow flow;
While anguish wears the sleepless night away,
And fresher grief awaits returning day;

Encompassed round with ruin, want, and shame,
Undone in fortune, blasted in my fame;
Lost to the soft endearing ties of life,
And tender names of daughter, mother, wife—
Can no recess from calumny be found?
And yet can fate inflict a deeper wound!

As one who in a dreadful tempest tossed,
If thrown by chance upon some desert coast,
Calmly a while surveys the fatal shore,
And hopes that fortune can inflict no more;
Till some fell serpent make the wretch his prey,
Who 'scaped in vain the dangers of the sea;
So I, who hardly 'scaped domestic rage,
Born with eternal sorrows to engage,
Now feel the pois'nous force of sland'rous tongues,
Who daily wound me with envenomed wrongs.

Shed then a ray divine, all gracious Heaven,
Pardon the soul that sues to be forgiven,
Though cruel humankind relentless prove
And least resemble thee in acts of love;
Though friends who should administer relief
Add pain to woe and misery to grief,
And oft! too oft with hypocritic air
Condemn those faults in which they deeply share.
Yet thou who dost our various frailties know,
And see'st each spring from whence our actions flow,
Shalt, while for mercy to thy throne I fly,
Regard the lifted hand and streaming eye.

Thou didst the jarring elements compose
Whence this harmonious universe arose;
O speak the tempest of the soul to peace,
Bid the tumultuous war of passion cease;
Receive me to thy kind paternal care,
And guard me from the horrors of despair.
And since no more I boast a mother's name,
Nor in my children can a portion claim,
The helpless babes to thy protection take,
Nor punish for their hapless mother's sake:

Thus the poor bird, when frighted from her nest
With agonizing love and grief distressed,
Still fondly hovers o'er the much-loved place,
Though strengthless to protect her tender race;
In piercing notes she movingly complains,
And tells the unattending woods her pains.

And thou once my soul's fondeſt deareſt part
Who schemed my ruin with such cruel art,
From human laws no longer seek to find
A power to loose that knot which God has joined,[1]
The props of life are rudely pulled away,
And the frail building falling to decay;
My death shall give thee thy desired release,
And lay me down in everlaſting peace.

I believe Mr Pilkington would say with old Sir Paul Plyant, when he finds a love-letter from a gentleman to his wife, signed 'Your dying Ned Careless'. 'Ads bud, I wish it were true!' But

My kind companions never fear,
For, though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They'll certainly prove true at laſt.—Swift.

But I had a fellow-lodger, one Mr Donnellan, an ensign, who it seems knew me so well that he thought proper to bring the late Earl of Rosse, of facetious memory, and several other persons of diſtinction, to break open my lodging. On hearing them coming upſtairs, I ran into the dining-room, and locked myself in. When those worthy peers could not find me, they threatened to kick the landlady; and one of them, putting his mouth to the keyhole of the dining-room, cried: 'Do, my dear, open the door: by Heaven! it is nobody but I, Dubourg, the Fiddler.' I made no reply; so, being disappointed, they were forced to decamp, cursing and vowing revenge againſt the woman of the house.

This accident so terribly alarmed me that I resolved to quit this lodging the next day; but Mr Donnellan was determined not to permit me to depart in peace; for, being a military man, he ſtood sentinel at the door of my chamber all night, frequently entreating me to let him in; but truly had I been amorously inclined, the sight of the various medicines in his apartment would

Have damped all passion sympathetic.

[1] My husband was then suing for a divorce.

For, as I had a back-room when this gentleman was abroad, I frequently, for variety, went into his, which looked into the ſtreet.

However, at laſt he went to bed; and early next morning he told the landlady that I had kept him awake all night, and that I was a moſt notorious common ſtrumpet.

'Arah, by my shoul (said the old dame) you would make her one, if you could. What business had you, and all those lords, with her? One of them bid the Devil to break my own neck; but I hope he will be hanged firſt.'

While my landlady, to whom I had never told my name, related this to me, I heard somebody inquire for Mrs Pilkington; so I desired to know who it was, and up came a very well dressed matron-like female of about fifty: she expressed great concern for my misfortunes; said my dear father had saved her life, and that she was at present house-keeper to the Earl of Antrim, who was extremely troubled for his rudeness to me and hoped I would give him an opportunity of begging my pardon. I told her, as I did not know whom to blame, I wanted no apology; it was my wretched fate to be subject to the insolence of every fellow.

She then urged, what I own was a prevailing argument to one not worth a shilling, that my lord was very generous and would, she was sure, make me a handsome present, in recompence of the terror he had put me into. As I looked on my present circumſtances to be quite desperate, being near lying-in, and having nothing to aſſiſt me, I agreed to see him anywhere, except at my own lodging. Upon which the artful old crone told me of a house in the neighbourhood, a very reputable one according to her account, where my Lord would meet me in the evening.

Accordingly I went; but let any one judge of my surprize when, inſtead of the Earl, I met a gentleman whom I had never seen before: so I, inſtantly departing, left him to his contemplations. And in process of time it came to light that the venerable house-keeper of the Earl was neither better nor worse than the celebrated

mother Brown: and indeed I received many visits from ladies of her sublime calling.

And what most surprised me was, that they were generally employed by sober married men, and such as to my own knowledge lived very well with their wives; but these ladies assured me their husbands hated them, and would rather have any other woman. So I found I was not alone in my misfortune. And if every married man who has ever attacked me does not subscribe to my *Memoirs*, I will without the least ceremony, insert their names, be their rank ever so high or their profession ever so holy.

I'll dash the proud gamester from his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star.

And the more formal villains, who, in the robes of sanctity, commit worse frauds than highwaymen, surely ought not to remain unexposed.

For me, while Heaven affords me vital breath,
Let them behold me, as their scourge, till death;
Them, through their serpent mazes, I'll pursue,
And bring each latent vice to public view:
And, what their cunning studies to conceal,
Shall be my constant pleasure to reveal;
Till warned mankind shall from their mischiefs fly,
And hate them more, if possible, than I.

Ay, my little good Lord Cardinal!
I'll scare you worse than did the midnight bell,
When the brown wench lay kissing in your Arms.[1]

I once was acquainted with a prelate who had certain stated prices for all his sins; as thus:

	£	s.	d.	
For Adultery	1	7	0	
For Simple Fornication		10	6	
For Venial Transgressions	0	5	0	each

And

Yet he was a Bishop, and he wore a mitre

[1] Mem. My Maid on the Crpet.

Which all in good time, may be

Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre

How nearly this Bishop my Bishop resembles!
But his has the odds who believes and who trembles.

What I thought most cruel in him was that he never gave a farthing to the poor women themselves. But to make up matters with Heaven, he took up ten bastards every year; fed, clothed, and apprenticed them, hoping, no doubt, as his dealings were pretty promiscuous, some one of them might belong to him. So

How could his charity be better shewn,
Or whom should he provide for but his own?

As I do not choose to be guilty of *Scandalum magnatum*, if nobody can guess who I mean, I will fairly acknowledge myself to be as arrant a dunce as any bishop or parson in the world, and really that is speaking largely

Considering what dulness reigns
Amongst our prelates, priests and deans.

And as Milton observes on the Devil's breaking into Paradise:

So since into God's fold
Climb thieves, and ruffians, and lewd hireling slaves,
Turning the sanctuary of th' Almighty
Into a den.

And it were to be wished that our Blessed Saviour would once more come and drive those money-changers out of the Temple.

I was again once more obliged to change my lodging, and knew not how to provide for the approaching calamity: I wrote to Mr Pilkington, who generously sent me sixpence by my eldest son, to put me above the temptations to which want exposes our helpless sex; for so he expressed himself in a long epistle he wrote with it.

But when things are at the worst they generally mend; for who should arrive from London but Mr Worsdale. He no sooner heard of my misfortune than he came to

visit me, and, as he had a ſtrange ambition to be thought a poet, he assured me, if I would devote my genius to his service, he would liberally reward me; to which I gladly consented as an easy and honourable method of getting a subsiſtence.

I really would not be so ungenerous to ſtrip this Jack-Daw of his borrowed plumes but that his usage of me in London was so inhuman that it merits a worse punishment from me than merely exposing his vanity, and the world may conclude

That of all the fine things which he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark.

Though Mr Pilkington and Harry Cary were his two subalterns, or under-ſtrappers, in poetical ſtock-jobbing. As Mr Worsdale was a musical man, my firſt task was to write a song for him, which I performed in the following manner:

Stella, darling of the muses,
Fairer than the blooming spring,
Sweeteſt theme the poet chooses,
When of thee he ſtrives to sing.

While my soul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind,
All the beauties, all the graces
Of the sex in thee I find.

Love, and joy, and admiration
In my breaſt alternate rise;
Words no more can paint my passion
Than the pencil could thine eyes.

Lavish nature thee adorning,
O'er thy lips and cheeks hath spread,
Colours that might shame the morning,
Smiling with celeſtial red.

Would the Gods, in bleſt condition,
Our requeſts indulgent view,
Sure each mortal's firſt petition
Would be to resemble you.

Mr Worsdale shewed this ballad to Mr Pilkington, who thought proper to alter the last verse, giving it this prophane and nonsensical turn:

Could the Gods, in blest condition,
Aught on earth with envy view,
Lovely Stella, their ambition
Would be to resemble you.

As for the Gods envying mortals and wishing to be like them, it has neither sense, English, nor even novelty to recommend it; nor is it agreeable to the dictates of reason or religion; for even a heathen author stands condemned for setting Cato in a light superior to the Gods; but a Christian divine may say anything: and so much for an old song.

I thought my circumstances might have secured me from any farther attacks from the male world; but it seems I was to have no more rest than the Patriarch's dove had; for I had a furious onset from

A tinsel babbler blunderbuss of law.—Newburg's *Hiena.*

One C—n, a person not otherwise known than by his being acquainted with all the tricks and roguery of the courts, who, because I treated him with the contempt he deserved, railed at me wherever he went, insomuch that I was obliged to compliment him with the following lines.

To Counsellor C———n

Why C——n with cruel aim
Seek you to hurt a wounded fame?
Or how have I provoked your rage,
To bring me thus upon the stage?
'Tis true, indeed, I could not love you—
But why should that so greatly move you?
Are you not used to plead in vain,
And practised to endure disdain?
You tamely bear the scorn of men,
Why vexed at it from women then?
When you approached me in disguise,
And swore to fifty thousand lies;
And more your self to recommend,
Basely traduced your absent friend—

When you invoked each power, to prove
The truth and ardour of your love,
I looked through all the vile deceit,
Saw C——n, and knew the *Cheat*.
Thy wife, with hide of well tanned oak,
May sure to rove her spouse provoke;
And you from cuckoldom be safe,
Either from D—cy or from T—ffe.
And jealousy must be a jeſt
For her whom all mankind deteſt.
Take then some culinary fair,
Nor seek a star beyond your sphere.
How could you hope to meet success,
Unskilled in breeding or address?
Unblessed with eloquence to move
The melting soul to mutual love?
Your lodgings, gold, and wine three doz'n
I scorned, and eke to call you cousin;
And couldſt thou, dull impoſtor, think
To purchase me with gold or drink?
Yet ſtill, in principles, 'tis known
We judge of others by our own;
And I excuse the sordid thought
In thee, whose soul is to be bought.
Thy licensed tongue the law may murther
But, prithee, mangle me no further:
For though my colours are too faint
Such glaring crimes as thine to paint
Yet I sometimes, in black and white,
Can draw a knave's resemblance right.
Thy envy, then, and rage give over,
Thou worthless, mean, rejected lover!
Or in a print I swear to show you,
So like that all mankind shall know you.

This did not happen to silence the fellow, who now carried his impudence so far as to declare to all the lawyers at the Rose Club, that I made love to him; so, recollecting a ſtory his nephew, who was married to my ſiſter, had related to me of a vile use to which he adapted three large volumes of his uncle's philosophy, I wrote the following ballad, and pacqueted Mr T—ffe with it, at a time I knew several lawyers would be assembled at the tavern afore-mentioned; and threatened Mr T—ffe, if he did not read it out for the amusement of the company,

he should be my next subject for satire; but nobody so earnestly insisted on seeing the song as C——n himself. To oblige him and entertain the company, Mr T—ffe sung it to the tune of *Chevy Chase*.

Ye sons of science mourn with me,
In sad and doleful strains,
The loss which fair philosophy
And literature sustains.

Three volumes of enormous size
O, C——n had penned,
And lent them, for to make him wise,
To an ingenious friend;

Who on the puzzling pages pored
Three live-long summer-days;
But could not understand one word:
For so my author says.

He through the palpable obscure
Groped out his uncouth way,
Where neither truth nor reason pure
Had shed one friendly ray.

In Newton, Bacon, Locke, and Boyle,
He found celestial light;
Whose sacred beams o'er-paid his toil—
But here reigned deepest night.

In famed Laputa's floating isle,
As Gulliver has taught,
They swallow learning like a pill,
Without expense of thought.

This way he tried, but all in vain,
Those writings ne'er ascend;
They gravitation's laws maintain,
And to the centre tend.

Enraged to find all methods fail,
These works, he surely said,
May be adapted to the tail,
Though never to the head.

These Sybil leaves, oh spite and shame!
In pieces torn he takes,
And wiped a part not fit to name,
And plunged them in a jakes.

Wake C——n thy noble heart,
  Explore that hoary deep;
Nor suffer thine immortal part
  In silence there to sleep.

Or on the orifice all day
  Thy nether end expose,
By whose inspiring fumes you may
  New systems yet compose.

Henceforth be scorned great Maro's tomb,
  And eke the Delphic shrine;
For that famed privy-house whose womb
  Contains thy works divine.

I have been credibly informed that this song made C——n blush, which was more than anything had ever done before. However, he took a copy of it, which he promised to publish; but, finding he has not been as good as his word, I must even be at the expense of doing it myself.

But to return: Mr Worsdale came to me and told me he had been so unfortunate to disoblige a lady of distinction; for, not being apprized that she understood French and being asked in that language how he liked her, he said she was an indifferent picture of her sister. But he easily perceived, by an alternation in her countenance, that she too well understood him, and that he was out of hope of obtaining her pardon unless something pretty could be wrote upon the subject by way of apology; so I raised his spirits in about half-an-hour after, by sending him the following lines.

To Miss Pl—kett

A thousand different arts I tried,
  To vary Celia's face;
And at each alteration spied
  Some new resistless grace.

Now cheerful mirth with gay delight
  Shines in her eyes confessed;
Now sorrow clouds their beamy light,
  And heaves her snowy breast.

Each different turn of mirth or spleen
  Still gave the maid new charms;
Anger alone remained unseen,
  Which every nymph disarms.

Fair-one, can you forgive the art
  Which did your wrath provoke?
Alas! far distant from my heart
  Was that rash word I spoke.

And know, this passion only showed
  New graces to my sight,
Your cheeks with brighter beauties glowed,
  Your eyes flashed keener light.

Like Semele's my daring aim,
  Would on Jove's lightning gaze,
But sunk amidst the fatal flame,
  And perished in the blaze.

In the evening Mr Worsdale returned, and told me the lines had made up all matters; that the other young Lady said she wished he had affronted her, so he had made her such a pretty apology. 'I must beg of you now', said he, 'to improve that hint, and write me some lines for her sister.' I readily writ for him these.

To Miss Betty Pl—kett

Why, fair-one, should'st thou wish thy friend
Thy matchless sweetness to offend?
Alas! thy beauty need not use
This method to engage his muse,
Since naught could keep her mute so long
But fear thy loveliness to wrong.
When other nymphs my song require,
And bid me strike the sounding lyre
To gratify the vainest she,
I tell her she resembles thee.
But not a bard since Milton's days,
However elegant in praise,
Possessed that dignity of thought
To draw an angel as he ought.

These lines had the desired effect, and both the ladies were reconciled to the supposed author.

My next task, being a charitable one, I could by no means refuse; which was to write the following Prologue, for the benefit of a distressed person in jail.

A Prologue spoke at the Theatre in Smock-Alley

This land for learning and religion famed
In ancient times the Isle of Saints was named:
And Heav'n-born charity, prime grace, once more
Shall this blest title to its sons restore.
A fitter object pity ne'er could find
For this divinest virtue of the mind
Than honest industry, and worth distressed,
And suffering innocence by fraud oppressed,
By pale-eyed want and sallow sickness pined,
Within a prison's dismal gloom confined,
Where everlasting sighs and anguish reign,
And each sad moment seems an age of pain.
'Tis yours to raise him from the dreadful care,
To soften anguish and remove despair;
The great and pious in the task combine,
And glorious emulate the power divine;
Mercy her white celestial wings displays,
And to the throne of grace your zeal conveys;
Whence thick as dew from Heaven shall joys descend,
And endless blessings on your race attend.

Mr Worsdale now began to make some figure; and, though he kept me pretty fully employed, he drove an underhand trade with Mr Pilkington And as he was not willing that either of us should believe him incapable of writing, he used to shew Mr Pilkington's work to me and swear it was his own; and in return, he, with the same modest assurance, presented mine to him; but we were too well acquainted with each other's style to be deceived. At last Mr Pilkington, not satisfied with all the expense he put him to in London, made a demand on him for fifty pounds; but as Mr Pilkington had before made the best penny of me to him he possibly could, and Worsdale finding what I wrote passed every jot as well as his, he thought it most convenient if he did disburse any thing, to give it to me, as thinking I most wanted it; so I was now

full of poetical business, by which my poverty was relieved and my mind amused.

Mr Pilkington was so vexed at losing his chap that in revenge he endeavoured to insinuate that we conversed unlawfully together; but this met no credit, as I very seldom saw him, and never alone.

In the meantime he carried on a vigorous prosecution againſt me in the Spiritual Court, in which I gave him no opposition as he solemnly declared he would always allow me a maintenance to the utmoſt of his ability; and to live with him, I by no means desired.

For never could true reconcilement spring
Where wounds of deadly hate so deep were fixed.

But no sooner had he obtained a separation from me than he retracted every word he had said, not only refusing to give me any assiſtance but also abusing me in the moſt unchriſtian, false, and scandalous manner, and publicly triumphed in having over-reached me. Upon this I was advised to lodge an appeal againſt him, which made him quite mad. He abused his advocate proctor, and the judge himself, as all doing him injuſtice; and, though I knew none of them, insiſted on it they were confederates with me againſt him.

But this outrageous manner of proceeding rather injured himself than me: the delegates were appointed; and, as every body whom he consulted, assured him he would be caſt, his haughty spirit was willing to capitulate; but nobody would undertake to deliver his message to me, leaſt he should scandalize them for it; so at length with great entreaty he prevailed on Worsdale to make a proposal from him to me, of giving me a small annuity and thirty pounds in money, which, in regard to my children, I rather chose to accept of than ruin their father, as I certainly had it in my power to do.

Worsdale, who had really a good deal of humour, came to me one morning after my being a week without seeing him, and in a theatrical manner delivered the following speech:

'Before I speak the message of the priest first give me leave to glory in the title of his ambassador.'

I wondered what odd whim had now taken Worsdale, and begged he would deliver himself like a man of this world.

He then related the proposal afore-mentioned, on which I desired two days time to consider, and then acquiesced, and withdrew the appeal like an easy fool as I was.

Dearly have I since repented it, as no articles of the agreement were kept, although I thought they were as strongly assured to me, as the law could make them; in which there are so many loop-holes that even persons conversant with it may be deceived: how then should a female be sufficiently on her guard, against the professors of a kind of unintelligible jargon, whose skill is to puzzle the cause, or a science where

Endless tautologies and doubts perplex;
Too harsh a study for our softer sex!

Of the thirty pounds I never received but fifteen, and those Mr Worsdale assured me he advanced out of his own pocket, and never was paid, as I can prove under his own hand.

But Heaven knows, as I had everything to provide for a child and myself, and rent also to pay, this sum lasted not long, especially as I had no friend near me.—No, nor any honest person; for my landlady, of whom before I had conceived a good opinion, when she found I was in labour, insisted either on my paying double the rent I had engaged for or quitting her house, which, as it was then too late for me to do, I was necessitated to comply with her exorbitant demand, which made her very complaisant.

Before I had received even this small relief, I wrote to many ladies, to whom my father had been physician and who once seemed to be my friends; but to no purpose: their constant answer was that I deserved nothing; to which general rule, I never met with but two exceptions.

I wrote also to the Bishop of Cork, who after long deliberation picked out of his purse half-a-piece, which extraordinary bounty he by the force of imagination doubled; and also declared that I had sent to him for it a woman who had been whipped through the town; who, as she really was a gentlewoman of good character but of low fortune, had it not been for my persuasion to the contrary, would have sued his Lordship for defamation.

But as he was so kind to give my son who is his godson, five shillings in small change in London—which he told the youth was a crown piece, who, knowing there was such a coin as a five-shilling piece of gold, searched amongst the half-pence narrowly to find it, though without success—I think I must pardon him; especially as on my threatening to expose him since I came to Ireland, he, to bribe me to secrecy, sent me one pound, a remarkable and unaccountable charity from his Lordship to any person of whom he had not carnal knowledge.

And though in a letter of his he assures me he desires no public praise for what he has done, and makes as long and learned a disquisition between the law of our members and the law of our minds, as he once did between *graminivorous* and *carnivorous*—which (as I do not understand Latin) I may very possibly misspell, though their signification is, I believe, grass or flesh-devouring animals: of the later of which I believe his Lordship would make the best meal. The ancient priests were never permitted to burn flesh but as a sacrifice to the Almighty; but it is reported that one of them turning a stake, when it was a little too hot burned his finger, on which he licked it, and found it so savory that he devoured that part which was intended for the Gods; and as the laity beheld him in their opinion breaking the law in eating flesh, he assured them that he had an immediate revelation that it was lawful for him to eat the prime part of the flesh, and leave the garbage for the laity. Thus we may see how early priestcraft began; from the very first they were fleshmongers; and priests

of all religions are the same. Those who want to look farther into the deceits of priesthood may trace it up even to the Nile, from whence superstition and the crocodile first sprung, both alike destructive to mankind.

It is known to every learned divine that the priests engrossed the whole country of Egypt, as the eldest son of every priest was born a priest, and was therefore entitled to a tenth part of the land; upon which Joseph, who was not only an admirable man but an excellent politician, and had a Divine Revelation that the land should suffer famine ten years, ordered the priests to pay in all their subsidies to the King, whereby, in those ten years of dearth, the King purchased, at so low a rate as giving the people a little corn, all the lands in Egypt. These are remarks of the admirable Lord Shaftesbury, whose inimitable style and clear manner of reasoning carry conviction with them.

I never knew any clergyman who quoted him but to his prejudice, except Dr Turnbull. And yet I cannot see why morality, or the preaching of it, should in any wise be offensive to a Christian, since there is a certain beauty in holiness, which, though it were never to be hereafter rewarded, gives a sincere satisfaction and quietude of mind in this life——And therefore virtue does still

> *With scorn the mercenary world regard,*
> *Where sordid minds do good, and hope reward,*
> *Above the worthless trophies men can raise*
> *She seeks not honour, fame, or empty praise,*
> *But with herself, herself the Goddess pays.*

All I would infer from this rambling digression is

> *That authority, though it errs like other,*
> *Bears yet a kind of medicine in itself,*
> *To skin the sore on the top.*

And that subtilty and avarice have been almost inseparable from the priesthood ever since the world began.

But to return. Having at length passed the pain and peril of child-birth, by the care and humanity of

Dr Arbuckle, I was in great distress. It is true, Mr Pilkington kindly advised me to leave my child, which was a female one, upon the Parish; and as he would willingly have done the same, or worse, to those whose legitimacy he never queſtioned, I had the less reason to blame him; but such a piece of inhumanity I from soul abhorred, nor could any thing prevail on me to put it in practice.

Mr Worsdale went to Mallow, where at his requeſt I sent to him the following poems.

THE HAPPY PAIR: A BALLAD

At dewy dawn,
As o'er the lawn
Young Roger early ſtrayed,
He chanced to meet
With Jenny sweet,
The blooming country maid.

Her cheeks so red
With blushes spread
Shewed like the breaking day;
Her modeſt look
The shepherd took;
She ſtole his heart away.

With tender air
He wooed the fair,
And movingly addressed;
For love divine,
Can clowns refine,
And warm the coldeſt breaſt;

Her eyes he praised,
And fondly gazed
On her enchanting face,
Where innocence,
And health dispense,
Each winning rosy grace.

Young Jenny's breaſt
Love's power confessed,
And felt an equal fire;
Nor had she art,
To hide her smart,
Or check the soft desire.

Letitia Pilkington

Hymen unites
In blissful rites
The fair, the matchless two;
And wedlock ne'er
Could boaſt a pair
More lovely or more true.

Ye rich and great,
How seldom fate
Gives you so mild a doom,
Whose wandering flames,
And wanton dames,
A mutual plague become;

While coach-and-six
Your passion fix,
You buy your ſtate too dearly—
Ah, courtly folks,
You're but the jokes
Of those who love sincerely.

Mallow Waters

Written for Mr Worsdale, who was chosen Poet-Laureat to the Honourable Society of Ladies and Gentlemen ereƈted there

Not famed Pieria's hallowed spring,
Near which the sacred siſters sing,
Could more deserve the poet's lays,
His ſofteſt song, his choiceſt praise
Than Mallow's sweet inspiring stream,
The source of health, the muse's theme.
Thy draughts, Nepenthe-like, remove
All sorrows but the pains of love;
And on thy banks such nymphs appear
That none escape that passion here.
While art in vain attempts to show
Their features and celeſtial glow;
Thy smooth, expanded, liquid glass
Lively reflecƈts each beauteous face,
And shows them that transcendent bloom
Which from thy bounty they assume.

If all be true which poets dream,
There dwells a nymph in every stream:
Sweet Naiad that inhabit'ſt here,
In limpid brook, or fountain clear,

O teach me, in exalted verse,
The matchless charmers to rehearse,
And as you gently glide along,
To distant fields convey my song.

First sing our Queen, sublimely graced,
With breeding, elegance, and taste;
And Blaney, with each charm replete,
Which decks the worthy or the great
In Dunscomb's faultless form and mind
A thousand winning charms we find;
And graceful bond, whose easy air
Bespeaks the unaffected fair.

O Lysaught! such a form as thine
In Homer's deathless lays should shine;
Since he who Helen's beauties drew
Alone can give thy charms their due:
From thee I turn my dazzled sight,
And lo! where radiant Plunkett, bright
As noon-tide sun in summer skies,
Wounds with new light my aching eyes.

Ah Mallow! what avail thy shades
If tyrant love their peace invades?
Not all thy groves and wooded hills,
Thy cooling streams, or healing rills
Can guard us from his piercing rays,
Or give the burning anguish ease:
Thy waters quench each meaner fire,
But make this heaven-born flame mount higher.

In Jepson's blooming form we meet
The gay, the sprightly, and the sweet;
While Smith, with virgin beauty crowned,
Shall with her sisters be renowned
Through time, and leave a deathless name,
Fair as their virtuous mother's fame.
Not Philomel's melodious throat
Can equal Brusted's warbled note;
Soft Syren! whose enchanting strains
Fetter the prisoned soul in chains.
With rapture on the dance we gaze
When Purcell swims th' harmonious maze

How many charmers yet remain,
Well worthy the sublimest strain!

What hearts unnumbered shall be won
By Colthurſt, Harper, Knap, and Dun!
And thou, agreeable Codroy,
The nobleſt poet might'ſt employ.

What blooming beauties smile around!
Thick as the flow'rets paint the ground,
When warmer suns and genial rain
Raise them to deck the verdant plain;
Thick as the ſtars their beams display,
Which join to form the Milky Way.

Ah, fair ones! language is too faint
The graces ye possess to paint;
Happy, if my aspiring ſtrain
Your judging ears may entertain;
The verse, believe me, is well meant,
However short of the intent:
Smile, then, on my ambitious aim,
And give your poet endless fame.

A Song

Lying is an occupation,
Used by all who mean to rise;
Politicians owe their ſtation
But to well concerted lies.

These to lovers give aſſiſtance,
To ensnare the fair-one's heart;
And the virgin's beſt reſiſtance
Yields to this commanding art.

Study this superior science
Would you rise in Church or State;
Bid to truth a bold defiance;
'Tis the practice of the great.

In return, he sent me the following lines, which he assured me were his own.

VERSES to Mrs Pilkington, on seeing in a poem inscribed to her the Season she was at Mallow, these lines

If Sappho lends a gracious smile,
Be damned all critics of our isle;
The Royal Stamp is on those lays,
Which second Dacier deigns to praise:

Propitious then attend my call,
My muse, my goddess, and my all.

Mr. Worsdale to Mrs Pilkington

Thou azure fount, whose cryſtal ſtream
Was once a nobler poet's theme,
While, to inspire the tuneful ſtrain,
Sappho was called nor called in vain.
Ah! let the world forgive if here
I pay the tribute of a tear,
In friendly grief at Sappho's fate,
The wonder of thy banks so late.
So many virtues were thy share,
Thou moſt accomplished, ruined fair!
One error, sure, may be forgiven,
And pardon find from earth and heaven!
That sov'reign power who framed us all
Suffered the sons of light to fall;
And oft, to humble human pride,
From virtues lets the wiſeſt slide.
Ye fair, no more her fault proclaim!
For your own sakes conceal her shame:
Since, if a nymph so good could fail,
We well may think your sex are frail.

Who wrote these lines I know not; but, as I am certain the author need not blush to acknowledge them, I hope he will not only pardon my vanity in making them public but also subscribe to my writings.

I can only assure the world I believe Mr Worsdale never wrote a poetical line in his life; and therefore I am indebted to some humane and ingenuous person who, supposing me guilty, makes an almoſt divine apology for me.

But, as it was impossible for me to subsiſt merely on praise, I made one ſtrong effort to deliver myself out of calamity, which was to beg Mr Pilkington to send me some money, to bear my expenses to London, assuring him I was weary of Ireland; which indeed was true, for I am of the same opinion with the pleasant Lady Dorcheſter, that Dublin is a place of the leaſt sin and the moſt scandal of any city in the world.

Perhaps the reverse would have better pleased her, as the Lord Chief Juſtice says to Falſtaff:

Ld. Ch. Juſt.: *Your waiſt, Sir John, is very great, and your means very ſlender.*

Falſt: *Would it were otherwiſe, my Lord—that my means were greater and my waiſt ſlenderer.*

This text wants no comment.

But if my learned husband will oblige me with one, I ſhall be his very humble ſervant. He has threatened to give a true and impartial narrative of my proceedings to the public; and I wonder why he, who rides ſo faſt, has not got the whip-hand of me: I fear his appeal comes half an hour too late:

But courage, my ſpouſe, though it cannot be ſaid,
That one cloven tongue ever ſat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat, and I wiſh I could ſee't,
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhow cloven feet.

I am a ſad digreſſive writer—by which my readers may plainly perceive I am no Methodiſt.

Mr Pilkington agreed to my propoſal; and as he was fully determined never to give me any more, ſent me nine pounds, for which, as he ſaid, he ſold my diamond ring to Mrs Dubourg, and the chain of my watch, which coſt ſix guineas, to Mrs Warren for the promiſe of forty ſhillings; for which I ſuppoſe Mr Pilkington and ſhe have ſince accounted. A good-natured man will eaſily be ſatisfied with a lady that will return him a toy for a trinket.

Nothing that ever ſhe got vexed me ſo much as Mr Pilkington's giving her my father's ſnuff-box, which he borrowed from me, under pretence that taking a little ſnuff preſerved him from catching ſickneſs in places he was obliged to go to. He declared to me he had loſt it; but I afterwards ſaw it with her, as alſo ſeveral other things belonging to me.

But he is not the firſt man who has plundered his wife to oblige his ——. As this lady was, I may ſay, the

principal cause of a separation between the parson and me, I thought I had a right to demand a subscription from her; which, since my return to Ireland, I did in very civil terms. And I think myself in duty bound to give my learned readers a taste of her excellent style, in answer to me.

Whoosomdever you aree, I aboar yow and yowr Filthy Idyous; I submit my Cows to the Devil, and fear nout hiss Enemoys, whileoust I am undder his Preteckshon. As to the Parson yow metown, tis wile nowne what hee iss; he ruinged my Sun by his Ungraitfullnesse. It is not in your Power to defamatonous my Corector in your wild Memboirs. So I am, wythh harti Prawours for yowr speedi Deformation,

Yours ———

I really took great pains to find out the meaning of this elaborate epistle: what it is, future critics (who are better skilled in broken English) may decide. But I do assure the public it is genuine; which, if they doubt, I can produce it in the lady's own scrawl. This lady sent a captain of a ship to me, when she heard I was going for England, to hurry me out of the kingdom; which circumstance made me stay in it six months longer than I intended. And, having not yet done with her, I cannot forbear remarking that one L—ty, a painter, a rude fellow, a few nights after my separation from the parson took the liberty on not readily finding him in his own house, of breaking open his bed-chamber door, to which the maid pointed, where the lady and gentleman were administering Christian consolation to each other. Ill-bred as he was, when he found how matters were, he begged pardon for spoiling sport: 'But parson', said he, 'I did but follow your own example.' So he retired without drinking (though invited) a share of the punch, of which stood a large bowl before them; but gold can work miracles.

Make base, noble; old, young; cowards, valiant;
Ha! this, ye Gods, will lug your prieſts and servants from your sides!
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurſt;
Make the hoary leprosy adored!
This it is that makes the wappened widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April days again.

But I suppose this widow was willing to have a taſte before matrimony. And I am certain Mr Pilkington could not possibly have any other motive for liking this woman but merely that she was rich.

I ſtill continued scribbling for Mr Worsdale, to whom I sent to Mallow, the following poems on several occasions, as he demanded them.

A Song

Set to music by Mr Arne

To melancholy thoughts a prey,
With love and grief oppressed;
To peace a ſtranger all the day,
And all the night to reſt.

For thee, disdainful fair, I pine,
And wake the tender sigh;
By that obdurate heart of thine,
My balmy blessings fly.

O look to yon celeſtial sphere,
Where souls in rapture glow,
And dread to want that mercy there
Which you refused below.

A Song

Some for their forms I have desired,
And others for their wit admired;
Yet, fair one, I can truly vow
I never, never loved till now.
No language can describe the pain
Which in your absence I suſtain;
Or paint the rapturous delight,
Which swells my bosom at your sight.

So when the golden sun declines,
Sad Heliotrope her head declines,
But quickens with his vital ray,
And spreads her beauties to the day.

To a LADY who defended the Author's Character

While other females trifle life away
In dress and scandal, equipage and play,
Stella, with sense exalted and refined,
And each superior grace adorns her mind;
There friendship, honour, truth, and virtue live,
With all the charms that art or nature give.

O, how shall words my tenderness impart!
Or speak the dictates of a grateful heart!
To thee, fair patroness! who could'st descend
My character thus nobly to defend.
Who would not wish to have sustained a wrong,
To have their cause supported by thy tongue?
So disappointed malice drops its aim,
And what was meant to sink exalts my fame.

The Wishes: A Song

O love! by thy almighty power
Transform me to that new-blown flower
Which, framed for sweetness and delight,
Attracts my lov'd Almeria's sight.
Behold, in vernal beauty drest,
It decks the lovely virgin's breast,
Whence it superior grace assumes,
And with unrivalled beauty blooms.

Why am I not that gentle air
Which flutters, fans, and cools the fair?
Too happy zephyr! balmy gale!
That fragrance from her breath you steal:
See, while your pain you softly sigh,
And on her snowy bosom die,
Thy Goddess, Flora, jealous grows,
And with divine resentment glows.

Why am I not that bird whose note,
Sweet warbling in his liquid throat,
Bids every grove and vale rejoice.
His tender, soft, melodious voice,

Nightly with his enchanting strain,
Does, in the woods my love detain,
Till, list'ning, she forgets to fear
The dangers that may threaten there.

When Phoebus darts direct his beams,
Almeria seeks the cooling streams:
The river-god with pride receives
Almeria to his azure waves;
With murm'ring joy they round her move,
And take her for the Queen of Love.
Ye gods, were I that happy stream,
How should my fierce, my rapid flame—

Pardon, thou bright, thou matchless fair
The bold presumption of my prayer!
Gladly would I my being change,
Gladly from form to form I'ld range,
Might I, in any shape, delight,
Almeria's sense or please her sight;
Or might those variations prove
The truth of my unaltered love.

These, and fifty others of which I have no copy, did this gentleman get from me, almost for nothing.

In the meantime, having received an unexpected bounty from a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished honour, I wrote to him the following lines.

To the Honourable Mr * * * *

Admire not, if the grateful muse
With fond affection still pursues
Thee, pride and glory of a race,
Whom every muse and science grace!
They in thy generous bosom shine,
And lighten from thy eyes divine!

Thus raptured, I the strain essayed,
And begged Apollo's powerful aid.

The angry God in rage replied:
Go check thy insolence and pride:
Not that I blame thy happy choice,
But 'tis too lofty for thy voice;

Who pine like thee, with want oppressed,
Forsaken, comfortless, distressed:
In vain attempt sublimer lays,
The beauteous work of minds at ease.

'What though in early hours of life,
Ere yet a mother or a wife,
I tuned thy infant voice to sing,
And placed thee near my hallowed spring.
My fav'rite Swift thy numbers praised—
Could mortal worth be higher raised?
Yet I'll no more thy wants supply:
Since fortune leaves you, so will I.
Thy laurel chaplet now resign:
Let mournful yew and cypress twine
Around thy melancholy head,
'Till thou art numbered with the dead:
Nor dare to let thy female pen
Profane the first and best of men.
As well, when with meridian rays
I give the summer noon-tide blaze,
Might'st thou expect to add new light
To beams intolerably bright,
As hope to heighten * * * *'s fame,
Or add new lustre to his name.
Whate'er adorns the wise and good
By him is truly understood;
Nor lives he for himself alone—
But humankind his bounty own.'

Convinced, abashed, I dropped my suit,
Wonder and sorrow held me mute;
Yet, though I wake the string no more,
Silent thy virtues I adore.

O! let thy just superior sense
Forgive this last, this fond offence.
Led by despair, the hand of death
Must quickly stop this vital breath:
His fatal power alone can part
Thy image from my grateful heart.

At the gentleman's own request I omit his name; but, when I say he is the elder brother of the greatest man in this kingdom, he may, perhaps, be guessed at.

This worthy gentleman soon afterwards fell sick, on which I sent him the following:

Invocation to Health

Thou rosy goddess of the plains,
Where innocence, thy sister, reigns,
If goodness can deserve thy care,
To godlike * * * * 's couch repair:
Let him thy matchless charms enjoy—
What nymph to * * * * can be coy?
Nor should thy favours be denied
To him who spreads thy empire wide.
When want and all her gloomy train,
Pining disease and racking pain,
On poor afflicted mortals prey,
His bounty drives those ills away,
Swift as the shadows wing their flight
Before the purple dawning light.
Come young-eyed maid, serenely gay,
With healing looks and breath of May;
His virtues to our wishes give,
And guard that life by whom we live.

Mr Worsdale had the conscience to write to me to desire I would, by the return of the post, send him a hundred ballads of my own composition, as he had already begun to take in subscriptions for them; and on the receipt of them he would order a gentleman to pay me two guineas. I suppose he thought I could write as fast as the poet whom Horace describes standing on one leg while he wrote a thousand lines. And because I was unable to comply with this request, he sent me the following most strange epistle.

To Mrs Pilkington

D—n you! sink you! G—d fire you! I have beggared myself between your scoundrel husband and you, all to support a little dirty vanity. When I want anything from him, his d——ned spirits are sunk: nor has he given me anything worth a farthing for the monstrous sums he has drawn out of me. I could write before I ever saw either of your ugly faces, though not quite so

well——and d——n me if I ever write another line of verse. You underſtand me——I ſhall be in town, ſo as to meet the P——t. The eyes of all Europe are on me, and d——n me if you do not ſend me the ballads, but I will deſpiſe and defy you for ever.

Yours,
J. W.

P.S.—By G—d, I cannot ſtir out, for my landlady has beat me through the town with a hot ſhoulder of mutton which ſhe ſnatched from the fire, ſpit and all, only for catching me a little familiar with her daughter.

I concluded by this letter that the poor man's head was turned, and therefore thought it not worth anſwering, being now ſeriouſly determined to leave Ireland; for, though I led the life of a recluſe, I had every day ſome new ſtory invented of me. If I went out to take a little air, they ſaid I had great impudence to ſhew my face; and, if I ſtayed at home, I was then in keeping with ſome man who confined me; and, in ſhort, I could please nobody: which gave riſe to the following lines.

Expoſtulation

O God! ſince all thy ways are juſt,
Why does thy heavy hand
So ſore afflict the wretched duſt
Thou did'ſt to life command!

Thou ſpeak'ſt the word, the ſenſeleſs clay
Was quickened with thy breath,
Cheerleſs to view the beams of day
And ſeek the ſhades of death.

Through every ſcene of life diſtreſſed,
As daughter, mother, wife,
When wilt thou cloſe my eyes in reſt,
And take my weary life?

To thee paſt, preſent, and to come,
Are evermore the ſame;
Thou knew'ſt of all my woes the ſum,
Ere I my thoughts could frame.

'Twas thou gav'st passion to my soul,
And reason also gave—
Why didst thou not make reason rule,
And passion be its slave?

O pardon me, thou Power Divine,
That thus I dare presume
At thy correction to repine,
Or murmur at my doom.

Lord, give me penitence sincere
For every error past,
And though my trials are severe,
O give me peace at last.

These were the last strains I sung in Ireland; which, ill-used as I was in it, I could not quit without very great regret; and as the coach drove by Mr Pilkington's door, I thought my very heart would split with sorrow; for there indeed was all the treasure of my soul enclosed, namely my dear little ones. Many a sigh and tear they cost me; many a prayer did I offer up to the Almighty for their preservation; and, had he not been an infinitely more gracious Father to them than their earthly one proved, long, long ago had they been finally lost!

My eyes, even after I went on board the yacht, were evermore turned to the shore of Ireland, resting there as on their last period; till, finding myself observed and that some of the passengers—Colonel Dalway in particular—wanted to see my face, which I concealed, I pretended to be sea-sick, and desired the steward to show me a cabin.

He left me for a few minutes; and, returning, told me all the beds were engaged; but, however, there was a gentleman on board, who said he would sooner set up than a lady be unprovided for. I returned my compliments, without ever so much as inquiring to whom I was obliged.

The sickness I feigned proved presently true; for no sooner was the ship under sail but I grew violently sea-sick; when the steward once more entered the cabin

and told me the gentleman to whom it belonged desired a moment's chat with me. I begged him to make my apology, as indeed, what with sickness and sorrow, I was little in temper to receive any person.

However, the gentleman resolved not to be so easily dismissed; for, following the steward into my cabin, he told me he knew me to be Mrs Pilkington; that he could not sit up all night; and, therefore, he hoped I would not refuse him the liberty of sleeping in his own bed.

I answered I would not, provided he would be so kind as to leave me for a few moments; on which, weak as I was, I sprung out of bed, and, as I had not undressed myself, soon met him upon deck.

Who this same gentleman was may in due season be revealed: I can only assure my readers that I believe, had I accepted of the offers he made me, poverty would never have approached me, as he was a man of honour, or at least appeared to me as such. A man of fortune he certainly is; and I doubt not but he has enjoyed many a lovely lady without promising them any reward or offering them a settlement for life, as he really did me.

I dined with him at Parkgate; and I hope virtue will be rewarded; for, though I had but five guineas in the world to carry me up to London, I yet possessed chastity enough to refuse fifty for a night's lodging, and that too from a handsome well-bred man, whose name if I should insert, all the world would acknowledge I spoke but truth of him.

I shall scarcely ever forget his words to me, as they seemed almost prophetic. 'Well, Madam', said he, 'you do not know London: you will be undone there.' 'Why, Sir,' said I, 'I hope you do not imagine I will go into any bad course of life?' 'No, Madam', said he, 'but I think you will sit in your chamber, and starve'; which, upon my word, I have been pretty near doing; and, but that the Almighty raised me one worthy friend, good old Mr Cibber, to whose humanity I am, under God, indebted both for liberty and life, I had been quite lost.

I dare say nobody will imagine he served me from any carnal views, since

If truth in spite of manners must be told,
Why really seventy-six is something old.

So here I close the first volume; and, as it has been industriously and maliciously reported that I had in reality nothing to publish, I hope this will convince the world that Mrs Pilkington was never yet reduced to the meanness of falsehood or tricking. And if this volume meets with a favourable reception, I can assure my readers the next will be infinitely more entertaining.

END OF VOLUME I

Memoirs of Mrs Pilkington

Volume II

So, being entered on a new scene, I proceed: I got as far as Chester; but, as it was winter, the ſtage-coach set out but once a week, namely on Monday; and, as I did not land till Tuesday, I had near a week to ſtay at an inn, an expense my poor pocket could not well afford. But Providence sent me a timely relief; for as I was sitting with my landlady by her kitchen-fire, a gentleman came in who knew me: he was going to Ireland, and, the wind proving contrary, he was a fellow-prisoner, as I may call it, with me; and a very agreeable one he proved, for he never permitted me to pay a farthing. My landlady, who was really a gentlewoman, and he and I diverted away the time with ombre, reading, and prattling very tolerably; and, as the gentleman knew my misfortunes and had known all my family, he very generously, and not without many apologies, gave me three guineas—a very seasonable aſſiſtance. Thus we may see that

Each good the virtuous soul itself denies
The watchful care of Providence supplies.

By this I was enabled to travel. I learned with great pleasure that a Member of Parliament and two gentlemen of the law, had taken places in the coach, and hoped for an agreeable journey; but sadly disappointed I was, for certainly three such brutes I never saw: they affronted me every moment, because I was born in Ireland; and I believe they had not the colic, for they made themselves

very easy; but the worſt circumſtance of all was that they used to sit up drinking all night, and forced me to pay my club for the wine, though I never even saw it.

They were great Walpolians, and many a trick in the elections did they relate before me, taking it for granted I was a fool. At laſt, they very civilly demanded of me what business I had to London. So resolving to divert myself, I told them I was going there in hopes Sir Robert would marry me; this made them very merry: they laughed at my folly, and I at theirs. At length we picked up a Welsh parson, of whom I had the honour of making a conqueſt, which afforded us great entertainment for about fifty miles. I always permitted him to pay my club; but, like a true Levite, he began to offer a little more of his civility than I was willing to accept of; so, finding that would not do, he made me a present of a gingerbread-nut curiously wrapped up in white paper; and, after making me give him a promise to write to him, he left us.

As my fellow-travellers had observed his amorous behaviour, and saw him deliver his present, they earneſtly requeſted to know what it was; so, to oblige them, I showed it. When we came to St Alban's, we were met by a gentleman in a coach-and-six, whom they ſtyled the great Mr Middleton of Chirk Caſtle in Denbighshire, who was related to them all; so they went into his coach, and I got two female companions. However, we all baited at the same inn, at Barnet, and this prodigious man inſiſted on having the ladies for his gueſts; and, laying hold of my hand, he swore that little Hibernian nymph should dine with him; so upſtairs we all went, where he entertained us with an account of his ample eſtate, saying it was much larger than the Duke of Bedford's; but how unworthy he was to possess it, the sequel will shew.

My adventures with the Welsh parson made him laugh very heartily; and he inſiſted on my keeping my promise in writing to him, assuring me he would take

care the letter should go safe. So, by way of amusement, I scribbled as follows:

Sir,

Your gingerbread, unbroken,
Remains a true love-token.

I am assured, by your honourable countrymen, that you pass for a wit in Wales; it is therefore my sincere advice to you never to quit it, lest the rest of the world should be malicious enough to refuse you your due praise. As for the favour you offered to me, why you offered it like a priest, and I refused it like a fool; if you write to me, direct To the Right Honourable the Lady Walpole, in Downing-street, Westminster. I will endeavour to prevail on my spouse elect to send you a fiddle and a hogshead of good October, to entertain your parishioners every Sunday.

I am, sweet Sir Crape,
Yours.

Mr Middleton said he thought I could read men as well as Sir Robert. But now

Came the reckoning, when the feast was o'er,
The dreadful reck'ning—and we smiled no more!

For our grandee made us pay our club; 'tis true, indeed, he writ something to make me amends, which was this:

My Charmer,

If you'll leave a line for me at Brown John's Coffee House in Ormond Street, and give me a direction where to find you, shall find a friend in

J. Middleton.

But really I never did, so we parted, and I never saw him more. The sample he had given of the narrowness of his heart was sufficient to disgust me, and though I am not fond of making national reflections, yet I would

of all things never trust a Welshman, leſt, as Falſtaff says of the Welsh fairy, he should transform me into a piece of toaſted cheese.

At length I got to London, where, after having paid all demands, I had three guineas left, with which the next day I took a lodging in Berry Street, St James's.

I wrote to Ireland to no purpose it seemed; for I never got any answer: so in a very short time I was in great diſtress, and knew not what to do. Having heard Mr Edward Walpole was a very humane gentleman, I wrote to him, and he sent me a letter in return, wherein he promised to wait on me the next evening, and accordingly came—nay, and sate with me three hours, at the end of which time he told me he did not know how he could possibly be of any service to me. I told him I had some poems, which I intended to print by subscription, and, if he would do me the honour of promoting it, it was all the favour I desired. He answered if he undertook it he should certainly neglect it; but however he would give me some money; so he pulled out his purse, and took out five guineas. Would not any person have then thought themselves sure of them? but according to the old proverb: *Many a thing falls out between the lip and the cup.* The gentleman took a second thought, and put the guineas in his purse again, assuring me it was not convenient for him to part with them.

And, indeed, I believe he is a beaſt without a heart, for this is his conſtant answer to every person, as I have frequently observed, when those whom he chose for friends and companions wanted but the smalleſt assiſtance from him. So he

> *For poets open table kept,*
> *But ne'er considered where they slept;*
> *Himself as rich as fifty Jews,*
> *Was easy tho' they wanted shoes.*—Swift.

On this I arose, and told him, as I perceived it was not his inclination to do me any service, I would no longer take up his important time, and civilly dismissed him.

Mr Dodsley ventured to print *The Trial of Constancy*, by which I got above five guineas, and a very much greater happiness, the favour and friendship of the Poet Laureate. I was advised to enclose one of them to him, which I did in as genteel a letter as I knew how to write. The good gentleman came to visit me; and did me every act of friendship in his power; it is to his unwearied zeal in my behalf that I owe that I yet live to thank him; for,

Had I not been by him supplied,
I must a thousand times have died.

I must not here omit that when the Poem was published, I enclosed two of them to Mr Walpole, who wrote me a letter of thanks, and that was all: *Mem.:* he owes me two shillings.

As I wanted to make interest with the great, I took a lodging in St James's Street, exactly opposite to White's chocolate-house, where, happening to see Captain Meade go in, I wrote over to him, and he was so kind to give me an invitation to his house, which was within a small mile from Hampton Court, a delightful walk through Bushey Park leading to it. This saved me a great deal of expense, for as the Parliament was now broke up, London was quite empty, and Mr Cibber being gone to Tunbridge, I could not, till the return of the winter, hope to gain any subscribers, so I went into the country with great pleasure.

The Captain had a very sweet dwelling, a pretty wife, and four lovely children. We went to Church the following Sunday; Dr. Hales was minister of the parish, and it was customary with him, whenever he saw a stranger in his congregation, to pay them a visit; so, after evening prayer, we were honoured with his company. Captain Meade told him I was his sister parson and sister writer—a merry sort of introduction. The Doctor asked me what I wrote, and the Captain answered for me that I was going to publish a volume of Poems by subscription. I told the Doctor my writing might

amuse, but his made the world the wiser and the better, as I had had the pleasure of reading them. I turned the discourse to natural philosophy, on which the Doctor gave us an invitation to a course of experiments the next day: though nothing I then saw was new to me, yet his reflections on every object were, as by them he demonstrated the Divinity; and, wrapped in holy ecstasy, he soared above this little terrene spot, and, like a true High Priest, led his auditors up to the Holiest of Holies.

After this sacred banquet, with which my soul was so elevated that I could not avoid paying him my acknowledgments in I believe an enthusiastic strain, we walked into the garden, where we were entertained with some fine fruit, cream, wine, etc.—a rural collation.

The Doctor asked me if I had any printed proposals for my Poems, to which he promised not only to subscribe himself but also to use his interest for me. I told him I had, and that I would give him some when I came to prayers the next morning.

But I could not sleep all night, so at daybreak I arose, and walked into Bushey Park; I sat down by the side of a fine cascade, and listened to the tunefully falling waters so long that methought they became vocal and uttered articulate sounds; till, lulled by them, I fell insensibly asleep, when suddenly I imagined the water-nymph to whom this spring belonged arose before me with a lovely countenance and a transparent azure robe, and putting a paper into my hand, disappeared. I thought I read it; and as I presently awoke, I remembered all the lines; so, having a pencil and sheet of paper in my pocket, I wrote them down.

To the Reverend Dr Hales

Hail, holy sage! whose comprehensive mind,
Not to this narrow spot of earth confined,
Thro' num'rous worlds can Nature's laws explore,
Where none but Newton ever trod before;
And, guided by philosophy divine,
See thro' his works th' almighty maker shine:

Whether you trace him thro' yon rolling spheres,
Where, crowned with boundless glory, he appears;
Or in the Orient sun's resplendent rays,
His setting luſtre, or his noontide blaze,
New wonders ſtill thy curious search attend,
Begun on earth, in higheſt Heav'n to end.

O! while those God-like labours you pursue,
What thanks, from humankind, to thee are due!
Whose error, doubt, and darkness, you remove,
And charm down knowledge, from her throne above.
Nature to thee, her choiceſt secrets yields;
Unlocks her springs, and open all her fields,
Shews the rich treasure that her breaſt contains,
In azure fountains, or enamelled plains;
Each healing ſtream, each plant of virtuous use,
To thee their medicinal powers produce:
Pining disease and anguish wing their flight,
And rosy health renews us to delight.

When you, with art the animal diſſect,
And, with the microscopic aid, inſpect
Where, from the heart, unnumbered rivers glide,
And faithful back return their purple tide;
How fine the mechanism, by thee displayed!
How wonderful is every creature made!
Vessels, too small for sight the fluids ſtrain,
Concoct, digeſt, assimilate, suſtain:
In deep attention and surprize we gaze,
And to Life's Author, raptured, pour our praise.

What beauties doſt thou open to the sight,
Untwiſting all the golden threads of light!
Each parent colour, tracing to its source,
Diſtinct they live, obedient to thy force!
Naught from thy penetration is concealed,
And Light, Himself, shines to thy Soul revealed.

So when the sacred writings you display,
And on the mental eye shed purer day;
In radiant colours, truth arrayed we see,
Confess her charms, and guided up by thee!
Soaring sublime, on contemplation's wings,
The fountain seek, whence truth eternal springs.
Fain would I wake the consecrated lyre,
And sing the sentiments thou didſt inspire!
But find my ſtrength unequal to a theme,

Which asks a Milton's or a seraph's flame!
If, through weak words, one ray of reason shine,
Thine was the thought, the errors only mine.
Yet may these numbers to thy soul impart
The humble incense of a grateful heart.
Trifles, with God himself, acceptance find,
If offered with sincerity of mind;
Then, like the Deity, indulgence show,
Thou, most *like Him*, of all his Works below.

After this pleasing reverie, I returned home, and had sufficient time to transcribe the lines fair and dress myself ere the bell rung for morning prayer. As we were coming out of Church, I gave the poem and some proposals, made up in a packet, to the Doctor; who came in the evening to visit us, and brought another clergyman with him, who was the minister of Henley-upon-Thames: they both subscribed to me, and took a good many of the proposals, which they disposed of to persons of distinction.

So having got a little money, and Captain Meade being commanded on duty to the Tower for six months, we all came to London; where, finding my lodging empty, I once more returned to St James's.

My good friend, Mr Cibber was my first visitor: he had got about four guineas for me, and told me he was assured, by a gentleman of Ireland who frequented White's, that my husband was a poet, and that all I had to publish were only some trifles I had stolen from him, which had greatly injured me: 'But (said he) to set that right, you must take some subject that has never yet been touched upon, dress it poetically, and send the lines to White's.' This was really a hard task; but, as my credit was now at stake, I was obliged to exert myself, and the next day sent him the following lines.

To Mr Cibber

When you advised me, Sir, to choose
Some odd new subject for the muse,
From thought to thought unpleased I changed,
Through Nature, Art, and Science ranged,

PLATE IV

J. B. Vanloo Pinxt., 1740.] *[Edwd. Fisher fecit., 1758*

COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

Late Poet Laureat

[*face p. 178*

Yet ſtill could naught discover new,
Till, happily, I fixed on you.
Your Stoic turn, and cheerful mind
Have marked you out of all mankind,
The oddeſt theme my muse can find.

Like other men, you nothing do;
The world's one round of joy to you.
The wise, the weak, the sot, the sage
Your hours can equally engage:
Though sense and merit are your choice,
You can with gayeſt sops rejoice;
Can taſte them all, in season fit,
And match their follies on their wit.

Truth has in you so fixed her seat,
Not all your converse with the great
Has yet misled you to deceit.
Your breaſt so bare, so free from blame,
Why sure your heart and tongue's the same!

Moſt hearts the harder grow with years,
But yours yet lends th' afflicted tears;
Has merit pined in want and grief,
Your bounteous hand has brought relief.
To you, where frailty shades the soul,
One shining grace commends the whole.
Can no experience make you wiser,
Nor age convert you to a miser?

New, too, in other points I find you,
Where modern wits are thrown behind you
Some praise a patron and reveal him;
You paint so true, you can't conceal him:
Their gaudy praise undue but shames him,
While yours, by likeness, only names him.
Not wit but libels makes you grave,
At what you smile my sense would rave,
While jealous bards by dunces ſtung,
With verse provoked, avenged the wrong.
With an uncommon candour you
Such bards more humanly subdue:
Calm and composed, your conscious spirit
Can celebrate with praise their merit:
Thus yielding, conquer; for sure Nature
Muſt feel such praise ſting worse than satyr.

Still am I warmed to sing your oddness,
Your singularity in goodness!

When to the wealthy and the great,
Adorned with honours and estate,
My muse forlorn! has sent her prayer,
Shunned were the accents of despair,
'Till your excited pity sped her,
And with collected bounties fed her;
Cheered her sad thoughts, like genial spring,
And tuned once more her voice to sing.
Bear then her grateful notes, and be
Yourself her theme and harmony.
Could she, like yours, exalt her lays,
Polite artificer of praise!
From the sweet song you'ld jealous grow,
And guard the laurel on your brow.

If, which I know, these facts are true,
Confess, at least, the verse is new,
That publicly speaks well of you.

This met with a very favourable reception, and Mr Cibber showed it to all the noblemen at White's, as a means to engage them to subscribe to me, which, to oblige him, many of them did: and, to make it public, Mr Cibber inserted it in a pamphlet of his own called *The Egotist*, or *Colley upon Cibber*.

The next day a pleasant droll gentleman, who was so old that he had been page to King James when he was Duke of York, insisted on Mr Cibber's introducing him to me—which accordingly he did. This gentleman, who was Colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards, had by nature all that education gives to others; neither had his years in the least depressed the vivacity or gallantry of his spirits. He said a thousand witty things in half an hour, and at last, with as great gravity as his comic face would admit of, said that he wished I would take him into keeping. I answered I had really never seen any person with whom I was better entertained, and therefore, it he would make over all his real and personal estate to me, and dispose of his regiment, and give

me the money, I would keep him——out of it. He swore a good oath, he believed me, and liked me for my sincerity.—I could relate a number of pleasant stories of this old gentleman; but, as his wit generally bordered on indecency, and sometimes on prophaneness, they are not proper for a female pen.

He used to hire me to write love-letters to him, which, as a proof of his being a young man, he shewed at White's. Lord Weymouth was curious to see the writer, upon which he brought his Lordship, and Lord Augustus Fitz-Roy, since dead, to visit me. They bantered me on my taste in writing so many fine things to an old fellow, when so many young ones, themselves in particular would be proud of them—I assured their Lordships I would oblige them on the same terms I did the Colonel, who always paid me handsomely for my compliments.

This turned all their raillery on the Colonel, who with great good humour confessed the truth. 'Why Colonel', said Lord Fitz-Roy, 'you told us you supported this lady'.—'Ay', return'd he, 'but you know I am an old liar.'

The noblemen insisted on my telling them how much a piece the Colonel gave me for writing billets-doux to him. The Colonel answered that his money had been fatal to my family; for that he had lent my Uncle Colonel Meade twenty guineas one night at the Groom Porters, who died the next morning of an apoplectic fit, and so, said he, 'out of pure affection to my dear little one here, I am very cautious how I give her any; besides', added he very archly, 'I could not be convinced of the sincerity of her passion for me, if she made any demands on my pocket.'

Lord Weymouth asked me how I approved of his doctrine. I answered: The Colonel had so genteel and witty a manner of excusing his avarice that should he ever grow generous, we should lose a thousand pleasantries.

Each of the noblemen gave me a guinea, by way of

subscription to my Poems; they pressed hard on the Colonel for his contribution, which, for the reasons aforesaid, he absolutely refused.

This gave occasion to the following lines, which, lest the Colonel should not communicate, I enclosed to Lord Fitz-Roy.

To the Hon. Colonel Duncombe.

Since so oft to the great, of my favours you boaſt,
When, you know, you enjoyed but some kisses at moſt;
And those, as you say, never ought to be sold,
For love's too divine to be bartered for gold.
Since this is your maxim, I beg a receipt,
To know how without it a lover can eat.
For though the fine heroes, we read in romances,
Subsiſted whole weeks upon amorous fancies;
And yet were so ſtrong, if those writers say true,

That dragons and giants, some thousands, they slew;
Those chiefs were of origin surely divine,
And descended from Jove as direct as a line.
But in our corrupted, degenerate days,
We find neither heroes nor lovers like these:
Our men have scarce courage to speak to a lass,
Till they've had a full meal, and a chirrupping glass.
And so much in myself of the mortal I find,
That my body wants diet as well as my mind.

Now, pray, Sir, consider the case of your miſtress,
Who neither can kiss, nor write verses, in diſtress:
For Bacchus and Ceres we frequently prove
Are friends to the muses as well as to love.

Lord Auguſtus did not fail to shew the lines to all the noblemen at White's, who heartily bantered the Colonel on his generosity to his miſtress.

The next day as I was sprinkling some flower-pots which ſtood on very broad leads under the dining-room window, Colonel Duncombe, the Duke of Bolton, and the Earl of Winchilsea ſtood filling out wine and drinking to me: so I took up the pen and ink full in their view; and, as I was not acquainted with any of them except the Colonel, I sent over to him these lines:

Your rosy wine
Looks bright and fine;
But yet it does not cheer me:
The cause I guess
Is surely this—
The bottle is not near me.

You show that sight
To give delight,
If I may truly judge ye:
But would ye move
My wit or love,
I beg, Sir, I may pledge you.

Lord Winchilsea bid the Colonel send me all the wine in the House: 'Ah! (said the Colonel) that might injure her health; but I will send her one bottle of Burgundy to cheer her spirits.' Accordingly the waiter brought it; the noblemen all gathered to the window, so he filled me out a glass, which, making them a low reverence, I drank, and retired.

But the Colonel, resolving to have share, quickly followed his bottle; he came in a desperate ill-temper; cursed the King, Duke of Cumberland, the whole Ministry, and me into the bargain. I asked him if whether giving me a bottle of wine had grieved him so much. He said 'No'; but he had been fifty years in the army and was but Lieutenant-Colonel; and that the Duke of Cumberland had put a young fellow over his head. He pulled down his stocking, and showed me where he had been shot through the leg at the Siege of Lisle; then he opened his bosom, on which he had several honourable scars, and swore heartily that, were it not in a time of war, he would throw up his Commission. I could not but agree that his resentment had but too just a foundation; 'But, dear Sir, I had not hand in all this.' 'No (said he), but I did not know any person to whom I could speak my mind freely or who would bear my peevishness but you.' 'Well, Sir (said I), an you were as peevish as an emperor, I'll bear it all, since you please to bestow it on me. But I believe we had as

good drink our Burgundy, and we will new-model the Government according to our fancies.' He sat very pensive, he said his head ached, and rose in a surly sort of a manner, and went over to White's.

Whether anything he had met with there pleased him, I know not, but about nine at night, as I sat writing, I heard his voice on the stairs, crying: 'Poke after me, my Lord, poke after me.' So I bade my maid light the Colonel up: he brought with him His Grace of Marlborough, a lovely gentleman; he presented him to me, by his title, which was honoured by his wearing it. The Duke saluted me; but what shall I now say! I think my boasted constancy of mind quite forsook me; I trembled at his touch, and, though I knew not why, was more disordered at sight of him than ever I had been before in my life: The Colonel asked me what was the matter. I said I believed I had drank too much tea, which, joined to the unexpected honour he had now conferred on me, put me into a flutter.

His Grace laid hold of my hand, and kissed it, saying it was the sweetest thing in nature to put a Lady into a little hurry of spirits, 'and so (said he) Colonel, I shall meet you at White's, either to-night or to-morrow morning; for I have a mind to have a little chat with this lady alone.' The Colonel knew his duty too well to disobey a Marlborough: he left us wishing his Grace success.

Now, indeed, for the first time I was afraid of myself, but was infinitely more so when his Grace told me he had learned from the Colonel that I was in some distress, and, opening his pocket-book, presented me with a bank-note on Sir Francis Child for fifty pounds.

This was the ordeal, or fiery trial; youth, beauty, nobility of birth, and unsought generosity, attacking at once the most desolate person in the world. His Grace, I believe guessed at my apprehensions by the concern which was but too visible in my countenance, and generously assured me that he was above making any hard conditions, that I might look up with cheerfulness

and not rivet my eyes to the floor, but consider him as a sincere and disinterested friend.

This quite revived me, and gave me an unusual flow of spirits, which highly pleased my illustrious benefactor. He desired I would write something merry to the Colonel, who, at his departure charged me, not to wrong his bed.—So to please his Grace, and also to convince him I could write, I gave him, in about ten minutes, the following lines:

Strephon to-night his Chloe told,
He had the head-ache, and grew old;
Though well she knew her artful swain
But counterfeited age and pain,
To hide his cold declining passion,
His want of love and inclination;
For Chloe's face, so often seen,
Put her poor Strephon in the spleen;
Nor could her wit or neatness please him,
Or all her smiles or prattle raise him:
He left the pensive nymph alone,
His painful absence to bemoan.

Strephon beware, lest in return,
With a new flame your Chloe burn;
Consider I have Spencer seen,
And quickly lay aside your spleen,
Or, by the god of verse I vow
With antlers I'll adorn your brow;
No City Knight shall boast a pair
More large, more branching, or more fair:
Their horns are gilt, but yours shall be
As naked as a blasted tree.

So, Sir, no more of your deception,
For I am blest with quick perception;
Phoebus has given me piercing eyes,
To look through falsehood and disguise;
Then lay aside this little art,
I have, and I will keep, your heart.

His Grace was very well pleased with my gaiety, and undertook to deliver the letter himself; so we parted, each of us, I believed satisfied with ourselves, our own conduct.

I know at least I was; for upon calling my heart to account for the trouble it had given me, I found by the symptoms there was something very like love had seized it.

The Colonel came in the morning, and brought with him Mr Trevor, brother to the Duchess of Marlborough, whom he introduced to me, and then merrily asked me if I was going to reward his constant tender flame, with a great staring pair of horns. I told him he deserved them for his ill-temper; but, however, as he made me full amends by the honour of making me known to so great and good a man as he had recommended me to, I would take some time to consider of the matter.

Mr Trevor desired to know which of the Spencers it was I threatened the Colonel with. I told him I wrote any thing by way of amusement; but either of them would serve my turn.

The Colonel called me a Merry Madcap; Mr Trevor assured me he was at my service, and would hornify the Colonel whenever I pleased. I told him I was obliged to him for his kind offer, and I would certainly apply to him if I found myself in any distress; and in the mean time, I hoped, as an earnest of his future favour, he would be so kind as to subscribe to my Poems —which accordingly he did.

My readers may now imagine I was in a fair way of growing rich; but, indeed, it was otherwise, as I paid a guinea a week for my lodging, kept a servant, was under a necessity of being always dressed, and had besides so many distressed persons of my own country, who did me the honour to take a dinner with me, and, in return for my easiness, said everything of me which they thought could injure or expose me; that, being naturally liberal, and, till I heartily suffered for my folly, no very great economist, I rather ran out than saved.

And, as I have thrown some sort of reflection on the English, I must beg leave to be equally free with my own country-folks. Take notice, I except the nobility

and gentry of each kingdom, who, I really believe, in honour, valour, or generosity of spirit, are not to be matched in any part of the habitable globe.——Yet, partial as I may be to my native country, the English and Irish seem to have different characteristics: the lower part of the people of England are blunt and honest; the lower part of the people of Ireland, civil and deceitful: nor did I ever suffer in England, either in point of fortune or reputation, but either by the theft or the tongues of the Irish.

My landlady came up one morning very cheerful, and told me her daughter's husband, Dr Turnbull, who had not been to see her for two years on account of some difference they had, told her he would, as he was to preach at St James's Chapel next day (being one of the chaplains to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales), take up his lodging in her house that night. I congratulated her upon it; but, observing by her looks she was under some uneasiness, I asked her the cause of it; after some hesitation and a number of apologies, she told me she had no accommodation for him but by giving him her own bed, and begged I would, for a night, give her leave to sleep with me and my maid, to which I readily consented; but recollecting what a miserable bed she had, in a dark closet, very unfit for a gentleman to lie in, I told her I would with great pleasure leave my apartment for the Doctor, which was, as may be presumed by the price, a genteel one, and for a night take up my residence with her. She seemed overjoyed at the proposal, and, as I had some little trifle to buy, I went out, and did not return till about six in the evening; so not meeting any body in the way below stairs, I went up to my own apartment, where I found the Doctor reading, and the old gentlewoman fast asleep.

I begged pardon for my intrusion, and the old dame told him how much he was indebted to my complaisance in quitting my apartment to oblige him with it. I could have wished she had been silent in this particular; for,

as she had not apprized him of it before, he was too polite to suffer it, nor could any entreaties of mine prevail on him to accept my offer.

A short while after he went downſtairs, he sent his compliments up, and begg'd I would lend him a book to amuse himself till bed-time, ſo, being willing to cultivate the good opinion he ſeemed to have conceived of me, I sent him my own Poems in manuscript, which, pardon my vanity, did not fail to confirm it.

The next day, which was Sunday, as soon as afternoon service was over, he very kindly paid me a visit, and seemed to be well pleased with my prattle that it was midnight before either of us thought of repoſe: but I do assure my readers his mother-in-law kept us company.

He entertained me with an account of whatever he had met with curious in his travels: his remarks, on every subject, were delivered with modeſty and judgment, in a flowing and elegant ſtyle. He was so kind to promise me the favour of taking a dish of coffee with me in the morning, which produced a merry adventure.

The noblemen at White's, having heard that I was married to a clergyman, and seeing one walk to and fro in my dining-room, supposed it muſt be the very identical parson, and that he was come to make up matters with me; so none of them would venture over, leſt it should incur his displeasure againſt me; but Colonel Duncombe whose curiosity was up, resolved, at a diſtance to reconnoitre the ground, and bring them a faithful account of the enemy's situation, for so he ſtyled the parson.

There was a very grand milliner's shop next-door to my lodging, from whence I received a message that a lady, juſt come from Ireland, desired to speak with me; upon which I immediately went, full of hope to receive some account of my children: I there found the Colonel, who told me he was the lady; and, with his usual gaiety, added that if I queſtioned his sex, I need

but permit him to be my bedfellow for a week, and I should never know anything to the contrary.

I answered I really believed him, inasmuch as I had known a gentleman, young enough to be his grandson, who had lived with me in all the peaceable innocence of a man of threescore, like a civil careless husband as he was.

As the Colonel was acquainted with my history, he laughed heartily, and said: 'He must be some damned parson, for nobody but one belonging to the Church could have had half that continency. But, my dear little one (for that was the name he always called me) I have some news to tell you; I desire you may brush up your countenance, your fire, and yourself, because you are likely to have some very grand visitors to-morrow, no less than Mr Stanhope, the Earl of Winchilsea, and his brother Mr Finch.'

The Colonel then told me the reason of his sending for me in that manner was that he had observed a parson walking in my room; and asked who it was. I told him it was Dr Turnbull, no way related to me.

As this adventure with the clergyman afforded great matter of diversion at White's, I cannot help here relating another. I was in very great distress, and was advised to apply to the then Lord Archbishop of York, now, by the Grace of God, Lord Bishop of Canterbury; I say, by the Grace of God, because I believe he never was yet excelled by any of the primitive Bishops—a person, in whom the beauty of holiness fully appears. I went to his house, at Kensington Square, and, to my infinite surprise, had free access to his Grace, without even a question being asked. I presented him with the following lines.

This poem was written just at the beginning of the Rebellion, in which his Grace, like a true son of the Church militant, had nobly taken up arms in the defence of liberty, property, and the Protestant religion.

Having been obliged to the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, I thought it not improper to include two such great and eminent persons in one poem, which was as follows.

To his Grace, the Lord Archbishop of York

As God, who now does, as in times of old,
His high behests to righteous men unfold;
And from thick mists, purging the visual ray,
Beams on his chosen sons celestial day;
Late to the pious prelate, York, revealed
What, from the sons of Belial, lay concealed;
The many flown, with insolence and wine,
Unfit, such ears, to hear of things divine.

Behold, oh chosen messenger of grace!
Said God, the wickedness of human race:
Britain, behold, my once-loved fav'rite isle,
Lo, all impurities her face defile!
Why are there prayers, or public fasts proclaimed?
My power is mocked at, and my word blasphemed;
Think they, vile worms, with arts or glozing lies
To 'scape my vengeance, or deceive my eyes?
No; as to idol lusts their bodies bow,
So shall their limbs the foreign fields bestrew,
Nay, even the proud metropolis shall feel
The red-hot vengeance and the murd'rous steel.

Then, holy York, the Lord of Life bespoke:
Oh, gracious God! this dread decree revoke;
Wilt Thou, with Wisdom, Justice, Mercy crowned,
Alike the virtuous and the vile confound?
Twenty, perhaps, in Britain may'st Thou find,
Who keep Thy laws and write them on their mind,
All, sure, shall perish, by Thy mighty word,
But wilt Thou speak in wrath?—far be it from Thee, Lord,
To him Jehovah: By Myself I swear,
For twenty's sake, the kingdom will I spare.
Oh, be not angry, while I plead again,
Perhaps not twenty may be found, but ten;
Ten men, whom no temptation can subdue,
True to religion, to its altars true,
To him, Jehovah, as thy soul doth live,
Find me but one, and England I forgive.

View then, oh Lord! yon minister of state,
See him, in every action, good and great,
Stemming corruption, with an out-stretched hand;
Who but Himself the torrent can withstand?
See Him, like Nile, diffusing bounty round,
To bless a barren, an ungrateful ground

Through various channels pleasure to impart,
To raise the Fallen, to cheer the dying heart;
Too oft, alas! in the translucent wave,
Do crocodiles and wily serpents lave,
Studious to poison the delightful stream,
Which unpollute flows on—and mindful whence it came,
Conscious of thee, it's sacred hidden source,
To re-unite thy bounty bends it's force.

Wisely thou speak'st, the living Lord replied,
Nor be thou, righteous Advocate, denied;
Superior worth arrests the lifted rod,
So dear is virtue in the sight of God;
Nor will I vengeance on the guilty take,
But England spare, for York and Pelham's sake.

I told the servant, when I delivered them, it was not a petition: he said, if it were, his Grace never refused one; and shewed me into a handsome drawing-room. In a few minutes his Grace entered with a sweet and placid air; but looked so young that I never once imagined him to be the Archbishop, having joined the associate idea of wrinkles, avarice, and pride to that title—in which I found myself, happily for once, mistaken. As it was early in the morning, he said he was sure I had not breakfasted, and bid one of the servants bring some tea, and desired his cousin to come, and keep the lady company. As it were near half an hour before I saw her, his Grace asked me, who I was. I answered, which was truth, I was a gentleman's daughter, of the kingdom of Ireland; that I had, when I was very young, been married to a clergyman, that I had three children living. His Grace, taking it for granted that I was a widow, which mistake it was by no means my interest to clear up, demanded of me what I had to support us. I answered 'Nothing but Poetry'; he said that was a pity, because, let it be ever so excellent, genius was seldom rewarded or encouraged. I very gaily repeated the Dean's lines:

What hope of custom in the fair,
When not a soul demands the ware?
When you have nothing to produce
For private life or public use.—Swift's *Rhapsody*.

His Grace could not avoid smiling, as he plainly perceived by the cheerfulness and freedom of my behaviour, and by my only saying 'Sir' to him, that I was ignorant of his dignity. But the entrance of his relation, a well-bred lady of about fifty years of age, who, as his Grace is a bachelor, managed his domestic affairs, threw me into inconceivable confusion, as I then plainly perceived I had been very familiarly chatting with so great a man.

I made my apology in the best manner I could, and, as he was truly sensible that I neither intended nor meant disrespect to him, he easily pardoned me. But, as we drank tea, said he wished my mistake had but continued a little longer, that he might have had the pleasure of hearing me unawed and uncontrolled. I own I was quite abashed at so odd a circumstance, for while I imagined his Grace to be perhaps a Chaplain to the Lord Archbishop of York, I said anything without reserve; but, of a sudden, found my spirits fail, which brought Shakespeare's lines into my mind:

And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that sufferest more,
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers;
What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?
Oh ceremony! show me but thy worth;
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but Place, Degree, and Form,
Creating fear and awe in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing thee.

His Grace was so humane to make me a handsome present at my departure, and assured me he would always be a friend to me.

However, I did not make a second application to him till such time as the Royal Bounty is to be petitioned for, which is at Christmas, though it is not distributed till Easter. As I knew at that season of the year it was impossible for me to be at Kensington ere his Grace would be at Westminster, I waited at the door of the

robing-room till I was almoſt frozen, holding a petition enclosed in a letter in my hand: a gentleman who is door-keeper to the House of Lords taking compassion on me, told me I had better come into the lobby, an offer I readily accepted of, and sat down in a window: there were several noblemen, moſt of whom knew me by sight, walking in it, as the House was not yet met. The firſt prelate who entered was the Lord Bishop of Norwich, a venerable gentleman, whose graceful grey hairs the hand of time had silvered. As he passed by, I made him a courtesy, on which he ſtopped and, with great civility, asked me if that letter was for him: I answered it was for his Grace of York, on which he very kindly wished me success. His Grace next entered, and, with his wonted goodness, asked me where I had been. He added that it had been a great loss to me that he did not know where to find me; and, accepting of my letter, said he hoped I had there given him a proper direction; so, bowing as faſt as I courtesied, he went to take his seat at the right hand of that power he had so nobly supported, and, no doubt, will at the laſt great Day, having truly approved himself Chriſt's faithful soldier and champion, fighting under the sacred banners of the Captain of his Salvation; hear those comfortable words: Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.

As the Earl of Cheſterfield heard every word his Grace spoke to me, he made himself very merry at White's, telling Mr Cibber and Colonel Duncombe that I was true to the gown and delivered a billet-doux to the handsomeſt, politeſt and braveſt prelate in Europe; that I had given him a direction where to find me, and highly applauded my choice.

But no virtue is above the reach of a little pleasant raillery, and, as some of the noblemen demanded an explanation of this affair, I, with my usual sincerity, told them the truth, on which they all agreed in praising his beneficence and affability and the handsome manner in which he beſtowed his bounties.

I hope—if these *Memoirs* should ever fall into his Grace's hands, who is an universal reader—he will pardon me for using his name, which I shall never do but with the utmoſt reſpect and gratitude.

As I had imagined his Grace to be Lord High Almoner, I addreſſed him as ſuch, and waited on him again at Weſtminſter: his Grace told me the Biſhop of Salisbury had been ſo kind to accept of my petition, and that I muſt wait on him the next morning at his houſe in the Temple. So accordingly I went, in full ſpirits, imagining on the recommedation of ſo excellent a perſon I ſhould both have a civil reception and alſo my deſire anſwered.

It ſnowed very hard, and I knocked ſeveral times, ere I could gain admiſſion: at length, an old porter ventured to turn the unoiled hinges a little, which grated very harſhly and ſeemed to partake of the ſpirit of their unhoſpitable maſter, who, according to my countryman's bull, opened the door to keep the people out, for this was fully verified here. He aſked me what I knocked ſo often for, and, being, I ſuppoſe doubtful that I might ſteal one of the oak-chairs in the hall, ſhut it again in my face: the inclemency of the air and the vexation of my mind made me give a thundering rap—the door was once more opened, and I aſſured the porter, if he would be ſo kind as to deliver that letter for me to his Lord, to whom I was recommended by his Grace of York, I would give him half-a-crown, which promiſe of a perquiſite ſoftened him into conſent, for, as Mr Gay obſerves, that

Reaſon with all is prevailing.

He took the letter into the parlour, when preſently, an old man with a moſt unprelatical countenance—for it was full of bubuckles and knobs and flames of fire—came out with my letter in his hand, and with an imperious voice demanded of me whether I wrote it. As the times were full of violence and blood, it being, as I obſerved, at the beginning of the late Rebellion, I

ſtood confounded and knew not what answer to make, which he observing, asked me was my name Meade. To which, answering in the affirmative, he cried: 'Yaw are a foreigner, and we have beggars enow of our own.' 'No, my Lord', returned I, 'I was born in Ireland, which is not a foreign country, but equally a part of His Majeſty's dominions with Great Britain.' 'Why', said he, very politely, 'yow lie; but as you say yow are in diſtress, there's half-a-crown for yow.' I thanked his Lordship, and, turning to the porter, told him as I had given him some trouble, I hoped he would accept of that part of the Royal Bounty which had been promised to me. His Lordship was pleased to tell me I was a saucy, proud, impertinent person; which, having neither any farther hopes of fears about him, I little regarded.

All the way home, as cold as it was and as much vexed as I was at the old brute's behaviour, I could not avoid laughing at his odd figure, so much resembling that of the Spanish friar, where

His great belly swaggered in ſtate before him, and his little gouty legs came limping after, oh, he is a huge tun of divinity! and, were he any way given to holiness, I would swear by his face: my oath should be 'by this Fire'; but he is indeed, but for the fire in his face, the son of utter darkness —oh! he is a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire!

Then again I thought of Doctor Swift's lines:

G—d d——me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, z——ds, by their looks they never keep Lent.

I hope the reader will pardon me for inserting oaths, as I have so great an authority to quote for them.

As the Parliament did not sit during the holidays, I waited on his Grace of York, who immediately gave me audience. He asked me what success I had with the Lord Almoner; and, as I had sped marvellous ill-favouredly, I related every circumſtance, as near as I could remember them, of our conversation—one, in particular, which I before omitted, and was, that he said: 'Would the Lord Archbishop of York speak to yow,

woman?' His Grace smiled, and said: 'It was the first time he ever learned it was beneath the dignity of a Bishop to speak even to a beggar, as humility was their best ornament—Well, what more?' 'Not much, my Lord—only he demanded if I knew no other person besides your Grace to recommend me to him. And, as I really was convinced I had brought him my credentials from the highest, I did not use any other name.' By this time the lady before-mentioned came to breakfast, and I was obliged to relate the story to her: they both laughed——and his Grace assured me the Bishop of Salisbury was a very honest man.——I told him: 'I did not suspect him to be a pickpocket; but that I looked on that to be but a very moderate praise, where every other social, and Christian virtue was required.' He said I made nice distinctions; but he himself would take care of the affair, and so he put a couple of guineas into my hand, on which, I said: 'God Almighty bless your Grace'; which again made him smile, and myself also, on reflection that, instead of imploring his blessing, I had given him mine. I returned to London, as I ought also from this long digression, to relate what passed between me and the noblemen whom Colonel Duncombe said would come and visit me.

When I expected three, but one came—a very old gouty gentleman, whose name I do not think proper to insert: the rest had intended me the same favour, but he insisted, it seems, on coming alone, which, after a little raillery, they permitted him to do, but protested, that if he stayed long, they would follow him——though our conversation was entirely about indifferent matters, during an hour he stayed with me, yet he and I was as heartily bantered, and I had as many examinations about his behaviour to me as if he had been a young, gay, gallant gentleman; the reason of which was that he used to reprove others for their intemperance or indecency. So they took it into their heads he was a sly sinner, and would have bribed me highly to tell a lie of him. I assured them, provided they would give

me leave to inform him of it, I would say what they pleased; for I was fully of opinion that, if a lie would do me grace, he would permit me to gild it with the happiest terms I had.

They told my story to the old gentleman, who kindly sent me over three guineas by the hand of my honoured benefactor, Mr Cibber.

I was at this time applied to by Mr Victor to write an ode on the Princess of Wales's birthday, which, as he kept a tea-warehouse in Pall Mall, near her Court, would, he said, at least gain him her Royal Highness's custom: so to oblige and serve him, as I had really done when he was in very low circumstances in Ireland some years before, I wrote as follows:

An Ode on the Birth day of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, intended for Music

Light of the world, with purest beams adorn
The front of Heaven, and gild the sacred morn!
  Come from thy chamber in the east,
  In richest gold and purple dressed,
Bright, as the Royal fair, who on this day was born.
  Say, in all thy glorious round,
  Hast thou so much beauty found?
  Though Nature spreads, for Thee, her charms,
Her fairest store of finished forms,
  The radiant gem, the flowery race,
Hast thou beheld such perfect grace
As great Augusta's looks display,
  Blooming as rosy spring, and fair as early day?

AIR

Glad zephyrs on your downy pinions bear
The joyful tiding through the balmy air
That Heaven, indulgent to Britannia's isle,
  Created for her loved, her god-like heir
  This matchless virgin, this illustrious fair,
In whom the virtues, and the graces smile.
  What joy, oh Royal youth, was thine
  When you beheld the nymph divine!
Like Venus, rising from the sea,
While round officious Cupids play;

Neptune confessed his breaſt, before,
So rich a treasure never bore;
He hushed the noisy winds to sleep,
And smoothed the surface of the deep.
Hymen, quick thy taper light—
Join whom love before had joined,
And in blissful bonds unite
Heart to heart, and mind to mind—
The nobleſt pair, that ever yet
In sweet connubial transports met!

AIR

As when the sun awakes the year
And bids the blooms their sweets disclose,
In vernal luſtre robed appear
The lilly and the new-blown rose:
So, from this pure, this hallowed flame,
Behold the numerous offspring rise
Of future bards, the blissful theme,
And rapture of a nation's eyes.

Let hymns of praise to Heaven ascend
For this propitious ſtore,
Oh, ſtill the Royal race defend,
And Britain asks no more!

What success this met I know not; but Mr Victor soon after applied to me for a Lilliputian ode on the birthday of His Royal Highness Prince George, which I gave him as follows:

Nature wake,
Muses speak,
Clothe the spring,
Touch the ſtring,
Cupid's sport,
Round the Court,
Like the Prince,
Charms dispense,
Whose early ray
Gives Britain promise of resplendent day.

The flowery prime
Delights a time,
The hopeful bloom
Sheds rich perfume,

Then fruits appear
To crown the year;
So, lovely boy
Thy spring employ,
That thy sweet youth
Be crowned with fruits of wisdom, virtue, truth.

Ye, to whose care
Britannia's heir
Is now consigned
To form his mind;
O to your truſt
Be firmly juſt;
Let flattery ne'er
Infect his ear,
So shall he be
Worthy to rule a people, brave and free.

Oft let him trace
His God-like race!
Their noble ſtory,
Inspiring Glory!
His parents' eyes
With glad surprize
Shall view a son
Worthy their throne,
And Albion bless
The Royal progeny's desired increase.

I know not what reward the gentleman got for these, but he gave me five shillings; and as since my return to Ireland he was twice so civil to write me word I was a fool, I muſt insiſt on it he was a much greater, to apply to a fool for wit.

And, if he disputes these facts, let him but finish the comedy of *Le Päisan Parvenu* in the same ſtyle I wrote the firſt act for him, and I will own myself to be the dunce he so feeely calls me.

I muſt here observe that the following poem, written when I firſt went to London, which he undertook to have printed for me, he very modeſtly assured every person was of his own composition.

A View of the present State of Men and Things
A Satyric Dialogue between the Poet and his Friend
In the Year 1739

F. Writing a satire? *P.* If I should, what then?
F. 'Tis the most dang'rous province of the pen;
Example more discretion ought to teach—
Examples move beyond what prelates preach.
Be warned, my friend—Write satire?—Pray desist,
You see what fate attends the satirist.[1]
P. If honest satire these licentious times
Is looked on as the worst of human crimes,
If all are libellers who dare proclaim
The fraud of Courts or brand a guilty name:
The use, sworn friend to truth, with fear essays
To scourge the base or give the virtuous praise;
Though these the wholesome means, by Heaven assigned
To awe the vile or raise the worthy mind.
F. Yes, panegyric may be safely writ.
P. It may, if bards will prostitute their wit,
To varnish faults or gild a knave's deceit
Or prove a title makes a villain great:
But virtue placed, in its meridian light,
Hurts the weak eye and pains the courtier's sight;
Thus should the muse a patriot's worth proclaim
And crown her Stanhope with undying fame;
They take offence, and think you thus descant
To show mankind the qualities they want.
F. Trust me, their rashness merits no excuse;
That fall from satire into gross abuse;
Vice may be shamed by proper ridicule,
But where's the wit of calling dunce and fool?
P. Was it not truth? *F.* Admit it e'er so true,
Compassion was to human weakness due;
When crimes are wanting anger to provoke,
An aim at greatness seems an envious stroke;
Some, like Drawcansir, fall on friend and foe,
And no distinction in their fury know.
With decent care, scurrility avoid;
Secure in praise, your pen may be employed,
And every gen'rous pleasure full enjoyed.
P. Well, if encomiums approbation gain,
For once I'll try the panegyric strain.
Blest be the man whose independent mind
No ties but those of sacred honour bind;

[1] Mr. Whitehead.

Whose ample fortune every good supplies,
Sought by the juſt, the temperately wise;
Economy his freedom's beſt support,
Sets him above temptation from the Court;
No bribe he takes that freedom to control,
No pension to enslave his nobler soul;
He scorns to fill a stateman's servile train,
And looks on high-placed guilt with juſt disdain;
For him, the muse shall ſtrike the sounding ſtring,
And fame her ever-verdant laurels bring.

Unlike Favonius, who with every vice
Ruined a princely fortune in a thrice;
His indigence soon taught him to repair
To Court—for bankrupt peers find shelter there:
He bows to Walpole, whispers to his Grace,
Then humbly begs a pension or a place;
The pension's yours, my Lord—but mind, this note,
'Tis but a short direction: How to vote.
Hard terms! but luxury muſt be supplied—
He sells his virtue to support his pride!
F. Softly, my friend—you quit the task assigned,
Which to the praise of merit was confined:
Bold truths like these a punishment may bring,
Incense a Minister, perhaps a King.
P. As in a picture light is to be shown
But by the force and ſtrength of shade alone,
So virtue's radiant luſtre shines moſt clear
When vice, by contraſt, makes her charms appear;
Who sees a Burleigh in Eliza's vein,
With Britain's thunder, shake the realms of Spain,
And, truly zealous in his country's cause,
Proteſt her trade, her liberty, her laws;
Who, but muſt kindle into honeſt rage,
And curse the—— *F.* Hold—this partial wrath assuage:
Do you consider what a risk you run,
Or are you resolute to be undone?
At Courts you rail, at Courts you take offence,
Unmindful of the good derived from thence.
P. 'Tis true, from thence proceeds the Royal youth,
The god-like friend of liberty and truth;
The pureſt bounty of indulgent Heaven,
In Frederick's virtues is to Albion given;
Muse! at that name exalt thy tuneful voice,
And glory in thy elevated choice;
Patron of learning! cherisher of arts!
Fixed is thy empire in our grateful hearts;

Already we the blissful scene survey,
While hope, prophetic, paints thy future sway;
Honour the guardian of thy throne shall stand,
And plenty pour her treasures through the land;
Free, on the wings of winds, our ships shall roam,
And safely bring their far-sought riches home;
Wide o'er the world Britannia's fame shall spread,
And pale Iberia sink with guilty dread.
Who now——*F.* Nay pause—check your advent'rous strain.
P. Then guess the rest. *F.* I do, alas! too plain.
P. Jugurtha, for his crimes, arraigned at Rome,
The senate bribed and went triumphant home;
Yet on its pride cast back a scornful eye,
And wished some merchant would the nation buy.
F. Is the man mad, to ramble wildly thus!
What has Jugurtha, pray, to do with us?
P. Faith, nothing, but the story struck my mind,
Though it no application here can find;
For should seducing gold so far prevail
To set a nation's liberty to sale,
No trading purchaser can Britain fear—
Our merchants' poverty secures us here.
F. Why will you bring such scenes to public view?
Come, come, your scheme of praising worth pursue.
P. No power of verse can virtue's merit raise:
Who can add lustre to its noon-tide blaze?
See it from stair break forth with rays divine,
And round the learned head of Stanhope shine;
From Cobham's mind we hail its beauteous beams
And Carteret kindles with its hallowed flames;
While Walpole turns, astonished, from the sight,
And sickens at the pure ethereal light;
Or vainly hopes its absence to supply
By glittering star and string of azure dye—
Those ornaments which grace the good and brave
To sharper ridicule—expose the slave:
Statesmen, like meteors, vulgar earth-born things,
Raised by the strong, attractive force of kings;
Splendid the shine in fortune's summer sky,
Till, falling, all their short-lived glories die;
But worth, like the refulgent orb of day,
Shall unexhausted excellence display.
F. Relapsing still! *P.* When I conceal the name,
I, sure, a vicious character may blame.
F. No; malice may that character apply.
P. Then malice makes the libel, friend, not I.

But, see, to praise I tune the golden lyre,
Strains worthy Pitt celeſtial muse inspire!
In whom, with wonder and delight we find,
To blooming youth, experienced wisdom joined;
What forceful reason, manly eloquence
Adorned him in his country's dear defence
When, dauntless, midſt the murmurs of a crowd,
He owned the cause of liberty aloud;
Th' intrepid Angel[1] thus unshaken, ſtood
'Midſt faithless numbers eminently good.
F. What! yet again? *P.* Nay, under this reſtraint
The verse muſt languish, and description faint.
F. Believe me, friend, my care is kindly meant—
Prudence and caution, numerous ills prevent.
P. For once uninterrupted let me speak,
Nor thus each period with your cautions break:
Where did I ſtop? *F.* With Pitt. *P.* Then let the song
To Littleton, the muse's friend, belong;
Born in each polished science to excel,
As famed for speaking as for writing well.
Diſtinguished pair! with pureſt manners graced!
High in your Royal maſter's favour placed;
That bliss supreme doth bounteous fate prepare
For generous minds that make mankind their care.

Ye noble few, who, in a shameless age
Dare bring heroic virtue on the ſtage,
Behold, where Heaven-born fame conspicuous ſtands!
Unfading laurels fill her sacred hands!
Emblems of undecaying, fresh renown,
Prepared your ever-honoured heads to crown:
These wreaths be yours, from whence true greatness springs;
Oh, look on coronets as meaner things!

See, in the hoſtile field, for this reward
Fearless Argyle each danger disregard;
Argyle, by every worthy mind adored,
Whose oratory conquers like his sword,
His country's drooping genius born to raise,
And warm anew her cold declining days;
With him ye patriot sons, unite your force,
And ſtem corruption in its headlong course!
See, wide it spreads! and in its sable wave
What prelates bathe! what ſtars and garters lave?
There may they sink, since Lethe-like, its ſtream
Hath banished from their hearts the love of fame,

[1] Abdiel: see Milton.

While wrongs and insults shamefully are born :
Our fleet's a jeſt, our name a word of scorn.
F. What means this madness—will you ne'er give o'er ?
Those evils you complain of are no more :
Prudence and mercy, in well-governed States,
Prevent the ruin waſteful war creates ;
Those healing arts have vainly been applied,
Now different counsels in their turn preside ;
Arrayed in terror, see Britannia rise
And hurl vindictive thunder through the skies !
Bent to chaſtise the insolence of Spain,
And re-assume her Empire o'er the main :
View all things in a clear impartial light,
And reason shall confess these measures right ;
Cease then to censure that which merits praise,
And timely ſtop your keen satyric lays ;
Ere frowning power assumes the awful nod,
And shows the terror of its iron rod.
P. A good intention is the beſt defence—
True fortitude proceeds from innocence ;
Let Gallic slaves despotic power obey,
Juſtice and liberty in Albion sway :
Secure from danger, may the muse inspire
Her free-born sons with ancient Roman Fire ;
Such as of old in Cato's shone confessed,
And lives in Carteret and in Talbot's breaſt.
Oh, may the heavenly flame dispel our fears,
Re-kindle hope, and dry Britannia's tears !

And since from the great I have digressed to the vulgar, I cannot forget Doctor Owens, whom at the end of my Firſt Volume I promised to record, and scorn to deal in lies as he did. This pious divine, who was an intimate acquaintance of my father's, gave himself the trouble of coming to my landlord, Mr R—ly, an officer of mace in Michael's-lane, a little while after I was parted from my husband, together with his curate, Mr Robinson, and with great humanity insiſted on his turning me out of the house, otherwise they would prevent it. The landlord asked what I had done. They answered I was an excommunicated person—a lie; that I had run away from my husband, another lie; that since I had left him, I had seven baſtards, which was pretty quick, as we had been but seven months asunder

—another lie; but when a churchman is in for it, he will out-lie the Devil. At length these parsons descended so low as to threaten to inform that my landlord's wife was a *Roman*, which, I believe, was another lie; but, whether true or false, it was very unbecoming of their characters, either as gentlemen or Christians to say.

But I was to be insulted at any rate, for the clergy hang together: and if some did it would be no great loss.

For when a swinging sin is to be committed, there is nothing like a gown and a cassock to cover it.

But once more to return to Albion. I had laid out a couple of guineas on a little curious picture, which I bought to sell again, but was advised to present it to the Lord Almoner, who, they said, had a taste for painting: he generously accepted of my favour, but neither made me any return from his own bounty, nor His Majesty's; so I had no great reason to say he deserved the character of an honest man.

On the change of the Ministry, I wrote the following lines:

To the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, Esq.

Amidst contending parties strife for sway,
Eager to rule, reluctant to obey—
How just, how, noble must his conduct seem
Whom all unite to honour and esteem?
This blissful fate, this happiness divine,
Has Heaven reserved to crown a life like thine;
This the reward sublimer virtues claim,
Unenvied honours, and unspotted fame!
Integrity in fairest light confessed
Lives in the sacred centre of thy breast;
Oh, never, never from her laws depart!
So, reign, confessed, the friend of every heart.
Fixed on her solid base, thy worth shall stand,
And Britons bless thy delegated hand:
Ev'n restless faction shall ensure thy peace,
And only Heaven thy happiness increase.

I shewed these lines to Mr Cibber, who liked them so well that he undertook to deliver them for me.

The next morning, early, he waited on him, and then

called upon me, and, giving me five guineas, asked me whether I thought them a sufficient reward for my poetry. I told him, I really did: 'Well then', said he, 'Mr Pelham, distinguished thus: "There are five guineas for the lady's numbers, and five more for the good advice they contain; and tell her, I hope God will always give me grace to follow it."'

There was a Statesman! When comes such another?

Not seeing Mr Cibber for a fortnight after this instance of his friendship and humanity, I wrote to him the following lines:

To Mr Cibber

Since you became so great a stranger,
My muse and life have been in danger;
Consider, both on you depend
As their inspiring, faithful friend;
And, should your guardian care decrease,
Their animating fires must cease,
Since novelties alone delight you,
I've found a method to excite you—
A scheme, untried before to move you,
'Tis plainly to confess I love you;
Now, look not with surprize or coldness,
Nor call this declaration boldness;
For mine's a flame divinely pure,
For ever fitted to endure—
From every grosser thought refined,
A love for your accomplished mind.

Mr Cibber sent me word he was going to the masquerade; but would see me next day, which gave rise to the following lines:

To Colley Cibber, Esq.

Can now a masquerade delight you?
What are its charms that can invite you?
Have not your eyes to age surveyed
The medley world in masquerade?—
Where friendship's masque conceals the knave,
And cowards wear the masque of brave;

The masque of love we frail ones find
Worn when our ruin is designed ;
The patriot's masque conceals *Sedition*,
And soft humility's, *Ambition*.
Ev'n you, sometimes, the masque will wear,
And what you are not oft appear :
Rally your faults with wit and spirit,
And make your folly masque your merit :
Come undisguised then, come revealed
To me and Truth : let folly yield,
And leave the masque to fools concealed.

Mr Cibber received these lines with his usual partiality to me and my performances.

And here it may not be amiss to give a particular character of this gentleman, as no man has ever been more satirized or less deserved it.

And, I think I cannot do it in a better manner than I have used in describing Doctor Swift—that is, to give him to my readers in his words and actions, as near as I can recollect them during the time I had the honour of being known to him : and, if the petty scribblers should say that I never knew him any more than I did the Dean of St Patrick's—why they only take merit from me with one hand to give it to me with the other ; and must, at least, afford me the praise of inventing with probability, that I have not

Drawn bears in water, dolphins in the trees,

But am uniform in my characters, and

Paint Achilles as Achilles was.

As I have mentioned a poetical introduction to this gentleman's favour, I must give a particular account of his first visit. He ran upstairs with the vivacity of a youth of fifteen, and, making me a courtly bow, said he was sure I did not know him. I answered

Not to know him would argue myself unknown.

' And, prithee ', said he, ' why did not you come to my house the moment you came to London ?' ' Upon my

word, Sir, that would have been a modeſt proof of *Irish* assurance: how could I hope for a reception?' 'Pshaw', said he, 'merit is a sufficient recommendation to me.' I courtesied, and, as we both ſtood, 'Sit down', said he; 'be less ceremonious to be better bred; come, show me your writings.' I obeyed; and, upon his reading the poem called *Sorrow*, he burſt into tears, and was not ashamed to give the flowing virtue manly way. He desired a copy of it, which I gave him; and now his curiosity was raised to know who I was. I told him mine was a long, and mournful ſtory, unfit for a soul so humanized as his,

Where dwelt the pitying pang, the tender tear,
The sigh for suff'ring worth, the wish preferred
For human kind, the joy to see them bleſt,
And all the social offspring of the heart.

Mr Cibber assured me my fine compliment should not excuse me, for he was fully determined to have my hiſtory from my own lips; and desired I might come and breakfaſt with him next morning and begin.

Accordingly I waited on him, and wonderfully was he delighted with my account of Doctor Swift; he had the patience to liſten to me three hours without ever once interrupting me, a moſt uncommon inſtance of good breeding, especially from a person of his years, who usually dictate to the company and engross all the talk to themselves. For, as Doctor Young observes:

A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task, indeed, to learn to hear!
In that the skill of conversation lies,
'Tis that muſt prove you both polite and wise.

And I do assure my readers the gentleman neither yawned, scratched his head, beat tattoo with his foot, nor used any such ambiguous giving out, to note that he was weary.

So far from it, that though he was engaged to dine with the Duke of Grafton, he had forgot it till his servant came in to dress him. He ſtrictly charged me

to come to him the next morning, and set my spout a-going, for so he merrily called my mouth.

I obeyed his most kind command; and, by way of introduction, told him a story Doctor Swift related to me, which was as follows:

A gentleman met a friend in the street whom he had not seen for some years: he began to give him an account of what had befallen him since their separation from each other: a cart happened to intervene, upon which they took different streets. Seven years passed, and it so befel they met just in the same place, when, without the least ceremony, he proceeded in his story: 'and, as I was telling you', said he, etc.

I was going to proceed, when Mr Cibber interrupted me: 'I was', said he, 'at the Duke of Richmond's last summer when his daughter, a most accomplished young lady and a very early riser, sat reading in a beautiful portico, about six in the morning; I accosted the fair creature, and asked her the subject of her contemplation. So, in a most elegant and agreeable style, she related to me part of a very entertaining novel she held in her hand, and, I believe, in better words than the author wrote it. A summons to breakfast broke off her most agreeable narration. The next morning I saw the charmer in the same portico, who took up the story at the very word she had broke off, and concluded it.'

As Ireland is now graced with this illustrious fair one, in whom virtue, beauty, modesty, taste, and every excellence unite, I hope for her pardon for presuming to mention her.

And though, as she will soon see her noble father was a beneficent patron to me I hate flattery so much that I would not on that account pay her a compliment beyond what was due to her elevated station, did not her superior virtues command it.

Never yet were seen a more tender or a more lovely pair than the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, with their blooming progeny, like new-blown roses, smiling around

them; an instance wedlock may be happy, even among the great, when mutual love and honour join.

> *Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights*
> *His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;*
> *Reigns here, and revels!*

And it is with infinite pleasure I learn that Lord and Lady Kildare are as great an example of conjugal fidelity, piety, and generosity as their noble parents.

This digression, I am certain, will be excused.

I went on with my story to Mr Cibber, who at last in flowing spirits, cried: 'Z——ds! write it out, just as you relate it, and, I'll engage it will sell.'

Every poem, as I occasionally introduced them, he made me give him a copy of, and communicated them to the Earl of Chesterfield, who positively insisted on it that I must understand Greek and Latin, otherwise I never could write English so well. Mr. Cibber said he had not inquired, but that he would that moment: and accordingly came and told me what my Lord had said. I assured him I was ignorant of every language except my mother-tongue; but that if he would be so kind to present my respects to his Lordship, and let him know that Doctor Swift had taught me English, I was certain, he would allow I had an excellent tutor—to which his Lordship readily acquiesced.

But, alas! though my honours were very great, my profits were very small. The dismal return of summer, for so it was to me, robbed me of every friend; and, as I could not take up with mean company, I was as solitary in London as the pelican in the wilderness. I acquainted Dr Turnbull with my melancholy situation, and prevailed on him to write to Mr Pilkington, to remit to me what was due on the agreement between us. About ten days after, the postman brought a letter, marked from Dublin, to the Doctor; he happened to be at Kensington, so I paid for it, and, knowing he had no acquaintance in Ireland, I ventured to open it; it was

wrote in a text hand, the contents of it were as follow:

Sir,

In the absence of my client, Mr. Pilkington, I received your letter; and he would have you to know the woman you mention is not his wife, nor has he anything to say to the infamous wretch; she fled from Ireland, where she ought to have been executed, for killing her father, three of her bastards, and poisoning her husband. It does not become a clergyman to countenance a common prostitute; if she owes you any money, you may put her in jail; for I do assure you it will never be paid by Mr Pilkington;

I am, Sir, Your's,

J. Walsh.

Could one believe that anything less than infernal malice could have forged such an accusation against an innocent person? My very blood thrilled with horror, to think there could be such a monster of my species; I am sure he

Should never pray more, abandon all remorse,
On horrors head, horrors accumulate,
Do deeds to make Heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing can he to damnation add
Greater than this.

Though I was far from the least apprehension that the evil facts I was charged with, as to killing my family, would meet with any credit; yet Mr Pilkington's denying me to be his wife, and the declaration that I was not entitled to anything from him might hurt mine, I suppressed the letter for a day or two, till learning by accident that the Lord Bishop of Kilmore, now Lord Archbishop of Tuam (to whose family my father had the honour of being physician) and to whose humanity I am infinitely indebted (which, with the utmost respect and gratitude, I take this public opportunity of acknowledging) was in London; I took the liberty of addressing myself to him, as the daughter of a gentleman whom I was sensible his Lordship regarded. My application was not in vain,

for, though he that day set out for Ireland, he not only sent me a handsome present but gave it in so genteel, so polite a manner, with his compliments, that it added tenfold weight to his favour.

When my Lord's gentleman came to me, providence so ordered that Doctor Turnbull was drinking coffee with me; and upon this encouragement of a prelate's taking compassion on my lost estate, I ventured to communicate to him Mr Walsh's letter. The Doctor lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven and seemed as much shocked at the perfidiousness of the wretch as I had been; for, whoever wrote the letter, it was done by Mr Pilkington's direction; but no wonder when he had sworn I was dead, and was actually married to another, he tried every method to destroy me. And, to convince the world I do not wrong him, I here present them with a letter I received from Ireland, and communicated to the Primate, who knows it was not a forged but a genuine one.

Madam,

I beg pardon for giving you this trouble, though whether it can be any to you I know not, having been so often assured by him who ought to have the best cause of knowledge that you were long since dead; but, to my great surprize, I was informed by a gentleman of distinction lately come from London that he saw you, that you were very well, and lived in St James's Street.

The cause of my writing to you may seem odd, but this it is.

Mr Pilkington has, for some time past, paid his addresses to a young lady who is the daughter of my most intimate friend, to whom I have often heard him, with repeated oaths, not only confirm your death but also of his two younger children. The latter is already found to be a base falsehood, and should it appear that he has attempted to impose a greater on us, there is no penalty the law can inflict which he shall not suffer, nor shall my resentment even lessen or abate, as he has justly merited it.

I beg, Madam, if you yet exist, you will favour me with an answer, and let me know whether there were any terms of agreement between you and Mr Pilkington, on your separation; and be

assured neither money nor friends shall be wanting to support your interest; and, though I have not the pleasure of being known to you, you will find a real friend in

DAVID LAMBERT.

Direct to me at the Globe Coffee-House, Dublin.

I answered this letter the moment I received it, which was three weeks after the date, and never heard of the gentleman more, nor know I whether he exists or not.

And, as Mr Pilkington has, since my return to Ireland, accused me of attempting to injure him with the primates, as he styles them, I fairly own I sent Mr Walsh's letter to the late Lord Primate Hoadly, and Mr Lambert's letter to the present Lord Primate, who (as he says in his most stupid epistle) scorned to countenance me; and gave him my letter, and my List of Subscribers also, with full power to do to them what he pleased. And truly Mr Parson, so do I; but if neither the Lord Lieutenant nor any of the principal persons of distinction in this kingdom who have honoured me with their regard, should be willing to bear an insult from you, how can you help yourself? Why, man, we are in a Protestant country, and disdain to be priest-ridden.

Finding myself unable to pay so high a rent as I stood at, I discharged my lodging and servant, and went to board and lodge at a very genteel house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square; my landlord was valet-de-chambre to the Earl of Stair, and his wife a top laundress, which, in London, is a very profitable employment.

As she washed for several persons of distinction, she used of a Sunday to invite the head servants of noblemen's families to dinner, at which I never took umbrage; for you are sure from them to learn every circumstance relating to their Lords and Ladies—and many entertaining stories of their particular humours and gallantries did I learn; so true is it that either good or evil fame proceeds from our domestics; and no wonder, as they have

a better opportunity than the reſt of the world to watch our unguarded hours, and comment on our frailties.

Amongſt others, Sir John Ligonier's gentleman, as they ſtyled him—which name his generous maſter soon entitled him to by giving him a commission—dined with us: he looked very attentively at me, and put me into confusion by telling my landlady she had, to his knowledge, a gentlewoman lodger.

After dinner my landlord brought in a large bowl of punch, pipes, and tobacco, upon which I made my exit.

I had not long been in my dressing-room, which opened into a very sweet garden, when Mr Parkinson, for so was this person called, followed me: he told me he hated drink and tobacco, and would be infinitely obliged to me for a dish of tea, which, as my curiosity was raised by the words he had let drop at dinner, I readily consented to give him He had, he told me, frequently seen me in Stephen's Green, and was in Dublin at the time of my separation from my husband, and that numbers of people lamented my hard fate. I told him I had not found it so, for that I could not even get what was due to me from thence, nor any answer to any letter I ever wrote.

He then asked me how I got any support; especially, as he had learned from the family that I lived very retired. I ingenuously told him I had no other fortune than my pen, and, at his requeſt, showed him some of my writings. He told me his maſter delighted in poetry, and was one of the moſt generous gentlemen living, and that he was certain, if I applied to him, he would be a friend to me. I was easily prevailed on to write to him, to beg he would do me the honour of subscribing to me, and sent him such of my rhymes as I myself had the beſt opinion of. The General wrote me a very polite answer, and, as he lived but a few doors from my lodging, gave me, the next evening, the honour of a visit.

This gentleman is so universally known, beloved,

honoured, and esteemed that I dare not attempt his character, being assured my best painting would fall infinitely short of the sublime original. Nor was I at all surprized he should be a favourite to the fair who was adorned with honour, generosity, valour and yet even female softness and complacency, added to the charms of a most graceful and majestic person.

And if in an advanced age he shone so brightly, what must he have done in his first bloom when:

His kindling cheeks, with purple beauties glowed,
His lovely sparkling eyes shot martial fires;
Dreadful as Mars, and as is Venus charming.

I dare say half the ladies would have cried out with Phædra:

O God-like form! O ecstasy and transport!

This worthy gentleman subscribed to me for twelve books, and also engaged the late Duke of Argyle, the Earl of Stair, the Lord Cobham, and several other English noblemen to do me the same honour.

So the Almighty raised me friends, even in a strange land; and proved my husband, though a priest, no prophet, who declared I should starve, to which, indeed, his best endeavours have not been wanting.

But he should have remembered the words of holy David: 'I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the Righteous Man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.'

My dear father, had, by his many good works, entailed a blessing on my honest endeavours; and as Mr Cibber used to say when I wrote any thing that pleased him: 'The gift of the great God to you preserves you'; which, as I never sold nor prostituted it to unworthy ends, I humbly hope his mercy will afford to me as long as I have any being.

This timely assistance enabled me not only to live but to pursue my writing, which no person can ever do well while their minds are, like Martha's, troubled with many things.

A few days after this, a very genteel, pretty woman took a lodging in the same house with me. She was with child, and her husband was, as she said, a lawyer, and was gone the circuit; so finding the city not agree with her, she moved to better air. As she had very good furniture, my landlady made no scruple to accept of her without farther inquiry; and I was well pleased to think I should have an agreeable companion.

Her manner of life greatly surprized me, for in two months time she never once went abroad, nor did any human creature come to visit her.

At length, about two o'clock one morning, a gentleman came who, she said, was her husband: she let him in herself, and he left her early in the morning, so that none of the family saw him. He repeated his nocturnal visits several times, after the same manner, in the dead ſtill and middle of the night, which appeared to me rather to wear the face of an amour than lawful matrimony.

At length the gentleman failed in his attendance, and the lady said he was gone into the country.

The nightly knocking at the door did cease;
The noiseless hammer ruſted there in peace.

Some weeks passed over without either a message or a letter coming from the supposed husband; upon which she fell into a deep melancholy; which, though she seemed to attribute to her apprehension of the approaching hour, I could easily perceive had some more secret and latent cause.

And, as in my life I had never seen a more retired or modeſt person, I had the utmoſt compassion for her, and judged, if she was among the number of the unfortunate, some uncommon villainy had been practised againſt her.

As we were very intimate, I frequently surprized her in tears; and at laſt I ventured to beg her to acquaint me with the cause of her affliction, assuring her it was not an impertinent female curiosity which urged me on,

but a real desire to be serviceable to her, which, perhaps, by some means or other, Providence might point out.

She burst into tears, and, fondly embracing me, told me she wanted a friend to unbosom herself to, and added, that, if I would be her bedfellow that night, she would relate to me her unhappy story.

Wished-for night came, and my fair friend kept her promise.

'I am', said she, 'the daughter of an eminent merchant, who, by his extraordinary good nature in being surety for others, hospitable spirit, and very great losses at sea, was obliged to live in a more narrow compass than suited the generosity of his mind: my mother dying when I was but twelve years of age, my father made me mistress of the house, which he said would teach me to be an economist and to know how to govern one of my own. When I was about fourteen years of age, a wealthy packer, and a very handsome man, courted me; my father ingenuously told him he could give me but five hundred pounds, with which, if he was satisfied and that I had no objection to it, he should be very glad to have him for a son-in-law.

'Mr H—rn—l, for so was he called, assured him he would gladly take me without a portion, but my father insisted on his acceptance of it, as it would help to furnish a house.

'Whatever may be thought at St James's, those who converse with the traders of London will find they neither want sense nor politeness; and I liked Mr H——l so well that I was very glad of being so happily disposed of.

'My husband took a house commodious for his business, and for four years, during which time I had four children, we lived in great harmony.

'But in the meantime I had the misfortune of losing my dear father, who left the little remainder of his fortune as a portion for my younger sister, and appointed my husband to be her guardian.

'One day he told me he was afraid he should not be able to keep such good hours as he had done, being chosen a Member of the Philosophic Club, in which were many gentlemen of distinction, whose acquaintance it was greatly his interest to cultivate and to whom it was an honour to be known, so he hoped it would not give me any uneasiness: I answered he had always been so indulgent to me I must be ungrateful, indeed, to take offence or be uneasy at anything he was pleased to do; he seemed transported wtih my answer, kissed me, and said I was the best wife living. Little did I think what villainy he was perpetrating against me.

'He now stayed out several nights entirely, and, if he came at all, it was not till four or five in the morning, which, being unacquainted with jealousy, gave me no other concern than the fear irregularities might prejudice his health; but I have often been surprized at his coming home so sober, and that he did not appear so drowsy, after such long watching.

'One morning in particular he no sooner entered but he called for his riding-dress, and told me he was going with a gentleman into the country for a few days; so, giving me his purse in which were forty guineas, he desired I would carefully observe his business, in which I was now a pretty good proficient.

'Three months time elapsed, and, though I wrote to him according to his own direction I never received an answer.

'I was now filled with the most gloomy apprehensions; one time concluding he had been murdered—a thousand fears presented themselves to my imagination, till, lost and bewildered, I could fix on nothing. My friends persuaded me to advertise him, which accordingly I did.

'Some days after, a very well dressed young gentleman desired to see me; I showed him into the parlour, where he demanded of me whether I was Mr H——l's wife. I said "Yes"; upon which, to my great surprize, he asked me could I prove it. I assured him I could.

" That's all I want, Madam." I begged he would explain those dark speeches, inasmuch as they quite terrified me: " Madam ", said he, " my name is L—ck—y, I have a good estate, and am newly called to the bar; your husband has inveigled away my sister and married her; she is under-age, and has fifteen thousand pounds to her fortune; she shall prove her marriage, and, if you do not prove your prior one, what can the world think of you?"

' I was so astonished at this account that I fainted away—the gentleman called the servants to my assistance and stayed by me till I came to myself. The agonies I felt are only known to those who have truly and tenderly loved: dreadful alternative! either to prosecute a beloved husband to death or be myself deemed an infamous woman?'

Here the poor creature had so renewed her own anguish, and so awakened all my woes, that our eyes streamed social, and mingled their sympathetic waters; till, insensibly, the dewy-feathered sleep closed up our eye-lids.

I longed as much for the next night as the Sultan in *The Arabian Nights Entertainment* did to hear the charming Scherazade's fine stories. At length it came, and the lady proceeded.

' I begged a day or two to consider on so important an affair, and also to consult with my friends what was most advisable for me to do, and then I would return a positive answer; so, having an uncle in Bond Street, I sent my household furniture there: " Dear Madam ", said I, " what did you do with your children? " " Oh ", returned she, " I never had one that lived above a few days." " That ", said I, " was happy." " I think so now ", said she, " though I did not then." I told my uncle all my mournful story, who advised me by all means to vindicate myself and not fall a prey to so consummate a villain.

'I ſtayed with my uncle, who was a widower: my ſiſter married, and Mr H——l would not pay her her fortune, as she had not asked his consent: my uncle would not permit either a letter, or a message to be delivered to me, but kept me a perfect prisoner; however, there was a young lady in the neighbourhood whom he had some inclination to marry, and whom he frequently brought, as a companion, to relieve my solitary hours.

'One evening she inſiſted on my coming to drink tea with her: my uncle urged me to it—I went. Judge of my surprize when I found there my husband's mother and ſiſter all drowned in tears: they told me he was confined in Newgate—had taken the prison-fever, and declared he could not die in peace unless he saw me.

'I loved too well to refuse his requeſt; upon which they immediately hurried me into a coach; and there indeed he was. The lawyer had arraigned him for his life, and he muſt take his trial.

'He looked so dejected and seemed so sincerely penitent, and I, alas! so sincerely loved him, that I even consented to ſtay with him in his confinement. He acknowledged his fault, but very artfully insinuated that it did not proceed from any change in his affection, but that his circumſtances were so diſtressed that he had no other means to retrieve them; that his death could be of no service to me; that I knew myself to be his lawful wife; that he would always support me; in short, he used every tender and prevailing argument to keep me from appearing againſt him, and, Heaven knows, I had no inclination to do it.

'When his trial day came, his second wife fully proved her marriage to him; but, like the real mother, I chose to give her all sooner than divide him—so she triumphed over me; and, as I had given up the cause, none of my friends would give me any aſſiſtance. I am now in the oddeſt situation imaginable, even a kept miſtress to my own husband; for upon no other terms would he give me any relief; nor do I know whether to ſtyle myself innocent or guilty for my condescension to him.

'As my tenderness to him made me appear in a bad light to the world, ever ready to censure even our best actions: I dare not, in my present condition, let any person who knows me see me, leſt they should think of me worse than I deserve—I have had no supply from him for a considerable time; he has prohibited my writing to him at his house; and now, dear Madam, advise me what to do.'

There was something so peculiarly unhappy in this poor creature's fate, that it might puzzle a wiser head than mine to comply with her requeſt; I considered it every way without being able to form any scheme for her relief.

At length she told me he kept an office on Ludgate Hill, where he was always to be found at nine in the morning, as his second wife was too fine a lady to bear one in the house: she imagined if I could see him I might work on his compassion. I readily consented to do anything which might be serviceable to her, and rising early the next morning she gave me a letter to him which I promised not to deliver but into his own hand.

Accordingly I set out on my embassy, and found the gentleman such as she had described him, a polite, handsome man of about thirty years of age; he was alone, and received me very civilly. I presented the letter, but seemed ignorant of the contents; I could easily perceive he was much diſturbed. However, with a marvellous assurance, he said he could not give charity to everybody; that he had often assiſted that unfortunate person; that she ought to work for her bread as many of her betters did; and a number of such inhumane speeches common on those occasions. I told him her present condition did not enable her to perform any but needle-work, and that he who put her into it should support her. He asked me what I meant. 'Nothing but honeſty; if a man gets a child he ought to take care of it.' 'What', said he; 'would you have me father

a baſtard?' 'She could not, I am sure, have one by you; and would not, I an convinced, have one by anybody else.' He bade me explain myself: I told him he perfectly underſtood me, and therefore it was not necessary; but that, if he pleased, I would tell Mrs H——l the second, of his midnight visits to his wife. The wretch seemed confounded, and, seeing I knew him so well, thought he had beſt be quiet, especially as a gentleman came in before whom he did not care to be exposed; so he called me to the ſtaircase, and, putting a couple of guineas into my hand, said aloud: 'Madam, I shall take care and mind your directions'; I begged he would, and so we parted: but, I am well convinced it was fear, not love, that made him send her even that trifle.

This unhappy lady died a few hours after she was brought to bed. The infant also died; and I hope, though her husband, by her lenity, once escaped a halter juſtly due to him, he has by this time inherited it, for I would have such offenders so cut off.

I grew so melancholy at the loss of my companion that I did not even care for writing, but amused myself entirely with reading; and my not having a library of my own made me a conſtant cuſtomer to a shop in the neighbourhood where they hired out books by the quarter. This brought me into an acquaintance with the persons who kept it, sensible, well-bred people. One day I received a letter from Mrs Ryves, for that was their name, that she had some very agreeable friends with her, that they wanted a hand at quadrille, so she hoped I would be of their party. I was very glad of any recreation, and, as they lived but in Brook Street, directly went. I was shown into a parlour where sat an old man, whom I knew to be a Grub Street writer, and a young gentleman in a very plain dress, whom I also supposed to be in the same class: they were playing cribbage for a farthing a game, and, inſtead of counters, scored with chalk: they had also an ale-house pot with some porter in it ſtanding by them, and the room smelled ſtrong of tobacco. From these appearances I conceived

a very contemptible opinion of the company, and would have retired had I known how to do it civilly; but, as at my entrance I had told Mrs Ryves I was entirely disengaged that evening, I could by no means get off; and could only hope for some little amusement by hearing what those underlings in arts and sciences might have to say:

For every object of creation
May furnish hints for contemplation.

The scene, however, was changed, and the disagreeable part of the decoration removed, and a quadrille table introduced.

The younger gentleman proposed our playing for nothing: 'Pshaw', said I, 'then we shall all cheat'; 'I would no more do that', said he, 'than give a vote against my country.'—This surprized me: I told him I hoped, as he expressed such a spirit of patriotism, he had a seat in the House. He said he had the honour of representing the ancient city of Canterbury; that his father was Admiral Rooke; and that he was married to the sister of the Lord Guilford Dudley, a lady unmatched in wit and beauty. I told him I was glad to find one person of distinction who was not ashamed to do justice to the merits of his lady: 'I should be a scoundrel', said he, 'to refuse it: she gave me the preference to a man of a much larger fortune, to whom her friends had destined her—an obligation never to be forgot by a grateful spirit.' This gentleman had such an uncommon generous way of thinking that, instead of minding the game, I was quite attentive to him, which he observing, said: 'Take away the cards; they are only fit to amuse such as are incapable of tasting a more rational entertainment.'

I was very glad of this—the old scribbler walked into the shop, to recreate himself with tobacco and porter; and Mrs Ryves went to get some chat-inspiring liquor, green tea.

I told Mr Rooke, if I had been any way wanting in

respect to him, I hoped he would attribute it to my ignorance of his station, and the company and situation I found him in.

He assured me I had committed no offence, nor did he believe it was in my nature: 'But', said he, 'as you have remarked on the company, you must know my wife and Lord Southwell's sisters went this morning to Greenwich. I had some business which prevented my waiting on them; when that was over, I went to Mount Street Coffee-house, in order to pick up some company to dine with me; and, finding none, I asked the old man, who refused me, as Mrs Ryves had engaged him. I told him I would go dine with him—as I had, in the shop, read your apology for the Minister, I was greatly surprized to hear it was the product of a lady's pen; when I seemed to question it, they proposed sending for you, which, being very agreeable to me, was immediately done; so, Madam, this is the history of this day.'

I thanked the gentleman for his complaisance in relating it.

The tea put him into such high spirits that he, finding me a sort of a politician, told me many entertaining stories about Sir Robert Walpole's various schemes to have always the majority of the House on his side; of which as many as I can recollect that were humorous I present my readers with.

The first was this: 'One Sir Cl—dy M——cd——l, a Scots Baronet, without a foot of estate, was returned duly elected, for what Shire I have forgot; however he came to London, took a hackney-coach, and drove to Sir Robert's; the servant said he was engaged; but Sir Cl—dy insisted on his carrying up his name, and, lest he should forget it, he jumped out of the coach, and, running upstairs after him, delivered his embassy himself. Sir Robert welcomed him, and like a courtier, told him he should be glad to serve him: 'Nay, nay, mon', returned he, 'I came na here for compliments; I ha ne siller to get a lodging, so I'll e'en

stay here till you give me some.' So Sir Robert chose to give him his purse rather then be plagued with his impertinence.

'The Earl of Peterborough, a pensioner, told Sir Robert he was always at a loss how to vote, inasmuch as he did not understand the debates, and was so near sighted that, when the House divided, he knew not of which side to go. Sir Robert bade him always follow the Bishops. It happened, on the Convention Scheme, three or four of the Bishops rose, and the Earl seeing them move, he, according to his Master's direction, followed them, and voted point-blank against his interest.'

Mr Rooke, seeing how much I was pleased, proceeded:

'A Scots Peer, who was also a pensioner and a remarkable fat man, came one morning, according to custom, to Sir Robert's levee, and, without the least ceremony laid hold of his ribbon; Sir Robert could not readily disengage himself, and the nobleman lugged him to the window, in which, squelching himself down, he happened to have an escape, which carried with it so loud a report, that it set the whole company into laughter.

'"Very well, my Lord," said the Minister, "pray what have you farther to say?"

'"Why, this it is, Sir Robert: I owe fifteen hundred pounds, and, by God, if you don't give it to me, I'll go to-morrow to the house, and vote according to Conscience."' 'Tis to be presumed his demand was complied with in private, though laughed at in public, as he always voted with Sir Robert.

Mr. Rooke finding me attentive, proceeded: 'The late Duke of Wharton was a man of infinite variety and humour. At the time of the discovery of *Atterbury's Plot* (as they called it), which was proved by deciphering letters and torturing the harmless alphabet into treason, the Duke saw a man at the door of the Parliament House selling horn-books: Sir Robert's equipage stopped, and, the Duke laying hold of him as he alighted, told him he was surprized he did not send that fellow to Newgate

who was selling such a libel on the Ministry: "Why", said Sir Robert, "my Lord, those are horn-books." "Treason, by God, as I will convince you"; so holding him, he ran on

> "*A* stands for an *Army*, and *B* for a *Bench*,
> *C* stands for a *Court*, and *D* for a *Drench*,
> *E*, I won't interpret that,
> *F* stands for gay *France*, which we hope will not swerve,
> And *G* stands for *George*—whom God long preserve,
> *P* stands for the P—x, the *Pretender*, the *Pope*,
> And *R* stands for *Robin*, and *Ribbon*, and *Rope*!"

said he, pulling him by the blue string: the Minister could not help himself, and, being naturally of a pacific temper, took this as quietly as he did General Churchill's lying with his wife.'

As I had never heard the story, I begged he would relate it: 'Why', said he, 'Sir Robert went out very early one morning to the house, but, having forgot some paper of importance to the dirty "work of the day" he returned home for it, and, passing through his wife's apartment to his closet, what should he see but his serene spouse and the General in amorous dalliance—the General, all hero, as he was, jumped out of bed, and besought mercy from, as he supposed, his incensed rival; but the good man, resembling Cato in one point:

> *Who, if a friend or so should chance to need her,*
> *Would recommend her as a special breeder.*

said carelessly: "Prithee, what does the fool mean? You look very warm; get into bed again, or you'll catch cold."'

Mr Rooke, seeing me so well diverted with this story, proceeded to another: 'As I have', said he, 'mentioned the Duke of Wharton, you are to know he had an intrigue with Mrs Pulteney, now Countess of Bath: one morning, as they were in bed together, he recollected that he had promised to write a letter to a friend—so he called for a pen, ink, and paper; but, being at a loss for a writing-desk, made the lady turn

up her posteriors, and dated his letter from sweet Peggy Pulteney's, etc., etc., etc.'

Here entered our kind host, and brought us in a paper called the Champion, in which was a very humorous piece of advice to all who went to Court, to wear shields on their bu—s: this was so mal à propos that it raised our mirth. Said Mr Rooke his M——'s own was in danger the other night. 'As how, Sir?' 'Why', said he, 'Sir Robert not choosing to hurt the kingdom by the King using foreign commodities when we had so much cheaper and better at home, recommended to him Miss Skerrett, as an hand-maiden: his M—— liked her so well that he invited her to sup with him in the Countess of Yarmouth's apartment, where, growing a little more fond of his young mistress than the old one could bear, she arose, and as the King leaned over the table drew the chair from under him, and let his M—— come souse to the ground. Oh, what a falling-off was there! He, all enraged, rose again, kicked first the Countess, next his hat, and retired to his apartment, marvellously distempered with choler.'

'Well, Sir', said I, 'surely Sir Robert was a most necessary servant—that would even Sir Pandarus of Troy become, and that for his own daughter—to oblige his M——; but an able politician will turn his hand to anything where profits may accrue, and Mr Gay observes, that

In pimps and politicians
The genius is the same.

And yet who could suspect a man of his reverence and station for the most vile and servile of all employments!'

'Oh fie', said he; 'don't disgrace so noble an occupation. I assure you, the Knight's complaisance to the General proved the means of saving his own life, for, on the excise scheme, the people were so incensed that they determined to put him to death, and yet make it seem chance medley. Accordingly, as he was going down St Stephen's Steps into our illustrious Senate

House, one man pushed him so hard that he tumbled on his face, and a number of persons determined to run over him and trample him to death; but the General, who was with him, drew his sword, and swore the first who advanced should die on point of Fox.'

Nobody ventured to encounter a Churchill, so the Prime Minister escaped.

'Ah!' said I, 'that was God's mercy, and ten thousand pities!' 'Faith', said he, 'and so it was.'

Mr Rooke now began to be a little inquisitive who I was. I told him my name was Meade, for by that I always went in London; so that the numerous stories of Mrs Pilkington's being in taverns, bagnios, etc., which my husband says he can prove (*Mem.* he lies) never appertained to me; but to his own Cousin Nancy Pilkington, whose father lives in Pill Lane—and who is herself as common a prostitute as ever traversed the Hundreds of Drury.

I do this to convince him I scorn to rob any of his illustrious family of their noble achievements, and, according to the old proverb: '*Tis but proper to set the saddle on the right horse*, or rather mare, for I think she much resembles one.

But to return.

Mr Rooke asked me if I was related to Captain Meade. I told him he was my uncle's son. He said he was a worthy little fellow; that he knew him very well, and had made him his confidant in his amour with his lady.

Time stole insensibly away with such agreeable amusement; we sat till the small hours without drowsiness, nor did we desire the aid of Bacchus to keep up our spirits.

I humbly hope nobody will attempt to decipher my initials; for I do assure them the great M—— is an innocent letter, and does not like Mitching Mallicho mean mischief.

I told Mr Rooke I was going to publish a book by

subscription; he said, he was sure it must be good, so he gave me a guinea, and promised to use his interest for me.

He told me he would come and visit me the first hour he had to spare: I answered I hoped he would soon find one. 'Well then', said he, 'I'll tell you how I pass the day, and do you find one.

'I rise about nine, drink coffee, not that I like it but that it gives a man the air of a politician, for the same reason I always read the news—then I dress, and about twelve go to the Cocoa Tree, where I talk treason: from thence to St James's Coffee House, where I praise the Ministry; then to White's, where I talk gallantry; so by three I return home to dinner; after that I read about an hour, and digest the book and the dinner together; then I go to the opera or play, Vauxhall or Ranelagh, according to the season of the year; from thence home to supper, and about twelve to bed.'

I smiled at the gentleman's whimsical description of his passing the day, and told him he had, by his own account, three or four hours to bestow on me, as the hour he talked treason, the hour he was loyal, or the hour in which he read. 'Ay', said he, very gayly, 'or what think you of the last hour, wherein I go to bed?' 'Oh, Sir, you are so much better engaged, it would not only be wickedness but folly also, to think of that at all.'

'Well, depend on it, I'll see you to-morrow'; so we took leave for ever, for the very first news I heard next morning was that Mr Rooke, a little while after he arose, fell down in an apoplectic fit, and instantly expired.

I never was more shocked than at his untimely fate. Heavens! all wit, life, and gaiety at night, and dead in the morning! I wept for him as a friend, and such, I am sure, he would have been to me, had he lived. I found, by these two melancholy events, there was nothing serious in mortality—all was but toys! I

frequently recollected Dr Delany's beautiful lines, on seeing himself in the glass:

When I revolve this evanescent state
Of short duration and uncertain date,
My being, and my stay dependent still
Not on my own but on another's will,
I ask myself, as I my form review,
Which is the real shadow of the two?

Mrs Ryves was also much touched for the loss of this gentleman, and, indeed, so was everybody who knew him. She and I went one afternoon to walk in St James's Park, but, finding myself weary, she proposed going to a physician's house in Westminster—a widower, and her relation—where we could get a dish of tea, and rest ourselves. I agreed; the Doctor was at home, and a very polite gentleman; I found, by the furniture of the room, he was a *virtuosi*, it being adorned with books, medals, paintings, dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

The Dean mentions it as a praise to Vanessa that

She with address each genius held
To that wherein they most excelled;
So making others' wisdom known
She pleased them, and improved her own.

For no sooner did the Doctor perceive that I knew Mark Anthony from Julius Cæsar, and Brutus from both, but he related a great part of the Roman history to me, even from the first Punic War to the death of Julius.

My readers may venture to believe it was not new to me, who had from my childhood been, if I may use the word, a perfect devourer of books—and I found them both sweet to the palate, and nourishing food to the mind.

It has been observed as a piece of refined policy in Gundamor, the Spaniard, that he used to talk bad Latin to King James I, who, being a pedant rather than a Prince, had so much pleasure in, as he thought, setting this Machiavel right, that to oblige his pupil, he

complimented him with the head of that learned and brave man Sir Walter Raleigh.

I have often successfully practised the same art, and gained many friends by seeming to take their instruction with pleasure—to acknowledge their superiority of understanding, on which even fools pride themselves, is I believe the most delicate way of flattering ever yet thought of, as Cassius says of Cæsar:

And when I tell him he hates flattery,
He says he does, being then most flattered.

Very few people are virtue-proof there, all, like Achilles, have a mortal heel, and though

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit
Will condescend to taste a bit.—Swift.

I found the good Doctor fallible here, to my great happiness, as it made him my friend; and, under God, his skill and care soon after saved my life.

The gentleman made us stay to supper: finding when the wind was in one particular point, I was as wise as Hamlet, and knew a hawk from a handsaw.

At supper I told him I was an *Amicus*, a-kin to the faculty, being a physician's daughter, upon which he arose, and said he must salute his niece; and, that, if ever I should fall sick, he claimed the honour of attending me. We stayed together till twelve very cheerfully, and then parted in peace.

I have observed, if my life had any sunshine, it was but a faint and watery gleam, too soon overcast; for, in a very few days, I was seized with a violent fever: it took me with cold shivering fits, and, remembering the Doctor's claim, I sent for him. He had me bled, and ordered me to go to bed; I did not see him till next morning, by which time I was quite light-headed and crying out for my children. When the Doctor came, I told him he had stolen them from me, and carried them to Mr Pilkington; on this he opened my bosom, for which

I also quarrelled and said he was a very impudent fellow; he, smiling, said, I had a very fair skin, but that he was under a necessity of making free with it, otherwise he could not answer for my life; and as, it seems, it was full of purple spots, he ordered a large blister for my back, and one for each arm; what passed for some days in which, it seems, they were renewed, I know not, being quite insensible even to pain; but when the fever abated, and reason once more reassumed her throne, what frail machines are we, when sickness can displace her! They assured me I raved incessantly for my dear little ones, and fell into such fits of crying and lamentation for them that it put them in mind of Rachel mourning for the loss of her children who refused to be comforted, because they were not.

So, as it has been often observed that there is truth in wine, I found there was truth in madness—the cause that hurts the brain or the reigning passion of the soul then manifests itself, and, as my imagination, it was no wonder that their names dwelt ever on my tongue.

When these things were told me, I, as one newly awakened from sleep, remembered some wild, disjointed, incoherent ideas which had possessed my soul, even during its lethargic state; such as that Mr Pilkington was going to offer some violent injury to our children, but of what kind I knew not—it was fled, like the remembrance of a guest which tarrieth but a day. I might as well have endeavoured to find out the path which the light bird had with his wings beat in the buxom air, or the track of a ship when with its crooked keel it divides the briny waves, which immediately unite again or seize old Time, and bid him bring me back one moment past, as hope to recollect what was for ever lost in oblivion.

Indeed, I have frequently had these supernatural solicitings, or a kind of indication of whatever was to befall me before it happened. Nay, what is more surprizing, I have read a history, to me quite new, and

it has occurred to me that I myself had been some way principally concerned in the most material transactions of it, though they were past a thousand years.

Had I lived in the days of Pythagoras, I believe I should have been of his opinion, and have imagined

That all things are but altered; nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies.

Nay, I should have been afraid to kill a woodcock lest I should disinherit the soul of my grand-dame.

If my reader thinks me whimsical, let him judge by the event.

A woman, in whose garden I had once walked in Ireland the first day I was able to sit up, and very weak I was after so long sickness, even while my kind physician was rubbing my temples with Hungary water to recover me out of a fainting fit, rushed into the room, and without the least ceremony cried out: 'Do you know what that villain has done' As I neither knew her nor whom she spoke of, I was quite startled, and asked her who she talked about, or what she meant. 'That villain Pilkington', says she, 'who has sold your two younger children for slaves to New York.'—This was such a monstrous crime I could scarce give any credit to it; for, even admitting what he had so cruelly charged me with in regard to his bed was truth, how had their helpless innocence offended him? I observed to the Doctor my ravings were ominous, and portended some dire calamity.

The Doctor apprehending this shock might make me relapse, begged of the person who gave it to retire; which, after several asseverations that what she said was fact, as indeed it was, and that she had brought it out in that manner to hasten me, if possible, to prevent their unhappy fate, she did.

As the Doctor was not only a man of excellent understanding but also of great humanity, I told him, as he had been so kind to administer to the health of my body, he must now, if possible, administer to the mind diseased;

and, as it was impossible for him to prescribe remedies without knowing the diſtemper, and its original, I gave him my ſtory in a few words, and he advised me to write to Ireland, to the rulers and Bishops—which I did that very night; and providentially the letters were delivered time enough to prevent the children's being sold to slavery. The affair was inquired into, and Mr Pilkington was obliged to refund to the maſter of the Kid-Ship the golden earneſt he had received as the price of the innocent.

What to me was moſt surprising was that Mr Pilkington's mother was one of the contrivers of this infernal plot, grand-mothers being usually more indulgent to their grand-children than even their mothers; but as she who would have made a prey of them is not long since dead, even of the disease whereof Herod, Peter the Cruel, and other malignant wretches fell by, I can only bid her adieu, and charitably hope she has escaped the judgment of the next world, as it fell on her in this.

These facts are so publicly known that for the evidence of them I could produce even a cloud of witnesses, were it necessary.

And yet who that beheld this man clad in holy veſture at the altar, appearing like white-robed innocence with eyes up-turned to Heaven, could believe him capable of all manner of crimes:

Perjury, perjury in the higheſt degree!
Cruelty, cruelty in the ſterneſt degree.

He may, indeed, like Richard III, prove himself by these to be a man, who, when his mother upbraids him with his manifold acts of savage tyranny, she says:

No beaſt ſo fierce but knows some touch of pity.
Rich: But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.

And, indeed Mr Pilkington may again say with him that he has nothing

But the plain Devil and diſſembling looks
To back his cauſe.

Oh that Ithuriel's heavenly tempered spear
Would make the fiend in his own shape appear,

Or pluck the holy fur from off his back, and let the world for once see what the inside of a wicked priest is made of.

As I received no account from Ireland, I knew not what to think; sometimes I flattered myself that the woman had belied him; at other times—reflecting on his intolerable barbarity to the poor creatures, whom distress alone made me leave immured within his inhospitable walls, too rough a cradle for my pretty ones!—my very heart died within me, and I am as well assured as that I live that it was not the fear of God but the fear of a halter hindered him from embruing his own hands in their vital blood.

But, enough of the wretch, who, if he can disprove me, ought to do it: he attributes his silence to contempt of me, but, it is well known, he wants neither wit nor words, nor impudence to bring him off: it is strong conviction, with proof as full and evident as day against him, ties up his guilty tongue.

At length I thought of writing to Worsdale, as I had learned he was in Dublin. He wrote me word that the children were all well; that he had given an apprentice-fee with my daughter to a milliner, and had taken my youngest son to himself; that old Mr Pilkington and my mother were dead, and my last child, which, being but an infant, I could not carry to London with me, that he had got a famous ossified man, and was going to carry him to Paris for a show, to which place he earnestly invited me to accompany him.

I hoped by this letter that Mr Pilkington had been wronged with regard to the children under his care; and, though some human tears fell for the loss of my mother and my child, yet, considering how desolate they both were, I envied rather than deplored their fate.

The child here mentioned was that which Mr Pilkington disclaimed, and advised me to leave upon the parish.

And now I do assure my readers I was also sincerely

sorry for the death of old Mr Pilkington, inasmuch as he always treated me with a fatherly tenderness, was excessively fond of my children, was a man of a great uncultivated genius; and, though I have mentioned his keeping an ale-house, I did not mean it in disrespect to his memory; for he was the son of a gentleman, though by various misfortunes he was reduced to take up so low an occupation; but nothing can be justly deemed scandalous which is not dishonest. And, I am well convinced, had he lived, he never would have consented to the inhuman barbarity of his son.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!

So many melancholy incidents had befallen me in this solitary place that I determined to change my lodging; and was recommended by a stationer's wife to a single gentlewoman who kept a milliner's shop in Fleet Street: she was a jolly likely dame, of about forty, very gay; we liked each other so well that we soon made a bargain, and, for a few days I was very well pleased with the change, as the variety of that busy part of London amused my mind. But I soon found that I was got into very bad hands, and that my new landlady was neither better nor worse than a mercenary town jilt, who, being pretty well known herself and consequently despised, wanted something new to produce to her customers.

I think I never saw any person in my life who did not possess one good quality, except this creature; for woman is a term too gentle for her, who had not even decency to hide her shame.

To give my readers a taste of her cleanliness: she told me herself she had not combed her head for three years, which, I believe, was true, because she was not mistress of a comb, except when she made free with mine—than which nothing could be more offensive to me—so that her hair, though naturally fine, being quite matted on a filthy hair-cap seemed to be a composition of a raw silk and moss, such as I remember to have stolen

a lock of from the head of Good Duke Humphrey, at St Albans, three hundred years after his death. Shifts she had two as yellow as canvas, but they were sleeveless; no matter for that; she sold ready made cambric sleeves, and could easily pin on a pair, for she never took any farther trouble about them. I think I must for the rest refer my reader to *The Lady's Dressing-room*, for

> *In such a case few words are best,*
> *And Strephon bids us guess the rest.*

I really, till I saw this wretch, imagined the Dean had mustered up all the dirty ideas in the world in one piece, on purpose to affront the fair sex, as he used humorously to style old beggar-women and cinder-pickers.

This makes me digress to relate a compliment of his to some ladies who supped with him, of which I had the honour to be one:—The Dean was giving us an account of some woman who, he told us, was the nastiest, filthiest, most stinking old b—ch that ever was yet seen—except the company, Ladies! except the company! for that you know is but civil. We all bowed; could we do less?

From the time I had the misfortune of being her tenant, she invited every person she had any acquaintance with to see me, as though I had been some outlandish monster or wonderful curiosity. Amongst the rest, she prevailed on the now Lord Chief Justice Eyre then a student in Gray's Inn, a fine gentleman, poetically turned, and somewhat too much upon the effeminate or delicate order to bear whatever was not quite refined—to venture into her dining-room, where I sat scribbling; I was for retiring, but was not permitted. The gentleman who was dressed in black velvet and had the air of a person of distinction said, he hoped as his visit was intended entirely to me I would not be so unkind as to refuse it.

I said I did not know how I was entitled to such an honour; but, since he was pleased to bestow it on me, I should with gratitude accept of it. My hostess—for that name, by her bulk, far above the common size of

females, she seemed to deserve—prudently left the stranger and I to ourselves, under pretence that she must attend her shop. Mr Eyre, seeing my table covered with written papers, told me my room resembled that of a lawyer, and asked me leave to read my contemplations; to which I agreeing, he had the complaisance to seem entertained; when, to my unspeakable confusion, the brute returned, and cried: 'What will you treat the lady with?' 'Anything she chooses', returned he, and seemed as much confounded as I was. 'Pray, Madam, what do you like?' 'Nothing at present, Sir, but what I have ordered,—some coffee.' As it was but five o'clock in the afternoon, and as the gentleman was remarkable for sobriety, he approved of my taste. He offered to pay for it. 'I told him, I did not sell it, and that he could not more highly aggrieve me.'

My landlady sent it up, but did not think proper to partake of our repast, of which I was very glad; he looked on me with eyes of great compassion, especially as he observed the tears springing from mine, for indeed I was quite shocked. He asked me how I became acquainted with a person so very unlike myself. I told him I was a stranger, and knew very little of her; as he gave credit to my words, he advised me to quit her house, assuring me she was a procuress, and, as he said, kept a shop only to disguise her real occupation.

He had scarce finished his friendly caution when Madam entered again with two very large lobsters in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other: she laid a very foul table-cloth, dressed her fish, and invited us to partake; which we refusing, she eat them all herself, drank the bottle of wine, and very modestly desired the gentleman to pay for them, to which he acquiesced.

This scene made us laugh heartily, for she fed with such keen dispatch, and drank so often, that she seemed like a starved Pierrot, devouring all before her.

Her rage of hunger being now, as we hoped, suppressed, she once more left us; and Mr Eyre said: 'I hope you are now convinced, Madam, that, at least, your

reputation will be undone if you continue here.' I answered: 'It was but too true, but that, at present, I saw no method of relief, as she owed me money, which she never was bashful in borrowing, by which means I was ill provided to remove, and had agreed to take it out in board and lodging.'

Here Madam once more rushed in, when, to my great surprize, she asked Mr Eyre would he give her a roasted fowl and sausages for supper He told her, after so plentiful a meal as she had just made, he was sure she did but jest. She affirmed she was in earnest, and that, if he would not, there was a gentleman below that would.

Mr Eyre, who had a mind to hold more talk with me, asked me what part of the house belonged to me. She answered, with matchless impudence, a very good bed-chamber, which she supposed we should have no objection to, as we liked each other so well.

I seemed not to take the meaning of her speech; and, not having the least apprehension of any incivility being offered to me by a person of good breeding and humanity, I told the gentleman he should be very welcome, if he pleased to walk into it—as it was on the same floor. He said I did him great honour, and that he would wait on me.

However, to avoid the evil comments which wicked persons, judging others by themselves, are ever ready to make, I left the door wide open, to the no small mortification of my landlady and her new guest, as they were obliged to pass by it.

And what should he be but some drunken swabber, or Boatswain, whose tarpaulin compliments, of which we heard every word distinctly, for some time diverted us; till, at last, their talk became so offensive that, as I had left the door open in point of decency, I was now on the same account obliged to shut it.

The gentleman once more urged the necessity of my departure from this villainous woman; assuring me, if I would but change my lodging, and send a line to

him with a direction where to find me, he would do every thing in his power to serve distressed merit, as he was pleased to term it.

And that nothing might be wanting to enable me to do it, he, in a very polite manner, obliged me to accept of two guineas, as a subscription to my writings.

This ingenious gentleman entertained me with the recital of several beautiful poetical compositions of his own, and, finding I was not quite tasteless but at least endeavoured to give them due praise, he stayed with me till ten o'clock, no unreasonable hour, as it was in the month of June; when, either being hungry himself or willing to entertain me, he insisted on my permission to send to the Devil Tavern for some supper, a meal I never choose, but, in complaisance to my benefactor and also as a means of engaging his farther conversation, which was truly elegant, I, with some reluctance, submitted to. Our one maid being gone for t'other bowl of punch for the sailor, the gentleman went and bespoke it himself.

I could not, in his absence, but reflect how much the unhappy part of women disappoint even their own ends; for when they throw off the appearance of modesty, and show the mercenary prostitute unveiled, no man of common understanding can have the least regard for them. Mr Addison observes of some woman who kept a noted house of civil reception that she said no girl was fit, even for her who was past blushing. Well said the Dean in the following lines:

O decency, celestial maid!
Descend from Heaven to beauty's aid;
Though beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire,
To hold him in delusion still,
And make him fancy what you will.

And I do assure my reader I did not forget to return thanks to the Almighty, who had enabled me to live by his gifts to me; for, sure I am that I could raise no money by vile means;

By Heaven I had rather coin my heart for gold,
And drop my blood for drachmas.

Mr Eyre's return broke off my contemplation: he had ordered a slight but elegant repast, with a flask of champagne. We supped together with great pleasure, and—except the dissonant and unharmonious noise made by our neighbours, who were now got so merry that they did what they called sing—we had no interruption, but talked of history, poetry, and every muse-like theme; called all the mighty dead before us, rejudged their acts, commented on the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and all the British classics.

Refined delight, and fitted to endure!
But what can human happiness secure?—Delany.

The star that ushers in the rosy dawn began to reassume her empire o'er the dusk and drowsy world, the bell tolled one, a signal of departure to my amiable guest, whose kind injunctions in regard to my removal I promised to obey.

The maid, whom her mistress half starved and, though she was really her betters, used so ill that she down-right hated her, told me that the sailor and she were gone to bed together, both dead drunk.

And yet this creature would talk of virtue—nay, go to Church; but, to say the truth, she only went there to pick up a gallant.

As I was not in the least sleepy, I dismissed the servant, and

Revolving in my clouded soul
The various turns of things below,
Now and then a sigh I stole,
And tears began to flow.

I open'd the window, looked at the moon
Riding near her highest noon
Like one who had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

In short, I was wrapped in a pleasing fit of melancholy, and, had I been in the country midſt vernal airs and blooms, should have attuned my rural minſtrelsy to some high theme; but, alas! ease and retirement, those friends to the muse ever were denied to me, being in a populous city pent amidſt the busy hum of men, obliged to work for daily bread, and often not obtaining even that poor pittance.

Oh that I could now retire!—that some charitable hand would beſtow on my poor remains of life even but a clay habitation in some sequeſtered scene, where,

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet inſtruction flows.

How happy should I think myself!

My readers will, I hope, acknowledge I deal candidly with them when I not only acquaint them with my actions but reveal to them even the inmoſt recesses of my soul as freely as to Heaven.

At length, remembering that nature did require a time of reſt, I thought it but meet to indulge the pleasing heaviness; or, in plainer language, I went to bed, and enjoyed the honey-dew of sleep till it was very late in the day.

It seems the maid had, on purpose to mortify her miſtress, told her how genteelly Mr Eyre had entertained me; which, though she herself had been guilty of such foul intemperance and swinish gluttony, raised her indignation to such a height that she downright affronted me, telling me I had no business with her gallant. 'Why', said I, 'sure you had him all to yourself—I did not interfere'; for I supposed she meant [the] honeſt tar, but it seems I was miſtaken, for it was Mr Eyre, whom she had so politely dismissed and whom now she had called a hundred scrubs, assuring me she could never make any thing of him, and really I believed her; and by what I then saw of her temper, I am certain, had she known he had made me a

present, I should not have escaped without a good beating.

'Well', said she at last, 'I warrant I had a better chap than your fine beau'—this was speaking pretty plain—'my man gave me a crown, and victuals and liquor enough. Now be sincere: what did that Mr Maiden give you?' 'For what?' said I: 'I have nothing to sell; you who keep a shop and are in the way of trade may easily dispose of five shillings worth of goods.'

The wretch knew not what answer to make to me: to acknowledge herself a prostitute, as I did not seem to think her one, was too vile even for her, and to have given but the most remote hint that she suspected any evil correspondence between Mr Eyre and me laid her absolutely at our mercy.

However, she turned off the discourse with what Mr Addison terms a horse-laugh, an excellent expedient to supply the lack of brains, and which whoever can secure on their side are sure of victory, for who can stand it, let it be ever so injudiciously bestowed

This I have very lately experienced when one Woodward, a player, got the laugh against me, who never vied with his superior excellence, only by saying:

> *What, shall a tumbler set me thus adrift?—*
> *I the successor of immortal Swift.*

Oh that his words had been true!—that he had bequeathed to me the precious legacy of his wit and learning.

> *Or that, when all sublimed he rose to Heaven,*
> *I had inherited his sacred mantle;*
> *Then midst the prophets might I in strains*
> *Such a delight the ear of God pour forth*
> *Unfettered harmony.*

But to descend to this terrene spot: I dressed, and wandered forth in quest of a new lodging. Not well knowing this part of the town, I passed through a very clean court, all inhabited by jewellers, and just opposite to the end of it saw on the window of what they in

London call a Twiſt Shop a bill up to let the firſt floor.—The woman of the house showed me the apartment; the furniture was not only new but rich, and I concluded the price would be too high for me; but, to my great surprize, the woman of the house agreed not only to furnish me with linen, but also with plate and china for five shillings a week: there was but one inconvenience, which was that there was no passage into the house but through the shop, to which, if they did not object, I had no cause. It so fortuned that the Countess of Essex's woman, whom I had known at the laundress' beforementioned, came in, and gave me so high a character that we agreed on my taking possession of my new apartment the next day.

I went from this to a friend's to dinner, and did not return home till ten at night; but never in my life was I more highly provoked, for lo you! my landlady and some fellow or other were in my bed; the maid never apprized me of it, being willing to expose her brutal miſtress to the utmoſt; but showed me into the chamber.

I am certain I was infinitely more ashamed than she was, for she called to me to sit down on the bed-side; but I haſtened out, and, as I could not take up with her bed, I was obliged to sit up all night.

Pretty soon in the morning a woman came to see me: she and I packed up my clothes, called a porter, and made him carry them to my new abode, and, as I hoped never to see the wretch again, I did not bid her adieu.

My landlord was a maſter-tailor, in very good circumſtances, and his wife a very sober modeſt woman.

I passed a week over very calmly, when, remembering my promise to Mr Eyre, I wrote a line to him, but, as I did not know what ſtreet I was in, I inquired of my landlady, who, with very great reluctance, told me it was Drury lane. I was extremely concerned at this piece of information, which she observed; and, assured me I might inquire into her own and her husband's character; that they had kept their lodgings empty

sooner than let them to any idle person, though they could have had a good price for them; and a great deal more to the same effect—all which, though I did most steadfastly believe, yet I held it no proper place for me, of all persons in the world, to reside in.

Women whose characters are unblemished or who have their husbands with them as guardians to it may do a thousand things which those who have fallen on evil days and evil tongues in prudence must avoid.

I did not directly tell my landlady that I must leave her, being resolved, if possible, not to remove till I could find a place where I could be fixed.

Accordingly I once more took my way to St James's, and called upon my old landlady there. Her first floor was let, but the second being tolerably genteel, we, as we had always been on very friendly terms, soon made a bargain for, and I was to enter on it as soon as my week for the other was up. The very air of St James's always pleased me, and indeed I received so many favours from the nobility that I had just cause to prefer it to any other part of London.

This happened to be some public festival, which, as I do not recollect, I sat with the good old gentlewoman till evening, when on my return home there was a large bonfire, and a great crowd at the Temple Gate: I stopped a little, being startled and not well knowing how to pass by, when an old gentleman, very well dressed, asked me where I was going. I told him, which was truth, I had mistaken my way, being a stranger. He said if I let him know where I lived, he would wait on me home; I was almost ashamed to do it, yet, considering they were creditable people where I lodged, I ventured to inform him. My landlord happened to be his tailor, so he readily conducted me to his house: the people saluted him, and asked him for his lady and family. 'Why', said he, 'this is one of them; she is a near relation to my wife.' I was surprized at this new kindred, and could not tell whether the old gentleman spoke truth or not, though I could not recollect I had

ever seen him before; yet, as the landlord treated him with the highest respect, I thought it not convenient to contradict him, so I invited him in, and wondered where this would end!

My landlady lighted us up to my dining-room: he told her I had dined at his house, and that after so long a walk I must needs be dry, and therefore desired her to get him a bottle of wine and a plate of Scotch collops from some particular tavern he directed her to.

As I found the old gentleman did not stick at telling one lie, I concluded all he said was false, as it really was.

She no sooner departed but he asked me whether he was not an able politician. I said he was a merry gentleman, and I hoped, as I had the honour of being his cousin, he would let me know who he was, lest I should be asked any cross-questions and our accounts should vary.

He told me his name, and where he lived; that he had a considerable estate, and also a good employment under the Government, all of which did not make him happy because Heaven had not blessed him with a child.

He then asked me who I was, for he said he was sure I had had a good education. As I had no reason to doubt of his sincerity, I told him my story, with which he seemed much affected; and in conclusion I assured him I was more unhappy in having children, from whom in all probability I was for ever separated, than he could be, who never had one.

Here my landlady brought in supper, to which he invited her to stay; our conversation turned on general topics; it grew pretty late, when, to my great astonishment, the gentleman said: 'Cousin, I think you told me, you wanted money; I have a good deal of yours in my hands, though not much about me at present; however, here are a couple of guineas—when you want fifty you know where to come.' Would I did, thought I; but it was no time for me to refuse them.

When he went away I knew not what to think of this odd adventure: sometimes I fancied it was a dream,

and dreaded to wake lest the gold should vanish; then I began to flatter myself that perhaps some relation had left me a legacy; but, having never since my distress received the smallest favour of one of them, I could hardly hope they should now feel any compunctious visitings of nature, who were all to me remorseless as the sea.

In short, the more I thought the more I was perplexed, and could only humbly hope that the protecting hand of him who

> *doth the raven feed,*
> *Yea, providentially catereth for the sparrow,*
> *Assisted me to live for some good end,*
> *Best to his wisdom known.*

So, recommending myself to his paternal care who had compassion on my sorrows, I went to my repose.

Early next morning the woman of the house told me there was a lady waiting for me in the dining-room; so I arose, and who should it be but my late odious landlady!

My reader may judge how welcome she was. She told me there was a gentlewoman waiting for me at her house who had business of the utmost consequence and very much to my advantage to impart to me. Though I scarce gave credit to her, yet curiosity made me accompany her home, where I beheld a marvellous ill-favoured old woman: her chin, which had on it a comely black beard, almost met her nose, there not being a tooth in the way to bar their union. I am sure had Don Quixote seen her, he would have endeavoured to disenchant her mustachios. Her eyes were black and fierce, her back nobly prominent, her dress tawdry—and, take her for all in all, I hope I ne'er shall look upon her like again. I was doubtful whether it was not a man in woman's clothes; but if it were a creature of the feminine gender, I concluded it must be a witch, and that the study of the Black Art had made her so hairy about the face that she had need of a barber. But to proceed: She accosted me very civilly, in a deep Connaught brogue, told me she knew all my good family, and lived in the same parish with me in Dublin. I grew tired of

her fulsome flattery to me and them, and desired to know her commands: she told me my Lord Galway had a great regard for my father, and was very desirous of seeing me—and would be a friend to me, and, if I would dine with her next day, he would meet me: I now began to guess at my lady's occupation, and gave her a point-blank denial: not but that I should have been glad to see his Lordship, as I knew he had a regard for my father, but a woman must appear in a contemptible light when introduced to a nobleman by one of the Devil's agents. So I left madam to her meditations and departed, to her no small discomfort, for it was a golden guinea out of her way; as, it seems, my Lord's price was two, one of which he presented to Madam Procuress, and the other to the lady who granted him a favour.

This infernal ambassadress had taken on her the name of Cunningham, being, as she said, ruined by a gentleman of that name, who had recommended her to several of the Irish noblemen as a very necessary person. Oh, how detestable it is to feed a maw, or clothe a back by such a filthy vice!

Well, at the appointed time, I returned to St James's, and the first day I was there I was honoured with a letter from Lord Galway, as follows:

Madam,

I thought I had had the honour of being known to you, but find I have been imposed upon; if you will permit me to pay my respects to you this evening, I will unfold this mystery to you, and am very sincerely,

Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

G.

I returned my compliments to his Lordship, and gladly accepted of the honour of his company.

About six he came, and related to me the trick Mrs Cunningham had put on him: he told me he had employed her to find me out, having a curiosity to see

a person he had so often heard of both at White's, and in Ireland; that the appointment was made, and a lady introduced to him, who, by his description of her, I knew to be the odious Mrs Smith, my shocking landlady —he said he was much disappointed when he saw her, but the lady was very kind; nay, so kind that he could not resist her.

'As you stood at your window this morning, Colonel Duncombe asked me, knowing I was one of the Commissioners of Ireland, whether I knew you. I answered No: "Why", said he, "that is a little Irish muse, a physician's daughter and a parson's wife—an eloped one I have been told, but she won't confess that"; on this I asked your name; the Colonel said it was Pilkington, but you were usually called Mrs Meade. I then found I had been deceived, and wrote immediately to you.'

I told his Lordship I had the honour of having many representatives which had been of very great disadvantage to my character, inasmuch as they were pretty liberal of their favours, which were placed to my account, though I knew nothing of the matter. My Lord said that was hard, but he hoped, now he had found the real Mrs Pilkington, she would not be inexorable. To turn off this sort of discourse, I talked of public affairs, which put my Lord in the head of making me pacquet Commissioner Thompson, then candidate in the election for the City of York, with Old English rhymes after the manner of *Mother Shipton's Prophecies*, to inform him of the defeat he was to meet with in that year. I had the good fortune to divert him with my comical stuff so well that he left me a task, which was to translate a French *chanson à boire:* he gave me a couple of guineas, and, promising to be a frequent visitor, he took his leave.

I do assure my readers I was very glad to be retained as his Lordship's muse and secretary—an employment both of honour and profit.

I continued in favour some time; and we bantered half the nobility, either about their love-intrigues or

parliamentary affairs, all of which were well known to his Lordship, who honoured me with his confidence and inſtruction.

But, as all happiness fades away, an unforeseen accident blaſted mine.

My Lord was seized with a fever, which confined him some days: the firſt time he was able to go abroad, he wrote me word he would pass the evening with me. About his appointed hour, somebody tapped at the dining-room door, which I opened; when, inſtead of my Lord, entered Colonel Duncombe, and Mr Spencer, whom the Colonel presented to me, and made his *exit.*

This nobleman was no more like his brother than I to Hercules—for the firſt thing he did was to double-lock the door, put the key in his pocket, and by main ſtrength oblige me to sit on his knee. I told him I expected Lord Galway, but that had no effect, for he swore he should not have admittance; he said he was as well entitled to a lady's favour as any Lord: it was to no purpose for me to assure him my Lord never asked any but what were consiſtent with honour. He gave no credit to my words, and, seeing he had set me a-weeping, he said my Lord was very happy in my love, but that he was not worthy of it, being an inconſtant; but as for me added he, 'I don't come to pay one visit, but to make you mine for ever; to raise such merit above diſtress, and to make you as happy as I can.'

'Sir', returned I, 'your goodness deserves my acknowledgment, but your meaning seems doubtful—on what terms am I to receive those advantages?' 'On the easieſt and sweeteſt in the world' said he: 'give me your love in return, 'tis all I wish'—and, running on with Lord Haſting's speech in his midnight visit to poor Jane Shore, he cried:

Be kind, my charming miſtress, to my wishes,
And satisfy my panting heart with beauty!

'Twas in vain for me to remonſtrate that he had a fine young lady of his own; that I was not worth the pains

he took; that I was not handsome. He said I pleased him, and that to him was beauty which he was resolutely determined to possess—if not by consent, he would make use of force.

And truly the gentleman would soon have convinced me he was the ſtronger, had not Lord Galway knocked at the door: he swore I ſhould not open it; my Lord called to me, and ſaid he would break the door open. I begged of Mr Spencer to permit me to let him in, and that, if he would ſtay a moment, I would frame ſome handſome excuſe to diſmiſs him.

He gave me the key, and went into the bed-chamber: I opened the door for Lord Galway, who brought with him the Earl of Middleſex, a fine gentleman. Lord Galway was either very angry or affected to appear ſo; and really I knew not what apology to make—only to ſay I had been aſleep. The noblemen ſeated themſelves, to the no ſmall vexation of Mr Spencer. Lord Galway aſked me who was in the bed-chamber. I ſaid 'Nobody';—'well, Madam', ſaid he, 'I know you are a lady of veracity, but for once I preſume to doubt it'. So ſaying, he made to the door, which ſtood open, and Mr Spencer clapped it in his face, double-locked it withinſide, and, to my great happineſs, went out of another door downſtairs: this I was very glad of, being apprehenſive of a quarrel.—Lord Galway was in a violent paſſion, and inſiſted on my telling him what fellow, as he called him, affronted him. So, to ſatisfy him, I very ingenuouſly told him the whole ſtory, to the infinite mirth of Lord Middleſex, who I thought would have died with laughter, for amongſt other accidents, I had, in the fray, loſt a little Paris cap I wore, and, as my hair was very thick, never miſſed it.

But whatever I could ſay would by no means pacify Lord Galway: he called me twenty ungrateful devils and jilts and I know not what, which ſurprized me the more as I never in my life imagined he loved me, and conſequently could not form any idea of his being jealous; but, I ſuppoſe, his pride was piqued at being

locked out, which was the real cause of his resentment.

Lord Middlesex in vain pleaded my cause, till, at last, an odd whim of his turned our tragedy to a farce.

Lord Middlesex, it seems, liked an Italian singer, on whom Lord Raymond, a very small gentleman—with a mind in proportion to his diminutive figure—had wrote a very stupid satire; he begged of me to write a love-letter to him, for he was, it seems, a man of gallantry, and his answer I was to communicate at White's.

As I was a perfect stranger to his character, the noblemen dictated a fine encomium on his learning, wit, poetry, beauty, etc., all of which united had, it seems, made a conquest of me, unheard, unseen, and made me extremely ambitious of being known to so accomplished a nobleman; we also gave him some poetry and a direction where to find his most enamoured nymph. This done, the letter was dispatched away to Bond Street: the messenger brought word I should have an answer in the morning.

I know whoever reads this may very possibly censure me, but all who are dependent on the favours of the great must comply with their whimsies; it is enough if we are so conscientious as not to be made a slave to their vices, as Robert Nugent, Esq., civilly asked me to be.

Now, as I have mentioned this fellow, for such is the term his behaviour to me merits, who am in this in the same mind with Pope[1]

> *That worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;*
> *The rest is all but leather and prunella.*

I hope my reader will allow me to give them a short sketch of him, with regard to me, and also of the mortification I had the happiness of giving him.

My father attended his first wife, Lady E—ll—a Plunkett, and, I had, I believe, passed twenty evenings

[1] I don't mean a fellow of T. C. D.

in his company in Dublin. He had published a poem written by the Reverend Mr Sterling, called *Happiness*, as his own, and another on his conversion from Popery, inscribed to William Pulteney, now Earl of Bath, to whose piety he was indebted for his being drawn out of error. This gave me a fine opportunity of paying him a compliment, which I sent to White's; he sent me word he would wait on me that evening, and accordingly he came.

After his first salutation, he very politely asked me if I could help him to a W——, telling me he had married an ugly old devil for money, whom he hated, and wanted a girl to take into keeping, which he depended on my skill to choose for him. I thanked him for the honourable employment he recommended to me, but assured him it was not in my power to serve him, as I never conversed with women. He told me he would not be a friend to me on any other terms. I said I was sorry for it, so making him a reverence, I left the room. He stayed in it for some time, hoping, I suppose, I was gone on his errand, but, finding I did not return, he went away; but to do him justice he left half a guinea on the table, as a recompence for the affront he had given me.

He wanted, it seems, to be admitted as a member of the club at White's; their way of election is by ballotting and one black bean is sufficient to overturn any man's pretension to that honour. I told my story so effectually that they all concluded him unfit for society, and as many friends as he imagined he had amongst three hundred nobles and as vast a fortune as his wife had brought him, he had but one white bean in the whole draught.

However, I return him thanks for his ten-and-sixpence, to show my gratitude.

But, to return to my little Lord Raymond. Early next morning, as I was drinking tea, his valet-de-chambre said he must speak to me. I desired he might come in: he was a Frenchman, who, contrary to the rest of his country, was as boorish as an English farmer. He

threw down a letter on the table; 'Dere, my Lord send a you dat'. I opened it, and read as follows:

Madam,

By your Stile you ought to be a Gentlewoman; but I have met with Thing of this Kind, which did not answer Expectation, I have sent my man to see you, whom I always trust, and so may you: if he likes you, and you will come where I appoint, for I never venture to Visit any Woman, I will meet you.

I am,

MADAM,

Your's,

RAYMOND.

While I was perusing this gallant epistle, the Frenchman looked sharp about: he even opened the corner cupboard; then he demanded of me what did I 'vant with his Lorde?' I could not resist my inclination to laugh, at which he grew choleric, and swore: 'Garzoon, he should never come'; which, I being quite easy about, he went away muttering something.

I sent his letter, which was wrote in a very bad hand and almost every word mis-spelt, to Lord Middlesex, who showed it to the company at White's, on whom it took the same effect it had done on me, for they all laughed heartily at Jack-a-Dandy, a nickname Lord Middlesex had bestowed on him.

These two merry noblemen, who had set me on this scheme, would fain have prevailed on me to send another letter to Jack-a-Dandy, but I told them I did not approve of a man governed by his man, and one who seemed to be a coward into the bargain. Lord Middlesex then told me Lord Raymond had some reason to be fearful how he made an assignation, as he had once the misfortune to be taken in by a billet-doux, and, when he went to the appointed place, instead of a fine lady found a couple of sturdy fellows, who gave him a very good cudgeling.

This put me in mind of a merry story was told me in London, of Colonel C—nn—m, who took delight in paying his addresses to young ladies merely for amusement, and no sooner did he perceive he had gained their affection but he despised his conquest.

As the noblemen knew him, I related one story to them out of many, for a pleasant revenge a forsaken nymph took on him.

This lady was of exceeding good birth, very well accomplished, and of unblemished reputation, but not of fortune equal to his; however, he seemed so fond that she supposed that would be no obstacle, and entirely devoted herself to the pleasure of loving him: which he no sooner perceived but he grew cold, civil, and respectful, and at last went to London without so much as bidding her farewell.

Her step-father, Brigadier Vesey, having some call there, took his lady and her children with him, where, though Miss A——t (for that was the lady's name) frequently saw the Colonel at Court, he never took the least notice of her, but seemed as never acquainted. This, as we may presume, sufficiently grieved her; she made her complaint to a female confidant, a lady of quality and a woman of spirit; between them they contrived at least to give his vanity a terrible mortification.

They wrote to him a letter, as from a married Duchess who was fallen in love with him at Court: the chairman had directions to wait for his answer, but they took care that he should not be able to guess who sent it. All that the Colonel could discover was that it was given to him in the street, and he was ordered to leave the answer at a mercer's where it would be safe delivered to the person who wrote the letter.

This secrecy made him quite sure he had gained the heart of some high-born fair; he failed not to send a passionate and tender return for so great an honour, as the unknown charmer had done him. The ladies received it, and were glad to find the gudgeon swallow the bait so greedily. Next night he took care to dress

himself with the utmoſt magnificence, and, as he is really a graceful person, he made no doubt but the lady would, by some favourable glance, discover herself to him; to this end, he went to Court, and ſtrictly examined the countenance of every lady of quality there to no purpose, which only made him suppose the lady extremely discreet and, careful of her reputation.

His imaginary miſtress made several appointments with him; then sent him word her Lord was come to town or some apology, till at laſt, tired with their sport, they resolved to finish it.

To this end, he received a letter that the lady could not find out any place where she could without danger of discovery meet him except at his own house, but begged that he might not let any of his servants be in the way; that she would come in a chair, exactly at ten—one small tap at the door being the signal for happiness.

Never did knight errant propose to himself more glory in the finishing of an adventure than did our happy Colonel at his near approaching bliss: he had framed to himself an idea of a perfect beauty, kind, tender, and formed for love. His answer was all rapture and acknowledgment.

His apartments were filled with wax lights, himself curled, perfumed, and dressed to such advantage, who could resiſt that beheld him?—He punctually obeyed the ladies' commands, in dismissing all the servants with orders not to appear, and waited the happy minute with the impatience of a real lover: every moment he looked at his watch, and thought the hours ages.

At length the long-wished-for signal was given—he flew to receive the fair one, when a porter delivered a band-box into his hand, and, without speaking a word to him vanished.—Never was any man in greater confusion than he, at opening it: he there found, not only all his own soft epiſtles, but also, a little doll in a chair, with a letter in her hand directed to him, the purport of which, was to let him know he was a conceited coxcomb to suppose any woman of quality had the leaſt regard

for him, and that the lady who held that was a mistress good enough for him.

The noblemen thanked me for my narration, and wished the trick had been put on Jack-a-Dandy, such a lady being a much more suitable match for him than the Colonel; however, we all agreed that this was no tax on the gentleman's understanding,

Since, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies.

And, that his appearance might captivate a lady, without any miracle.

Lord Middlesex did me the honour to subscribe, and assured me he would prevail on as many of his friends as he could to do me the same favour.

Next day Colonel Duncombe asked me Did I know such a gentleman of Ireland as Loftus Hulme, Esq. I said I did, particularly well, as my brother and he were inseparable companions in the College: he told me there was a parcel of letters freed by the Earl of Thomond, then just dead, lying for him at White's, and that he should be glad to see him, to learn some account of the particulars of Lord Thomond's death, with whom he had for many years a strict friendship.

As I had learned by accident where Mr Hulme lived, I wrote to let him know what the Colonel said; he sent me a letter of thanks, and that he would do himself the honour of meeting the Colonel the next evening at my apartment.

It so fortuned that my kind benefactor, Mr. Cibber, came over with the Colonel, and a little after came Mr Hulme: his politeness and the many pleasing incidents of our younger days gave me infinite delight, as it was a proof that I was not an impostor, and convinced the auditors I had once been in esteem, even in my own country.

After a good deal of agreeable chat, wherein Mr Hulme took an opportunity of mentioning his having, when he was in the College, spent his whole year's

of being serviceable to me, and that it was also in my power to be so to him. 'In what, Sir?' 'Why, I have received from Ireland, from your husband, the Life of Alderman Barber, wherein there is an account of the amours of Cadenus and Vanessa, to which the Alderman was privy, and related them to Mr Pilkington. Now I have been informed you have some letters of the Dean's which may embellish the word; and also, a true character of the Alderman, written by his Chaplain; I will make you a handsome consideration for them, if you will give them to me to publish.'

This discourse surprized me almoſt as much as the firſt; I therefore begged he would not hold me any longer in suspense but let me know who I conversed with. He answered his name was Edmond Curll, upon which, in spite of vexation and the disappointment of my new-born hope, I could not forbear laughing at the fine scheme he had laid to trick me out of any valuable manuscripts I might possibly possess; so making him a courtesy, I said Farewell, legacy!

I should not trouble the reader with this ſtory but that I have been charged with writing the Life of the Alderman; and, as I shall answer it to God, I never even saw it in my life, not but curiosity would have engaged me to read it, especially as I heard it was very well wrote; but, at the time it was published, I was a prisoner in the Marshalsea, and really had not a crown to spare for a book.

As Mr Curll swore heartily that his letter with regard to the legacy was genuine, I went the next day to Councellor Clark: there was indeed an old gentleman of his name newly dead at St Edmondsbury, who had children and grand-children, heirs-at-law sufficient to inherit his fortune, and, as it happened, he died inteſtate.

However, I comforted myself that Mr Curll had not made a fool of me, as he has done of many a bad writer, and secured me a prisoner in his poetical garret, which the ingenious Mr Fielding charmingly ridicules.

But oh! the dismal summer—which ever was attended with want, and all its gloomy train not only to me but many persons who seem in good circumstances—left me quite desolate, and obliged me to take a cheaper lodging, which I did in the house of one Mrs Trifoli in Duke Street, St James's—a most extraordinary painted up, bedizened out old woman, whose husband was a German quack, not then in England, for which, it seems his wife had obliged him to fly, for robbing her of a deed of settlement he had made on her at marriage; but to say the truth, I think that was a blessing on the poor man, for she was a very Devil-incarnate, unmerciful and cruel to the last degree. I dare say she never in her life gave even a cup of water to the poor or a morsel of bread for the sake of the Lord.

Her custom was to live upon her lodgers, even when she knew they were desolately poor, insomuch that, if one of them sent but for a pint of small beer, she would intercept it in the way and drink half of it; but indeed she was very civil, for she always sent them word she drank their healths, and so she did in reality, yea, their very vital blood.

Being sadly distressed by this avaricious wretch, I was advised to apply to Doctor Meade, who was a man of taste and had sixty thousand pounds left him to give in such charities as he thought proper. Accordingly I wrote him a moving tale of my distress, which had so good an effect that he sent me word he would wait on me himself the next day; but, not keeping his word, I addressed him in the following lines:

To Doctor Meade

Scarce was the heavenly Virgin higher blest,
When visited by a celestial Guest;
Hailed by the glorious messenger of grace,
And honoured high above the human race,
Scarce stronger rapture could his words impart
Than those which lately ecstasied my heart,
When you, God's noblest image here below,
Your honoured presence promised to bestow:

but that perhaps, on account of my sex, I might find a little favour.

'Well', said he, 'there are a couple of guineas for you.' This, though far short of my expectations, was a little present relief, and, as the gentleman was under no obligation to reward or encourage me, I very gratefully accepted of them, and yet

Proud was the muse I served, unbred to wait
A willing stranger at a great man's gate!

And here, gentle reader, give me leave to trespass a moment on your patience, to make one remark, which is that, amongst all the persons who are celebrated for being charitable, I never met one really so; and the most humane and beneficent are those whose characters have been so attacked for their humanity that at last they have even been ashamed of well-doing.

I remember Doctor Swift told me he saw a beggar attack a Bishop, who charitably from his abundance spared him an half-penny, and said 'God bless you!': presently after he attacked Brigadier Groves, who threw half-a-crown to him, and bade G—d d—n him: 'which', said he, 'do you think the beggar prayed for at night?'

But as I have mentioned Doctor Meade—who was so much in love with Mr Pope, for saying

And books for Meade, and rarities for Sloane—

I think I must give them also a sketch of Sir Hans, to whom the Doctor advised me to apply, as an encourager of arts. I travelled down to Chelsea to wait upon him: it snowed violently, insomuch that I, who had only a chintz gown on, was wet to the skin. The porter—*memorandum*, better bred than his master—to whom I had sent up a compliment, which, as he did not deserve, I shall not do him the honour to insert, invited me into his lodge, where, after about two hours attendance, I was at length permitted to enter to his Supreme Majesty; but sure the Pope himself in all his pontifical robes

never was half so proud. I was conducted by an escort through six or seven rooms, one of which was entirely wainscotted, if I may so term it, with china, but, like the idol to whom a stately temple was consecrated, which a traveller, attracted by its outward magnificence, thought to find an adorable deity in, and on search found a ridiculous monkey—so, I saw an old fellow, who I am very well convinced never saw me, for he did not even vouchsafe to turn his eyes off a paper he was writing to see who came in, till at last a beggar-woman entered with a sore-eyed child, the inside of whose eyelids he very charitably tore out with a beard of corn, under which cruel operation the girl fainted, but he said that was good for her: it may be so, for by two-headed Janus, Nature has framed strange Doctors in her time.

Some who will bid us live on pulse and water,
And others of such vinegar aspect
They would not wag their jaws in way of smile,
Though Nestor swore the jest were laughable.

Of this latter sort was Sir Hans. Though I had sent up a letter which lay before him, he asked me what I wanted. If I had bad eyes he said he would brush them up for charity, but, as they happened to be tolerably good, I excused myself by telling him I had brought him that letter; and indeed I was quick-sighted enough to find out that his honour (as the beggar-woman called him) was a conceited, ridiculous, imperious old fool.—He then considered my letter over, and finding by the contents Doctor Meade had recommended me to him, said: 'Poor creature! I suppose you want charity; there's half-a-crown for you.' I could hardly resist a strong inclination I had to 'quoit it', as Falstaff says, into his face like a three-penny shovel-groat'; and was only constrained by the consideration that I had ne'er a shilling in my pocket, and that, little as it was, I could eat for it.

I have here done with the great Sir Hans Sloane, Baron of Oakum, and return to Doctor Meade.

Despair vanquished me quite; nay, so artful was the enemy as even to persuade me I had a right to dispose of my own life, especially when there did not seem even a possibility of preserving it. Filled with gloomy ideas, I took my usual walk, and took notice of the corner between the monuments of Shakespeare and Rowe, where I wished to be interred, and that Mr Pope's lines:

How loved, how honoured, once availeth not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
An heap of duſt alone remains of me,
'Tis all I am, 'tis all the proud ſhall be

might be my epitaph. I really found room for meditation, even to madness.

In this temper I went into St James's Park, and seated myself by Rosamond's pond; the moon, apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light, and I waited in the silent shade, resolved to execute my dreadful purpose as soon as I could do it without observation, when a young lady and an old one, both very well dressed, seated themselves by me: they, in an elegant ſtyle, began to praise the sweet and solemn beauties of the moonlight scene; the winds gently whispered through the fragrant lime-trees, juſt then in full flower; and, indeed, though they were not vernal airs, they might have dissipated all anguish but despair. Finding that, notwithſtanding my taciturnity, the ladies would enter into conversation with me, I could not in point of good breeding refuse to return them answers with as much politeness as I was miſtress of, till at length we were so pleased with each other that, time insensibly flying, we found we were locked into the Park; but the ladies, whose garden opened into it, insiſted on my accompanying them to supper.

We were let in at a back-door, by a servant in livery, to a very genteel house, where, on a sofa, sat a very handsome man in a gold brocade nightgown, to whom the young lady presented me, and said he was her spouse; the cloth was ready laid, and a cold supper on

now return, with the utmoſt humility, to his Lordship again.

So, my Lord went to Church, where I also went. I there saw Doctor Meade, who, perceiving his Lordship made me a low bow, made one four times as low; and I could very hardly refrain laughing at them both, and thinking

That all this world's a ſtage, and
All the men and women merely actors;

And that

If ev'ry juſt man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly pampered luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vaſt excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered by her ſtore:
And then the giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidſt his gorgeous feaſt;
But, with besotted base ingratitude,
Crams and blasphemes his feeder.—Milton's *Comus.*

Well, I could find no remedy for the consumption of my purse, nor borrow, to linger out the disease, anywhere but from the pawnbroker, but he was always charitable.

However, I concealed my diſtress with the utmoſt care from my landlady; called every morning for the tea-kettle, though I had no tea—then I said I was engaged to dine abroad, and took a solitary walk to Weſtminſter Abbey—and ranged the solemn isles alone, envying those who reſted in peace from their labours; till at laſt, having been three days and three nights without food of any kind, Heaven pardon me! a melancholy thought came into my head, that it was better die at once than die daily; and that, as I could not fardles bear, it was beſt to make my own *quietus*, and no longer ſtrive to keep up a frail and feverish being: and here, indeed, I own I had been unmindful of the crown which virtue gives,

After this mortal coil to her true servants.

Despair vanquished me quite; nay, so artful was the enemy as even to persuade me I had a right to dispose of my own life, especially when there did not seem even a possibility of preserving it. Filled with gloomy ideas, I took my usual walk, and took notice of the corner between the monuments of Shakespeare and Rowe, where I wished to be interred, and that Mr Pope's lines:

How loved, how honoured, once availeth not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
An heap of dust alone remains of me,
'Tis all I am, 'tis all the proud shall be

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the table: I would very fain have prevailed on the lady to permit me to go through her house home, for I could easily perceive the gentleman's civility was quite forced, and that he was impatient to revenge on his wife the liberty she had taken of inviting a stranger in; which, indeed, I believe she did on no other account but that she thought decency would prevent him from giving her a beating, of which, it seems, he was very liberal, though he was but a footman when the lady married him, and threw herself and twenty thousand pounds away upon him, as I afterwards learned.

But, as the late Earl of Pembroke observed when he was told a maid of honour, who was very handsome, was in love with him notwithstanding he was an old hump-backed man but one of infinite wit, said: 'Faith, it may be so; women have strange fancies!'

I, though foodless, never spent three hours more disagreeably, especially as this house brought back to my mind the fear and terror I always felt in Mr Pilkington's, to which, if my father, mother, or any friend came, it threw me into agonies, being well assured they would never depart without receiving some gross affront, such as the two following stories, trivial as they are, may serve to illustrate.

One Allhallow's Eve, a night of pleasure and disport in Ireland among the young maidens and bachelors, my brother and sister, who had invited some persons agreeable to their own age to celebrate it with them, very fairly begged of us old folks to go abroad to oblige them, and myself also; I begged of Doctor Delany, who dined with us, and my father and mother to come home with me and try if we could not be as cheerful as they: I no sooner proposed the scheme than they all agreed to it; as my father was no supper-man, I had ordered a custard to be made for him, and, having a bastable oven, it was put into it to bake.

While we were amusing ourselves in agreeable chat, entered Mr Pilkington like the description of winter,

Striding the gloomy blast!

and, observing a smoke occasioned by the lighting of the oven, he descended to examine the contents thereof, found the custard, eat most part of it, and sent the remainder out of doors, telling us to our faces we should not liquor our chops at his expense; though, *memorandum*, my dear father always sent his supper and wine before him whenever he vouchsafed us the honour of a visit.

The second instance of my spouse's good-nature was that, though he had no less than thirteen hens, he knowing I liked a new-laid egg for my supper, watched the hen-roost close, and every egg was in a basket sent to the Widow Warren, covered with a damask napkin, of which he got no less than eighteen given to me by Brigadier Meade. At length one evening, when my husband was abroad, my brother and sister came to visit me: when the clock struck ten, I concluded Mr Pilkington would not come home to supper, and I had the impudence to eat two eggs; they were scarce down when he came in; my brother had sent for a bottle of wine, and invited his reverence to drink a glass, but he scorned us[1] and our vile insinuations; and, as he always kept an exact reckoning for his poultry, he very magisterially ordered his eggs to be got ready; this was a thunderclap to me—however, as it was in vain to attempt to hide my guilt, I was forced to confess the horrid fact; upon which he stood aghast, as though he had seen churchyards yawn and Hell itself breath forth contagion to the world.

'What', said he, 'did you eat my black hen's egg? Could not any other satisfy your dirty guts. I wish the Devil was in the egg, and that it had choked you.'

I answered he had preferred his charitable wish too late; and, lest it should take any effect, I drank a glass of my brother's wine that I might digest all together.

Oh, let the world judge, how happy I was!—but to return.

Though my Park adventure had diverted the execution

[1] *Mem.:* He says in one of his letters that the nobility scorned me and my vile insinuations and impudence.

of my sad scheme for one evening, yet, as it had brought me no relief, I still kept my purpose and resolved to fulfil it the next. To this end I came and sat in the same place: I made several attempts to throw myself in, and still, when I came near the water, the fear of something after death, puzzled the will; I examined my heart strictly, to know what gross offence I had ever committed that it should

> *Please Heaven, to try me with afflictions,*
> *To steep me in poverty, up to the very lips;*
> *Give to captivity, me, and my utmost hopes.*

For, had I ever refused my morsel to the hungry, or ever filled the widows' eyes with tears, I should not wonder at it. Quite lost in these melancholy reflections, I was waked as from a dream by a very well-dressed gentleman who tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Lord, can this be Mrs Pilkington?' I looked at him earnestly, and recollecting I had seen his face before, answered it was all the remains of her that was Mrs Pilkington. 'May I presume, Madam, to ask, on what intention you are sitting here?' I fancy he perceived by my looks the disorder of my soul, which, I believe, was strongly pictured there. I begged he would leave me to myself—but he insisted on my going along with him to the Royal Vineyard, which was not far off; it was in vain to refuse him—he would take no denial. When we were got about half-way, I very seriously demanded of him who he was. He answered he was Captain Hamilton, who had once the honour of seeing me at my uncle Van Lewen's in Cork, and who should think himself very happy if it was any way in his power to serve me. We got a cold fowl and some ham, of which I eat a little, and took a glass or two of champagne, and I found it revive me very much. We then fell into discourse, and, I very sincerely related to him my unhappy situation and the peril his appearance had delivered me from. My story affected him so much that it drew tears from him. After we had regaled ourselves, it

growing late, we left the Park, and he was so kind to see me to my lodging, where, putting a couple of guineas into my hand, we parted, and he promised to see me next morning—but I saw him no more.

I am sure, when Mr Pilkington comes to this part of my story, he will wish the gentleman had been buried sooner than he should do him so ill an office as that of saving my life; but I, among other things, was born to let the world see what the inside of a priest is made of:

> *Prompt or to stab, or faint, to save, or damn;*
> *Heav'ns Swiss, who fight for any God or man!*—Pope.

Take notice, I always except the good and valuable part of the clergy, whom nobody more highly respects and honours than I sincerely do; for, when they possess, like Berkeley, every virtue under heaven, who can refuse it.

I once more began to believe myself under the favour and protection of the Almighty, as His Hand, though to me invisible, visibly led me through various mazes, perplexed with error; and determined, whatever sufferings He was pleased to inflict, to bear them with resignation, and never permit them to triumph over a Christian faith.

And a severe and cruel trial of my constancy I quickly experienced: there was a young woman who lodged in the garret whom I not only to the uttermost of my power supported, as she was my countrywoman and in great distress, but also, as she said she was related to Lord Powerscourt; her maiden name, as she told me, was Craggs; his Lordship may better know whether this was true or false then I can presume to do; however, I had often made her a confidante to my distress, which she as constantly revealed to my inexorable landlady, who, one day, pretending great compassion, told me what a snake I harboured in my bosom, and said, as she had learned from her that I had several valuable things in pawn, she would release them and keep them in her own hands till such time as I could pay her the trifle

I owed her: I thought this a kind offer, and with great acknowledgment accepted of it. Oh! what a fool was I, to suspect such a *Jew* of any remorse! I gave her a line to the pawnbroker, empowering her to receive whatever he had of mine, and out of my two guineas paid her one. She laid out two guineas, took the goods into her own hands, and 'ere she came home took out a writ against me for the money she had paid for them.

This was of a Friday: it rained excessively all day, to which I attributed both her staying and the extreme lowness and dejection of spirit I laboured under. I called to Mrs Craggs to bear me company, but, as she had told my Christian name to my landlady in order to have me properly arrested, she did not think convenient to come to me.

At length the old beldam returned, and in a merry way asked me, Did not I think she had run away with my things I answered: 'No—they were not worth her while.' She complained of being very dry, upon which I was weak enough to treat her with some porter. My reader will please to observe I was at this time, employed in writing a tragedy, called *The Roman Father*, from the story of Virginius and Virginia, two acts of which I had finished; but, as at the same time there were two bad plays wrote on that subject, I did not think proper to go on with it; it was lying on my window, and after some chat with the old woman, being very much depressed in spirit, I went to bed. Early next morning, to my no small surprize, entered a couple of ill-favoured fellows, the sight of whom struck terror to my soul. I demanded their business: one of them answered: 'Get up, you Irish Papist bitch, and come along with us.' The other, who had employed himself in looking over my papers, cried: 'Ay, the Irish W——e; here is something about some Roman Father, that's the Pope, and be damned to you, is it!' I was for some time quite speechless, but, when I recovered strength enough to speak, I begged of them to leave the room, till I put on my clothes, but my landlady, coming in

at that instant, cried: 'You're damn'd modest—don't quit the place.' The fellows, who had more decency than she, looked out at the window while I dressed myself, in which time my agony was inconceivable; they called a coach, and, thrusting me into it, conveyed me to the house of an Officer of Mace at Charing-Cross: as I happened to have a guinea in my pocket, I called for a room and a pint of wine, and then considered if I had one friend I could apply to. My dear Mr Cibber was out of town, as were likewise most of the nobility: however, I saw young Mr Cibber go by the window, and sent to him, but, like all the world, when he heard my condition he would not come near me. My whole debt was forty shillings. Oh, what could I do but give my tears vent, which was my only relief; and next day after paying twenty shillings, I was conveyed to the Marshalsea Prison. I sat within side the lodge for some minutes quite stupified, till at length a man came, and asked me if I was a prisoner, which, it seems, he did not before know. I told him I was, upon which he brought me into a room, where a parcel of wretches seized me, and sung a long song about garnish, and were going to pull my clothes off, till a servant who had seen me before said: 'For God's sake don't use Doctor Meade's wife ill.' Upon this, a most ugly woman came up, and said: 'G—d d——n you, you B——h, do you pretend to be Doctor Meade's wife?—I am his Wife.' I begged to be heard, which was granted: I told her my name was, Meade, and my husband a clergyman in Ireland: 'Oh, that's a different case', said she, going off. They were kind enough to take my word for some drink, and a good decent woman said she would accept of me for a chum, as they call it: she brought me into a little dirty apartment, where, without examining any thing, I in despair threw myself down on a bed I saw there, and resolved never to rise again. Three days and nights passed, during which time I never tasted food of any sort: at length the companion of my misery pressed me to take a little refreshment, which I was persuaded to do, and,

T. P. del. from an original in the possession of J. Jenkins, Esq.]

MARSHALSEA

Before the new Buildings were erected

[*face p. 274*

seeing so many people in my own condition, at length reconciled me to think of making myself as easy as possible, and leave myself to the disposition of Divine Providence. One morning a friend came to visit me, with whom I sent a letter to Dr Meade, telling him my distress and, amongst other things, these lines:

Can, alas! the plaintive prayer
Dictated by grief sincere,
Hope to reach a friendly ear?
Will thy kind and bounteous heart
Sympathize while I impart
Such affliction as before
Never hapless woman bore?

I made no doubt but I should be relieved, and waited impatiently for the answer, which was as follows:

To Mrs Meade, in the Marshalsea

Ormond Street, October 16, 1742.

Madam,

I have so many applications for charity that it is impossible for me to relieve all: those from your country alone are very numerous. The family of the Meades there are very rich, and should take care of their needy branches; I have, for the last time, sent you a guinea.

I am,
Your humble Servant,
R. M.

I kept the original of this by me, with a resolution, when I should these unlucky deeds relate, not to omit it; but this was soon gone. I had many to satisfy. I then wrote to Henry Furnese, Esq., who in a polite manner sent me a guinea, which doubled the obligation:

For, oh! believe me, 'tis a dreadful task
To generous minds to be compelled to ask;
More dreadful still to have a suit denied,
Or take a niggard alms, giv'n with contempt and pride.

I was by this supported, till my dear Mr Cibber came to town, who was no sooner acquainted with my misfortune

than he sent me a guinea all changed into sixpences, leſt it should tempt some one to pick my pocket: this was an inſtance of singular humanity; but he has often said when he did good to people in diſtress, it was only to ease his own mind which would otherwise have been on the rack. Oh, Heavens! what innate goodness muſt dwell in that breaſt! Seeing the woman that accused me for being the Doctor's wife lying dead drunk in the puddle, I asked my companion who she was. 'Madam, I'll tell you: she was a servant to Dr Meade, who had a child by her, and supported her in his house for some time; at length they parted, and he was to allow her five guineas a week. But the Doctor, marrying his present lady, began to be remiss in his payments, which enraged madam to such a degree that, forgetting decency, she went to his house and in presence of all his servants abused and exposed him to the utmoſt of her power.'

Upon this the Doctor ſtepped into his chariot, and ordered it to drive to her lodging, where, finding she was indebted to her landlord, one Mr Bradſt—t, famous for being a Spy for the Duke of Cumberland, he desired him to arreſt and put her in jail. This artful fellow alleged it would be very expensive; but the Doctor, having charity-money enough to supply such exigencies, said he valued not the expense so she was secured. Upon this the poor wretch was arreſted and thrown into jail; and from time to time Bradſt—t got three hundred pounds from the Doctor for keeping her there; till at length, the Doctor, growing weary of the expense, consented to her releasement; but she had so entirely devoted herself to drinking that she died a few days after she obtained her liberty.

And so let this be booked, among other of his good works, such as combing the ladies' heads, etc., etc.

I think it is a great pity that every charitably disposed person is not his own almoner, since it is a thousand to one whether that which was intended to help the diſtressed and innocent is not applied to the service of LUXURY and VICE. I am sure, to my own knowledge in

several instances, it has been so by the Doctor, who has many affairs of the same nature on his hands, and, to quote his favourite Mr Pope:

> *Now, in such exigencies, not to need,*
> *Upon my word, you must be rich indeed:*
> *A noble superfluity it craves,*
> *Not for yourself but for your whores and knaves!*

I remember twenty years ago to hear Doctor Delany say from the pulpit it was a glorious thing for a man to be his own executor: I dare say he never preached but what he practised, and—except that eternal treasure which he has wisely laid up in store, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt nor thieves break through and steal—whenever he comes to pay his mortal debt—which hour be far away—all he will have left on his side of a blessed and glorious immortality will be a shower of orphans and of widows' tears to bedew the consecrated earth till summoned to partake of that bliss prepared by the Almighty before all worlds, for souls like his.

As I have frequently observed to my readers that I was glad to run away from such a disagreeable theme as my misfortunes, I hope for their pardon, though I am obliged to return to them again, and give them an account even of so dismal a place as a jail.

Our head-turnkey happened to have been a servant to Alderman Barber; and like Joseph, I found favour in the sight of my keeper, as he had seen me in better days.

> *For, certes, I had looked on better days,*
> *And had with holy bell, been knolled to Church,*
> *And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped the eye*
> *Of drops which sacred pity had engendered.*

This man took great compassion on me, and, as on every Friday—which is Court Day—the prisoners are all locked up in their respective apartments, lest when the gates are thrown open for the admission of the judge and lawyers any of them should make their escape, I

was always indulged in the liberty of hearing the trials, which, as a Court of Judicature was a scene I had never before beheld, greatly amused me.

And, indeed, I quickly perceived Sir Richard Steel was not mistaken when he said the first, second, and third excellence of a lawyer was tautology.

Yet this was but a transitory relaxation once in a week: the horror of my condition returned with redoubled violence the moment I heard the key turn for my confinement.

If Mr Pilkington should allege I have been severe on him in my writings, let him but consider the extremity that he drove a worthy gentleman's daughter to, nurtured in ease and plenty; and if he does not acquit me, I am sure the rest of the world will.

Well, we had a sort of a chapel belonging to the jail, where Doctor Frend, a clergyman, brother to Doctor Frend the physician, obliged us with Divine Service every Sunday. This gentleman was himself a prisoner in the King's Bench, and, after all the grandeur he had once lived in, was now so low reduced as even to be beholden to such an unfortunate creature as I for sixpence; which, unfortunate as I was, I could not refuse to so fine an orator, a gentleman, and by all accounts only undone by boundless generosity and hospitality.

The first day I heard him preach I was charmed with his elocution, but the rest of the congregation, mad and drunk, bade him hold his tongue.—He indeed, like Orpheus, played to wolves and bears; nor were they half so obliging to him as the storms were to Arion: neither could he, though uttering dulcet and harmonious sounds, make the rude crowd grow civil with his song.

This fine gentleman I often invited to my lonely mansion.—He was not a little surprized to hear my mournful story; and, indeed, it somewhat alleviated my sorrow to find such a companion: Poor gentleman!—death has released him; I am sure, I should have done it, had the Almighty given me a power equal to my inclination to serve him.

However, I may praise God that I was under him the happy instrument of good to numbers of my wretched fellow-creatures, since by one pathetic Memorial I I wrote to them the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners reached the hearts of the legislative powers, and obtained an Act of Grace for them.

But, as it was now near Christmas, and the Act was not to take place till the June following, I used my utmost endeavours to procure my own liberty; for, oh! what anxious moments must have passed between that dreadful interval of time! On a second application to Mr Cibber he used all his power with the great for me, and, as he had been used to move their passions, did it effectually on my behalf, insomuch that no less than sixteen Dukes contributed a guinea a-piece towards my enlargement.

When I read over these words: *Discharge from your custody the body of, etc.*, as I was by nine weeks confinement, sickness, and fasting, rendered quite weak, the joyful surprize made me faint away several times, and, indeed, my kind benefactor had like to have frustrated his own generous design of preserving me.

However, after all debts, extortions, and dues were paid, I had just thirteen shillings left, with which sum I was once more, permitted to breathe the open air—and go where I pleased.

As soon as I got as far as London Bridge, I found my head turn quite giddy and my legs fail me, insomuch that I went into a jeweller's shop, who, perceiving my weak condition, permitted me to sit down in it: I begged of him to let some of his servants call a coach for me, which he civilly complied with; when I was got into it, I was at a loss where to bid the coachman drive me, till at last recollecting that all my writings—all, the little all! which might make my future fortune—were in the possessions of Mrs Trifoli, the woman who had cast me into misery unspeakable, which not to teize my readers, I have slightly passed over; for what entertainment can it possibly give to the curious, learned, or

polite reader to hear from me what every person who has ever been in a jail can relate as well as I.

Well, I was carried to her house, where, as I told her I did not know where to lodge that night, she kindly accepted of me as a bed-fellow, but a very bad one I found, for she, as my spirits were quite fatigued, no sooner found I was fast asleep but she picked my pocket.

When I awoke in the morning, she asked me to give her some tea, on which taking up my pocket to give her money to go for it, I found I had none. When I complained of this usage, she told me she was too charitable to permit me to sleep with her, and now this was her reward; so she insisted on my turning out of her doors, and truly I knew not where to

Inform my unacquainted feet
Through the blind mazes of a tangled world.

So I went dirty as I came out of the jail to Mr Cibber; for I ought before to have observed, that this wretch not only secured my person but my clothes also, insomuch that I had not a shift to change me, till, out of what charity was sent me I bought a second one in the jail.

However, he received me with as much regard and kindness as though I had been ever so well dressed; but he charged me not to give him thanks for anything he had done to serve me, but to praise God who, as he said, had given me merit. 'For, child', said he, 'were you stupid, insensible, or wicked, I should never have had the smallest compassion for you.'

He asked me what I now intended to do. I assured him I did not know; for that I neither had a lodging nor, what was yet worse, a shilling to get one. 'Well', said he, 'I have a little money in store for you; I told your melancholy story to the Duke of Richmond, and he gave me five guineas for you—there they are.'

This was a lottery-prize to one in my unhappy

situation; I could not, though prohibited, forbear the warmeſt expressions of gratitude, both to his Grace and Mr Cibber; to the Duke I wrote a letter of acknowledgment, and provided myself with a lodging in Weſtminſter, and, as it was on Chriſtmas Eve I obtained my liberty, on New Year's Day I published in the *Gazette* the following Lines:

To Colley Cibber Esq.

Lost in a prison's joyless bloom,
Cheerless and dreary as the tomb,
Where on the bed of care I lay,
And wept the lonely hours away:
When every hope and wish was fled
But to be numbered with the dead,
You, like the messenger of grace,
Spoke my despairing soul to peace;
Wiped off the tear from sorrow's eye,
Bid bars and bolts, ſtrong warded, fly;
Bounty the angel-men revere
Wrought miracles of mercy there.
Say, shall those deeds forgotten die,
Or loſt in cold oblivion lie?
May Heaven no longer guard that breath
You rescued from untimely death
Than gratitude attunes my lays
In sweeteſt notes to hymn your praise;
Nor can the song offend the ear,
Thus offered from a soul sincere.

Enlarged once more, with joy I view
The circling sun his course renew.
May he whose wisdom guides the spheres
Proportion blessings to thy years;
To thee may rosy bosomed spring
Pleasure and health and plenty bring,
Till time, with gentle ſteps, convey
The soul to realms of endless day,
Where cherubims for thee, with care
Unenvied deathless wreaths prepare.
Those modeſt virtues you conceal
Shall Heaven-born charity reveal;
And mortal goodness to improve
Unite you can immortal love.

Oh, let your gaiety excuse
My serious melancholy muse!
This world appears a dream to me:
Afflictions teach philosophy;
And thus, alone, a Christian heart,
Its grateful raptures can impart.

My dear old friend was pleased with my sense of his goodness to me—only he told me my lines were more proper to be addressed to an Archbishop than to him, who had nothing to boast of more than a little common humanity.

Well, being now free—and with five guineas in my pocket, in flowing circumstances, I began to consider in what manner I should improve them; so I wrote to his Grace of Marlborough, who, like Lord Kingsborough, knows not how to give one guinea by way of relief: he immediately sent me ten, sealed up in a very genteel letter, with his best wishes and compliments to me. Who was now so rich as I?

But, as Shakespeare observes:

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the height, is prosperous,
But, slighted, the residue of their lives
Is bound in shallows and in misery.

So, I just then heard a clergyman was in England who was a near and intimate friend of my father's: him I addressed, and was ordered to go to Mr Richardson, a Printer in Salisbury Court, for an answer to my letter.

As I had never formed any great idea of a printer[1] by those I had seen in Ireland, I was very negligent of my dress, any more than making myself clean; but was extremely surprized when I was directed to a house of a very grand outward appearance, and, had it been a palace, the beneficent master deserved it.

I met a very civil reception from him; and he not only made me breakfast but also dine with him and his

[1] *Mem.:* Not our present set of printers, who are many of them gentlemen and persons in good circumstances, particularly my own.

agreeable wife and children. After dinner, he called me into his ſtudy, and showed me an order he had received to pay me twelve guineas, which he immediately took out of his *escritoire* and put into my hand; but when I went to tell them over, I found I had fourteen, and, supposing the gentleman had made a miſtake, I was for returning two of them; but he, with a sweetness and modeſty almoſt peculiar to himself, said he hoped I would not take it ill that he had presumed to add a trifle to the bounty of my friend.

I really was counfounded, till, recolleƈting that I had read *Pamela* and been told it was written by one Mr Richardson, I asked him whether he was not the author of it. He said he was the Editor: I told him my surprize was now over, as I found he had only given to the incomparable Pamela the virtues of his own worthy heart.

When he reads these lines as I read them I am certain he will—even for the writer's sake, let him reflect that at leaſt his bread was not scattered on the water; but that, though I have no other way of shewing my gratitude for his boundless and repeated aƈts of humanity to me and my children but words, mere words yet, if every word of mine could charm down blessings on him:

> *Then never should misfortune cross his foot;*
> *But peace should be within his walls, and plenty,*
> *Health and happiness his conſtant Attendants.*

And now, that I might if possible avoid the misery of extreme want, I resolved to turn my ſtock into trade; and, after long consideration, thought nothing would suit my inclination so well as a pamphlet-shop, nor no place was so proper for my purpose as St James's Street, where I should be in the centre of my noble benefaƈtors: to this end, I walked through it, and, finding one to be let which answered my purpose, I direƈtly agreed to give the landlord twenty-one pounds a year for a shop, parlour, and kitchen; but the landlord insiſted on my paying a quarter's rent before-hand, which, though a

little hard upon me, as I not only had the shop to ſtock but furniture of all kinds to buy, I complied with.

So, reader, here was a new scene, and I, for the firſt of my family, took my place behind a counter.

Having met with a very great bargain of prints, which were sold under diſtress, and having some knowledge in that way, I resolved also to deal in them; so, having decorated out my windows with them to the beſt advantage, early on Monday morning I entered on my new employ.

The firſt person who entered was Lord Preſton, dressed *à la mode de* Paris, with long sloped double ruffles such as the ladies wear; he took down the print of *Shakespeare's Monument*, and though it was marked price eighteenpence, he bade me a groat for it, which, as it had coſt me a shilling, I could by no means take; so he went away very much displeased, and truly, I began to be out of conceit with my occupation.

As my dear Mr Cibber had made me a present of fifty of his laſt answer to Mr Pope, I sat down to read it, and found it so full of spirit and humour that juſt as it had thrown me into a hearty fit of laughter, a clergyman entered, who asked me what I had got new. I told him *my present situation*. He looked earneſtly on me, and said he was very sure of that: 'But, Madam', said he, 'all are not born to be happy in this world, however they may merit it, which plainly demonſtrates a future ſtate where rewards and punishments will be impartially diſtributed; but why should I tell this to Mrs Pilkington, who may better inſtruct her teacher?'

I begged of the gentleman to inform me where I had had the honour of seeing him. He told me he was son to Colonel Stuart, who lived next-door to my father before I was married, and when he himself was in the College: I then recolleƈted that he used every day to send me some poetical praise, and, as I never before had an opportunity of thanking him for his elegant compliments, I took it now.

As he was desirous of giving me handsel as they call

it, I recommended Mr Cibber's *Letter* to him as a cure for the spleen, a distemper most studious and learned persons are apt to fall into: he took the ghost's word for the excellence of the performance, and gave me a guinea. I was going to give him change, but he would not accept of it; so, promising to be a constant customer for whatever I sold and wishing me all success, he departed. (*Mem.* the clergyman infinitely more generous than the peer.)

As my obligations to Mr Cibber were ever present to my mind, I wrote to him the following kind of paraphrase on an ode of Horace:

To Mr Cibber

Donarem pateras.—Horace

Did Fortune wait upon my hand,
Could I her various gifts command,
Her noblest offering would I give
To him whose bounty bade me live—
A golden goblet richly chased,
Close by a mantling vine embraced,
Whose fruitage round the brim should shine,
And seem to yield the sparkling wine;
Or radiant gems, of value rare,
Should speak my gratitude sincere,
For the far nobler gift to me—
Inestimable *Liberty!*

Though poets boast a fair estate,
They seldom deal in gems or plate;
For yet in all Parnassus mould
There ne'er appeared one Vein of gold.
We toil and labour all our days
For a few sprigs of barren bays;
They, thunder-proof, its rage defy,
Yet, touched by envy, blasted die.

Yet verse can consecrate a name,
And worthy deeds consign to fame;
Oh! could I raise a song sublime,
Triumphant over fate and time,
Thy virtue in the lays divine
Should with immortal lustre shine.

Let others place phantaſtic joys
In orient trinkets, splendid toys!
While your exalted ſoul refined,
Like Heav'n, accepts *The Grateful Mind*.

I ſent these lines to my dear gentleman, who preſently came to me, as I was once more in his neighbourhood, and in his cheerful way ſaid: 'Faith, child, you have praiſed me ſo, that I think it is the leaſt I can do to make you eat for a fortnight'—ſo he gave me three guineas.

As my mind was now a little at peace, I began to think of my dear children, whom nothing but my incapacity of doing them ſervice, and a ſuppoſition that their father took proper care of them could ever divert my thoughts from even a moment—ſo ſtrong is maternal love, at leaſt if every mother loves like me: For, really (and I hope it is a pardonable frailty) my very life is treaſured in him whom I may properly ſtile my only child, and, were he to die, I ſhould not long ſurvive him.

I know not of what impenetrable ſtuff his father's heart was made of that could let ſuch a ſon not only want the advantages of education—which, had it not been in his power to pay for, it was in his own power to beſtow on him, ſo far as inſtructing him in the knowledge of Latin and Greek, which Cato would not permit his ſon to be indebted to a ſlave for; and yet Cato was at leaſt as good and a much greater man than the parſon: ſurely this he might have done.—No, on the contrary, he chooſe to expoſe him, at nine years of age, to every calamity in life; and that he did not turn thief or pockpocket was due to God's reſtraining grace and providential care of him.

And here I muſt, in vindication of my child, declare he never was undutiful or diſreſpectful to me, as his father has falſely and cruelly reported: he is, like all perſons of his age, ſo full of mirth, and over-flowing ſpirits that, I am certain the dulneſs his father brings, as an excuſe for taking him from ſchool, never was his fault:

For he is

> *All my mirth, my exercise, my matter,*
> *He makes my July's days as short as December,*
> *And, with his varying playfulness, kills in me*
> *Thoughts which would thick my blood.*

Though I am sure only that he has too much respect for his father to throw any reflection on him; yet he might properly say:

> He let me feed with his hinds, debarred me of a place in his love, and, as much as was in him, mined my gentility by base education.

And I may say with truth the boy is gentle, though:

> *Never schooled, learned; full of noble device,*
> *And of all sorts enchantingly belov'd.*
>
> Shakespeare, *As you Like it.*

But to return. I wrote to Ireland to my eldest son, who, either through fear of his father's anger or an ill-natured spirit derived from him, did not think me worth an answer; however, he showed the letter to his sister, who, in her low style, sent me an affectionate letter. Before it reached me, I heard Mr Arne was come to London, and, having been told my child was bound apprentice to him, I did not doubt but I should find him with him, so I went to wait on him: he received me very politely, and told me my son had left him, and was gone to Scotland. When I demanded how they came to part, he said he had pawned some of his music books, and that he had complained to his father of him, who asked what they might be worth. It is to be presumed that they were valued to the utmost they cost; upon which Mr Pilkington, ever tender, said he was glad to hear that the theft, as he termed it, amounted to death, entreating Mr Arne to prosecute the child (for such he then was), and declaring that nothing in the world would give greater satisfaction than to hear that the dog was hanged.

Mr. Arne said Mr Pilkington's inhumanity quite shocked him; so he corrected the boy very severely, upon which he ran away from him; that he had since received

a letter from him, which he showed to me, and from thence I got a direction where to write to him. I was, as may be supposed, infinitely disturbed at this account of my son; I wrote to him that very night, and informed him of what Mr Arne had said. I begged of him to come to me, and that, as his master had highly commended his musical talents I hoped, by Mr Cibber's interest, to get him engaged at one of the theatres.

About ten days after, having just paid my rent and bought some shop-goods, on which I had laid out every penny I was worth—as I had stuck up on my shop-window: *LETTERS WRITTEN HERE ON ANY SUBJECT, EXCEPT THE LAW. PRICE TWELVE PENCE. PETITIONS ALSO DRAWN AT THE SAME RATE.* Mem.: *READY MONEY; NO TRUST*, a man came in, very badly dressed, with a greasy leather apron before him: he looked over some prints, when the post-man brought me a large packet marked *Edinburgh*. As I had no money, I was in terrible confusion, especially as the fellow cried: 'Come, mistress, don't keep me waiting.' I said I must send out for change: 'Oh', said he, 'I never go without it; where's your piece?' Upon this, the leather-aproned gentleman, for such he was, drew out a handful of gold, and, throwing down a guinea, said: 'There, take your money'; and, what was yet more surprizing, he insisted on my taking the change, for he determined, he said, to have me his debtor.

Upon this I began to have a very different opinion of my new customer than what his first appearance gave me, and therefore civilly entreated his permission to peruse my letter, to which he agreeing, I had not read above ten lines when I burst into tears, so the gentleman insisted on my laying it aside while he stayed, telling me I must so far oblige him to write a love-letter for him.

Upon this I invited him into the parlour, and told him he must make me his confidant. He said he had never mentioned love to the lady; that, as to her person, she was very agreeable, but that her mind far surpassed it:

so, having my instructions, I quickly finished my task greatly to his satisfaction, insomuch that he protested I must give him leave to send for a flask of champagne to raise my spirits, which, indeed, were greatly oppressed.

By the time I had drank a glass or two, he began to talk of Homer, Horace, Milton, and all the poets; sung an Italian song, and soon convinced me that dress was put on merely to disguise a fine gentleman, which it was no way in his power to do: I told him so, and asked him why he walked in masquerade.

He smiled at my question, but assured me he was neither better or worse than a house-painter, and that his name was Tom Brush.

This put me in mind of an adventure I once had in Ireland, when one of the finest gentlemen in it came to visit me in a grazier's coat, and told me his name was Tom Long, the carrier, though he happened to be an English baronet, with a large estate and a great employment.

But I have been a lady of adventure, and almost every day of my life produces some new one: I am sure, I ought to thank my loving husband for the opportunity he has afforded me of seeing the world from the palace to the prison; for, had he but permitted me to be what nature certainly intended me for, a harmless household dove, in all human probability I should have rested contented with my humble situation, and, instead of using a pen, been employed with a needle, to work for the little ones we might by this time have had.

Now, after all my strange vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, I sincerely declare that were I to have my wish, though I should not now in the decline of life be able to struggle through misfortunes as in its first sprightly career, yet as by the bounty, compassion, and kindness of all my noble and honoured benefactors, I have the unspeakable happiness of being set above the low distresses of life.

Now pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.

Pope's *Homer*.

I think I am glad that there has been such strong proof made of my constancy, without which I had scarce known how duly to praise that eternal Goodness who evermore gave me strength adequate to the severe afflictions he was pleased to try me with. Be then all praise to him who

From seeming evil, still educes good,
And better still from thence, and better still
To infinite perfection.

Well, when Mr Brush departed, I read my dear child's letter, which was as follows:

Edinburgh, Sepr. 16, 1744.

My dear, dear Mother,

No tongue can express the joy which the receipt of your kind letter inspired me with to find a long lost treasure!—for I was so positively assured you were dead that I can hardly believe my eyes when I see your dear and well-known hand, and read your beloved name, which I have kissed a thousand times: if it be delusion, may I never be undeceived!

You desire me to give you a particular account of whatever has befallen me since I had the misfortune of losing you, my dearest and only friend, for I with all duty and gratitude, remember your fond affection to me; it is to you I am indebted that I can either read or write or know any part of my duty either to God or man; for I do assure you my father neither instructed me himself nor, though Mr Baldrick, whom my grandfather put me to school to when the good old man was dead would have taught me for nothing, would he permit me to go to school, because, one day a boy threw a stone at me, and I, throwing another at him, happened to break a pane of glass in an ale-house window, for which the people followed me home and made father pay a groat for it.

Upon this I received a most inhuman correction from him, which was repeated every morning and night for six days together. He stripped off my clothes, though in the depth of winter, and locked them up, leaving me without any covering but my shirt in the dark back-kitchen, which, as you may remember, was in the winter overflowed with water, charging the servants not to give me a morsel of food; and that I am alive is due to God's providence, who, I hope, preserved me to be a comfort to you.

However, the servants, though they had but a groat a day

allowed them to live upon, used to give me share of their bread and butter-milk; and, when my father was abroad, would permit me to warm my body at the kitchen-fire; nay, and as my father said, it was too much indulgence for me to sleep with his footman; the poor fellow used to let me lie down in the day, where I spent moſt of my time, and was neither allowed pen, ink, or book to amuse me.—I will in some time give you a full hiſtory, but at present shall confine myself to Mr Arne's affair. I lived with him some time before I was bound apprentice, in which I was used very well, but as soon as that was done the scene was changed. Mrs Arne, who was prodigiously fond of gin, used to take so much of it that she seldom knew what she did, and would often persuade her husband to believe well or ill of me juſt as she was drunk or sober: it was in one of these fits she was when Tommy Lo—e landed, who is really a worthless conceited fellow; and, because he thought I did not sufficiently admire his fine singing, used, by way of fun, to set Mrs Arne on to abuse me and Mr Arne, who is really a good natured man. I was discharged from fetching half a Quarterns[1] to my miſtress, and there being an old box in the garret in which Mr Arne kept some music books, she went up to examine it, and said there was some of them ſtolen: he, who did not know what number of books was in it, said there was none gone; upon which, without the leaſt ceremony, she ſtruck him in the face, swearing by the great G—d if he did not correct me she would do it herself. I, who was not far off and heard this discourse, made the beſt of my way out of the house, which Mrs Arne taking as a proof of guilt, and a villainous maid she had joining with her, she searched the house, and swore she had loſt many things, as brass candleſticks, bottles, etc. All this poor Mr Arne was obliged to agree to for quietness sake. When I had ſtayed a day away, I wrote to him, telling him I was surprised at his suspicions of me, and that I was willing to return: he came directly with the messenger, and brought me home: I ſtayed there till night, when Mr Lo—e coming in and hearing I was there, called for his horsewhip, and Mr Arne, his Wife, and Lo—e were beating me for three hours to make me confess what I had done with the books, swearing they would cut me to death if I did not own. I was forced one time to say that I sold them; another, that I gave them away, to get a little respite; so, when they had made me confess to what they pleased, I was put to bed and locked in, in order to be sent to Newgate next day. I ſtayed

[1] Half Naggins of Geneva.

all night, never slept, and all the next day did not eat a morsel. In the evening they were rehearsing *Comus*, when I shot back the lock of my prison, and, finding the other door open, I took off my shoes, and crept downstairs, got to the street, and ran five street's length in my stockings. What advantage the maid might make of finding the door open, and me gone I know not, as Mrs Arne said she had lost some of her jewels, things the poor woman never had in her life; and so far I was from a thought of taking anything of theirs that I did not take my hat, a shirt, or anything else with me. Now all the reason I can ever devise for her using me so was, I believe, because I once saw her and Lo—e toying on the bed together. So now, my dear, as I fear I have taken up too much of your time already, I shall conclude, with assuring you

I am,

With the greatest tenderness,

Respect and duty

Your affectionate son,

J. Pilkington.

This account of my poor child's sufferings threw me into what they call *an hysteric colic*, under which I languished many days, but my hour was not yet come, nor had my sorrows reached their summit. But of that in due place.

But to return to my seat behind the counter, where I was tolerably content with my situation except for the concern I felt for my children, from whom I could seldom disengage my thoughts, although the sad remembrance grieves my soul. I must proceed: I went to indulge a pleasing fit of melancholy into Westminster Abbey.

Where breathing paint and speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below.

I wandered through the cloisters, reading the inscriptions till it grew duskish. I hastened to the great gate, but was infinitely shocked to find I was locked into the solitary mansions of the dead; I called aloud to no purpose except to affright myself with my own voice reverberated through

Long sounding aisles and intermingled graves.

'Tis scarce in the power of imagination to paint the horror which possessed me, especially as by the glimpse of the moon the statues which had before been subjects of amusement to me now looked dreadful, when each mole-hill ant swelled to a huge Olympus: I knew not what to do but, if possible, take sanctuary at the altar.

I went up to the iron wicket which opens into that part of the abbey where divine service is performed, and, to my unspeakable happiness, pulled it open: I thought to sit down in one of the pews till morning, till, recollecting the Church was full of rats, my terrors were again renewed, and I had an inclination to go into the aisles, yet, how strong a passion is fear!—the very look of them terrified me; till at length, gathering courage even from despair, I went to the communion-table, took off from thence a carpet which covered it, and, thinking I could nowhere be so secure from those vermin as in the pulpit, I with great difficulty dragged it up, where finding also a velvet cushion, I seated myself, and laid the cushion under my head, wrapping even my face up with the carpet.

I endeavoured all in my power, by the force of reason and religion, to conquer the terrors which seized me; I reflected that God was everywhere and able to defend me, that he was not slow to hear nor impotent to save, and also that the Church was peculiarly under his care, as consecrated to acts of holiness; and, both relying on his providence and committing myself to his protection, I found my mind as tranquil and composed as if I had been at home in my bed; and fell into a deep sleep. And here, though I may be thought whimsical or superstitious for it, I cannot avoid relating my dream, produced, no doubt, by the same set of ideas which had possessed my waking thoughts, and still held their place in sleep.

I imagined myself to be exactly where I was, and that suddenly the graves gave up their mighty dead, who walked in martial array before me; I thought, by some secret intuitive knowledge, I became acquainted not only

with their names but also with their aspects.—Many crowned heads and sceptred hands stalked by me in venerable majesty; Henry V, clad in armour, drew in a particular manner my attention, insomuch that I could not forbear blessing him; I thought he smiled and, with a placid air, returned my salutation, and said: 'I should have been great, if when I had conquered France, I had not married the perfidious daughter of it, who at the age of thirty-four poisoned me.'

This crime of hers had been truly visited on all our unhappy race, who are now quite extinct.

I said: 'Thanks, gracious Monarch.' He disappeared, and two persons, struggling for a diadem, next approached. Death, desolation, and ruin were spread around them, till at length a surly-looking fellow destroyed them both and all their friends.

I mourned at this sad scene, when lo! a hero appeared, who held in one hand red roses and white so blended that they looked lovely to the eye; he seemed once or twice to smell to them, when instantly the flowers faded and died, while in the place appeared a large bag of money.

Next came a squat, square-faced King, who held in his right hand four bloody heads, one of whom I thought I knew to be that of Anne Boleyn and the other that of the Marquis of Surrey.

A sweetly blooming youth, whose portrait was just at my back in the pulpit, appeared and vanished like a dream, out of which I startled by the chimes: finding the bell tolled four, and knowing the early service did not begin till six, I once more endeavoured to compose myself to rest.

I must reassume my dream just where it broke off as it really occurred to me. A lovely lady made her entrance, holding Plato in one hand and the Bible in the other; two men, by force, put a crown on her head, at which she seemed terrified, when immediately came a woman with a countenance like Megæra, attended by a train of fellows, with cords, axes and hatchets, wheels,

and other implements of death and torture, waited on again by persons who, by their holy vestments, I hoped would be at least humane; but, alas!, instead of comforting the lovely lady, they forced the above-said fury, who seemed for once inclined to pity her, to permit those savage and inhuman butchers to cut off the loveliest, the most learned head that ever from the prime Creation adorned a woman.

But, to the unspeakable happiness of Great Britain, this detestable wretch told me, as I thought, that Philip of Spain poisoned her, in hope of marrying her sister Elizabeth, then a prisoner in the Tower.

I was tired with these shadowy crowned heads passing by me, like those in *Macbeth*, and, wished to see the sweetly inspired, laurel-wreathed poets advance, my wish was immediately gratified, and a merry old fellow appeared, who was, as it were in jest, lashing a whole swarm of friars:

> *Pieced, patched, and piebald, Linsey-woolsey brothers,*
> *Bare-headed, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.*—Pope.

And, though the blows were dealt pretty smart, they affected to smile at them.

Next appeared a Queen, to whom a gentleman, with a sweet but melancholy countenance, humbly presented a volume of inimitable poetry, as he was the Prince of Poets in his time: His Gloriana received it graciously, and, putting her hand in her pocket, gave him a large bag: I supposed it had been filled with gold, but the poet opening it, found nothing in it but grains such as they feed the hogs with, of which he put a large handful into his mouth, and instantly dropped down.

The concern I felt for him awaked me: the bell tolled for Morning Prayer, and the sexton missing the carpet and supposing the Church had been robbed, was almost beside himself, till I called to him and bade him not be frighted—there was nothing gone. The man stared at me; I begged him to come and help me down, for I found myself so weak I could scarce move.

I then told him by what odd accident I came there. He seemed amazed that I outlived it, and swore heartily he would not have been in my place for all the world. I begged of him to get somebody to call me a chair: he went himself for one, and with great good-nature, brought from his own house a small phial, with cherry-brandy in it, and a tea-cup in his pocket. I am sure I wanted a cordial, and therefore took a little of it, though not without obliging him to accept of payment for it.

When I returned home, my servant, who had sat up for me all night, was amazed to see me so pale and dirty, for the old carpet had sufficiently soiled my apparel; but, leſt she should conceive a bad opinion of me, I told her where I had been, and went to bed. I slept for two hours, and awoke extremely ill, notwithſtanding which I cleansed myself, and went into my shop.

A young gentleman, but very gravely dressed, was my firſt cuſtomer; he asked me the price of an old print in the window, and seemed surprized at my asking half-a-crown for it, assuring me it was not worth a groat. I said I was sure he was too good a judge not to know the value of any print taken out of Montfaucon's *Antiquities*. He said he wondered why, since I knew the value of the author, I should be so taſteless as to cut one of them out of the work, which in many places served to illuſtrate it, particularly in the medals. I assured him I had not done it, but had bought them amongſt a number of others. The gentleman, perceiving I spoke very faintly, said he believed I was not well; I assured him I was so ill it was with infinite difficulty I spoke at all; he demanded of me, who was my physician. I said I had none since my dear father died, who was one of the Faculty. 'Then, Madam', said he, 'allow me to have that honour', so, feeling my pulse, he ordered me to be bled, which greatly relieved my poor head, which with the agitation of spirit I had suffered overnight ached ready to split. As this gentleman gave me his attendance as long as I had the leaſt complaint, I should, I think, be highly

ungrateful not to acknowledge my obligation to Doctor Lawson.

And, indeed, I must here say I never met with more learned, more generous, or more humane gentlemen than physicians; yet as no general rule is without an exception, Doctor Walker refused me a subscription, although every other physician had, on my dear father's account, relieved his unhappy family, but he alleged it would disoblige Mr Pilkington. I know not but it might; yet how he came to fear him more than the rest of the world did, that I know not; but any excuse will serve a man to save five shillings—perhaps he could not spare them, as it is more than probable: were he fee'd according to his skill, he might not be worth a single maravedi; and for many reasons he ought not to be severe on any woman's character. Let him amend the females of his own family first, a task, I fear he will never be able to perform.

I might also give the same advice to Doctor Owens, whose two sisters took a solitary walk over Essex Bridge every evening, perhaps to say their prayers.

But to return to Albion. I had one evening been invited abroad, and at my return my servant told me there had been two very fine gentlemen to visit me, who would not leave their names but said they would come the next morning. Accordingly they did: one of whom I knew to be Lieutenant Southwell, since dead, and the other Lord V——t D——le; Mr Southwell, who had been many years acquainted with me, seemed rejoiced to see me, but my Lord looked on me with the utmost contempt—nay, with such an air as I had never before met with from any gentleman, and cried: 'Prithee, come away; I thought you were to take me to a girl of sixteen'; though *Mem.* he was at that time married to his present lady, who is by all accounts a very great beauty. I assured his Lordship I had been once sixteen, but, as it happened, sixteen years had rolled over since that blooming season, and that, to my great mortification, I could not arrest old Father Time.

Mr Southwell very politely said I should be always young; but, my Lord urging his departure, he whispered me that he would come and pass the evening with me.

He kept his word, and gave me a long detail of the calamities he had suffered on board a man-of-war, where, because some saucy fellow called him a bastard, and he, in return, broke his head, the Captain confined him sixteen weeks in his cabin, but, learning that he was very ill, he permitted him to come upon deck. He was supported by two men, weak, cold, and trembling, as he assured me, and ready to faint, so that he was obliged to sit down; upon which the Captain demanded how he dare to sit down in his presence, or wear his hat—so he first knocked it off and then threw it into the sea.

'These indignities', said he, 'so highly provoked me that I retired to my cabin, resolved, if ever I set my foot on shore, to call the Captain to an account for them. Accordingly as soon as we were on English ground, I challenged him, for which offence I was mulcted eighteen months' pay; so here is the history of poor Dick for you.'

I was sensibly touched with his narration, and could not help reflecting how terrible it must be to gentlemen of family and education to bear with insults from wretches so far beneath them as those marine commanders frequently are, who are perhaps advanced for being abject, and no sooner are they advanced but they become insolent tyrants.

And, indeed, I believe this is eternally the case, for it is a constant remark that the worst masters and mistresses are those who have been servants themselves: they know what frauds they have committed when in the like situation, and consequently pry into such low affairs as persons of genteel birth and generous education could never think of, and, even if they were informed of them, would choose to overlook.

Mr Southwell then told me Lord D——le had abused me all day, though for what cause I know not;

but with blunt Ben, in *Love for Love*, I merrily told my sea-officer that, as for my Lord's love or liking, I valued it not of a rope's end, and that, mayhap, I liked him as little as he did me.

I almost forced him to drink a pint of wine with me, and would have also forced half-a-guinea on him, but his spirit would not admit of that.

I was so highly provoked at Lord D——le's insolence and pride, so little becoming the character of a nobleman, that I could not forbear writing some lines on so proper a subject for satire, which Mr Southwell had snatched from me, and directly carried to his Lordship.

I went next morning to wait on Admiral Anson, with a petition from the sister of his valet-de-chambre, who happened to be the first man shot in his first sea-engagement, to whom, beside a part of the prize then taken, there was seven years' wages due. I was shown into the back-parlour of a small house in Hanover Square; it was well adorned with books in glass cases, even from the ceiling to the floor; and on this occasion, as I had a thousand pounds worth of jewels left with me by Mr Fisher, whose father kept a shop in Castle Street, Dublin, to dispose of for him, knowing how much dress commands respect, I put a pair of diamond ear-rings into my ears, tied on a diamond solitaire, and as for lace and every other appurtenance to suit those ornaments I had them of my own.

My glittering appearance, and being in a chair, soon brought the Admiral down in a rich undress, as he supposed by the account delivered of me I must be a woman of quality. My eyes were fast engaged to the books when he entered: he begged my pardon for his Dishabille. I turned and said I was glad for once to see learning and valour so happily united.

But no sooner did he find that I had only a petition to deliver but his countenance changed to the severe, and he told me he believed people thought he had brought home the wealth of the Indies, whereas he had not a single shilling to command, no more than the meanest

sailor aboard, the money being all, as he said, paid into the Treasury, from whence no man, without the utmoſt difficulty, could extract one farthing of it: and having the word of so great a man, I really believed it. A sad discouragement to all sailors to venture their lives, when even their very Admirals are not rewarded!

However, as I told the Admiral the woman was actually ſtarving, he gave me a guinea for her.

When I returned home, I found in my shop Lord D——le, Mr Skeffington, since dead, and another gentleman waiting for me. Lord D——le asked what he had done to provoke me to write with so much bitterness againſt him. 'Nay, my Lord, what had I done to disoblige you, or occasion your beſtowing on me such gross abuse as Mr Southwell assured me you did?' My Lord said, upon his honour, it was false, and, taking me by the hand, assured me he would be a friend to me, provided I gave him no more of my pen; but as, from that hour to this, he never did me any kind of service, I think the obligation void on my side, and therefore present my readers with the following sketch of his inimitable character.

To the Right Honourable the Lord V—nt D——le

Satiric muse! let me prevail
On thee to picture D——le:
Fierce, as the surely northern gale,
Is proud, contemptuous D——le;
What makes the artiſt rot in jail?
Truſting the base-born D——le;
The rose-cheeked nymph turns wan and pale,
Touched by infectious D——le;
Light gossamer would turn the scale,
Weighed 'gainſt the wit of D——le;
Nay, were thy virtues put to sale,
A mite o'er-rates them, D——le:
Honour and equity shall fail,
E'er practised once by D——le;
For Hell may Charon hoiſt his sail
O'er Styx, to wait curſt D——le:
In short, my subject now grows ſtale—
I'm tired with rhymes to D——le;

So were each fault and vice combined,
That e'er debased the human mind;
To sum up all, the black detail,
I'd name the scoundrel D——le.

And now, my Lord, as I believe I am the first poet who ever celebrated the illustrious name of St Ledger, which name by your supposed noble and right-well remembered father's account you are as much entitled to as I am to that of Plantagenet, I hope you will, according to your true nobility, give me a handsome reward for this extraordinary panegyric!

And here I cannot avoid relating, I believe, the true cause of his Lordship's aversion from me, was this: A little time after I was separated from my husband, as it was quite the mode to attack me, he employed one of his infernal agents to inform me he should be glad to drink a dish of tea with me; I told the wretch I did not know his Lordship, and therefore hoped he would excuse me.

But the harridan, being resolved not to lose her reward, told my Lord I would meet him somewhere —indeed I do not know the place; and introduced to him a great, lusty, masculine woman, dressed in a caliminco cap and cloak, and a long riding-hood. I believe his Lordship wondered that such a creature had made any noise in the world, so telling her he was sorry he had given her the trouble of coming there, he gave her a guinea, and hastily departed.

A few nights after this, Worsdale had *The Cure for a Scold*, altered from Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* into a ballad opera by Mr Pilkington, played for his own benefit; I wrote a flaming Prologue to it, in honour of my fair country-women, and Worsdale insisted on my going to see it, assuring me he would have a lettice secured entirely for me or any friends I should please to bring, and would himself take care of placing me, and also guard me safe out, for really I was very much afraid of receiving some insult.

On these promises I ventured to go; but, lo you! the

lettice was full, but that was no matter—the ladies, though my intimate friends, quickly decamped, and Mrs Dubourg, the fiddler's wife, declared she had like to faint at the sight of the *odious Creature!* The Reverend Mr Gr——n also took to his heels; so I had indeed the whole lettice for me and my company, which were two young misses, daughters to my landlady.

My gorgon face, instead of turning my enemies into stone, clapped wings to their feet and made them fly downstairs, like so many feathered Mercuries, parson and all, though he was bulky, and tipsy, and dull, and so forth—though, indeed, those qualities might make him descend with the greater velocity, and give him a natural alacrity in sinking.

However, by their precipitant flight, I got the front row.

When the play began, I forgot to keep up my fan, and two gentlemen of distinction in the pit bowed to me: presently after the orange-girl came up and said a gentleman desired I would accept of half-a-dozen oranges; I asked who it was, and she showed me a person dressed in scarlet, trimmed with black. As I did not know him, I told her it was a mistake, and a young girl who followed her in said that was Lord D——le, and that the compliment was intended for her; but the orange-girl, calling her very familiarly by her name, which was Nancy Raymond, swore to the contrary; 'for', said she 'you know how you used my Lord.' They talked to one another in the vulgar tongue, being exceedingly well known to each other, having both followed the same occupation of orange- and oyster-selling, and both came upstairs into the world.

To compose the animosity, I bought some fruit, and, though I really paid for it, I doubt not but his Lordship did also.

When the play was over, to which I most heartily repented that I went, Worsdale came to put me into a chair, said he would sup with me, and kept his word.

I related to him the play-house adventure, and asked

him what kind of a man Lord D——le was. He told me he was both a very loose and a very ungenerous man, qualities which no way recommended him to me; so, being honoured with a second message from him, I, with an absolute *Sir, not I* dismissed me back the cloudy messenger.

But to return.

The next day a moſt ugly squinting mean-looking-fellow, whose good clothes made his awkardness but the more conspicuous, came to buy some prints: his mind was portrayed in his countenance, where impudence and ignorance seemed to vie for pre-eminence; however, he spoke to me with great civility, and, perceiving by his accent that he was an Hibernian, I asked him how long he had been in London. Curiosity led me into a great deal of chat with him, and as he knew every great family in Ireland—their servants, at leaſt—he was able to give me a good deal of intelligence: I then inquired whether business or pleasure had brought him to London. He said: 'Both', and, pulling out his pocket-book, told me he would surprize me. I cannot say, indeed, but he did, for he showed me Doctor Swift's head engraved in Vellum, not in size much larger than a small locket such as they wear in rings, yet so extremely like the original that there was no occasion to write the name under it; several more pieces of the same curious work he showed to me, and said he hoped to make his fortune by them in London.

I told him I was afraid he would be disappointed, as painting and ſtatuary were the taſte of the English nobility; beside this is work more suited to woman than to a man: if I could do it, it might turn to account to me; upon which, of his own accord, he begged I would pass his works for mine, and that he would give me a third part of the profit arising from the sale of them. He gave me to underſtand he very well knew who I was, and that our united intereſt might be serviceable to each other, an offer I did not reject.

As he had many fine mantlings cut, he could very

quickly insert the arms, so I desired he would finish one for General Churchill; he obeyed me, and I waited on the old gentleman with it and a few complimentary lines which I have now forgot. I sent in my presents, and the General desired I might be shown in; he was in a very magnificent drawing-room, adorned with ſtucco-work, the opposite door opened into a garden full blown. The General was seated on a rich sofa, at a table adorned with dressing-plate. He desired I might sit down on a sofa opposite to him, and ordered his servant to remove the table: there were several silver vases filled with flowers sweetly smelling round the chamber, and, for my part, I rather imagined I was in some Asian palace than a house in Grosvenor Street.

He thanked me for my present: 'But, Madam', said he, 'it is to me quite useless, as all my house is ſtucco-work; however, if you'll be ſo kind as to come upſtairs with me, we may perhaps find some place, where a nail may be driven without injury.'

As the old gentleman doubted I might possibly miſtake his meaning, he was going to explain himself; upon which I took up the picture, and in very great confuſion made my beſt speed out of his house.

I had not walked above twenty yards when one of the General's footmen overtook me, who told me his maſter was afraid I might fall in a fever if I walked in the heat of so warm a day, and therefore desired I would accept of a guinea to pay my chair; I took it, and returned my compliments.

As there was something humorous in the General's behaviour, I addressed him the next day in the following lines:

To the Honourable General Churchill

Five weeks, Great Churchill, to my coſt,
Cutting your coat-of-arms, I loſt;
I pored my eyes, I soiled my raiment,
Not doubting of a generous payment,
When, well I wot, your whole design
Was bent to quarter yours with mine.

Curse on your plaguy ſtucco-work,
Sure, 'twas invented by some Turk
To bid to Chriſtian art defiance,
And overturn each beauteous science;
No nail, forsooth, their paſte muſt enter—
Would one were ſtuck in the inventor!

But will a chief of Marlborough's ſtrain
The off'ring of the muse disdain,
Or give her reason to complain?

Should I be seized by bailiff's setter,
What! muſt I say that you're my debtor?
Why, if they threat me with a jail,
I'll surely send to you for bail.

The muse and hero ne'er should quarrel;
Our bays thrives beſt beneath your laurel:
Your province is to shine in fight,
But ours your noble acts to write.
Achilles' deeds had loſt their glory
'Till famous made by Homer's ſtory;
Nor can you eternize your name,
Till we consign your praise to fame.
Want damps the poet's genial fire,
Bounty can thoughts sublime inspire;
So, cruſted o'er with flint and clay,
The di'mond scarce emits a ray,
Till, disencumbered of the mould,
Polished with art and set in gold,
Resplendent glory it displays,
And rivals Phoebus' noon-tide blaze.

I never received any answer to these lines, but in a very short time after I heard the General was dead.

I gave the young man both his coat-of-arms and the guinea, so we resolved next to address the Earl of Stair, then Veldt Marshal.

It is a very great loss to me that by the ignorance of my daughter half of my writings were burned, for she never scrupled if even the fire was bad to take a whole bundle of them to enliven it, but whether this may be any loss to the world I muſt leave to their judgment.

I can recollect but a very few lines of the poem to his Excellency, which were as follows:

To his Excellency the Earl of Stair

Arma virumque cano.—Virgil, *Æneid*

In Rome, when all was happiness and ease
In the full splendour of voluptuous days,
Their chiefs neglected sought the silent shade
Till loudly summoned to their country's aid.
For when tempestuous ills assault a realm,
They call their ablest pilot to the helm,
To guard their freedom, to preserve their fame,
So god-like Stair, so Cincinnatus came,
Alike illustrious in their country's cause,
Guardians of dying liberty and laws.
Accept, my Lord, this off'ring, nor refuse
The varied labours of an artless muse:
No herald can add lustre to thy birth,
No poet justly praise thy noble worth;
Yet let the fair attempt acceptance find,
And my weak sex plead to thy generous mind;
What wonders then may I hereafter do,
At once protected and inspired by you!

A very fine young gentleman undertook to deliver my presents to the Earl, and a servant showed me into a parlour. In a few minutes the gentleman returned and said my Lord desired to see me; so he handed me up into a full levee of stars and different coloured ribbons. As I had never before been in so august an assembly, I was ready to die with shame, especially as there was not one of my own sex to keep me in countenance. My Lord in a most polite manner thanked me for the honour, as he termed it, I had done him, and the noblemen, after his example, seemed to contend who should praise me most, to which I could make no other return than courtesies and blushes.

At length the Earl of Stair said there was a defect in the placing the swords which go through the Veldt Marshal's arms, which he would willingly have altered; and brought me out a print of the noblemen's arms who held the same dignity in France, as a pattern; I

told his Lordship I could easily alter it: 'Pray then do, Madam', returned he, 'for I admire your work so much that I would willingly have it quite complete.' Accordingly, it was finished, and the next morning I waited on his Excellency with it, when, to my great surprize, I had no admission to him, but a footman brought down five guineas to me.

I was not a little surprized at this sudden alteration in his Lordship's mind. But what had the fool who did the work done?—truly told Major Elliotson that I made a hand of his performances; he told my Lord, who, vexed at being imposed upon, sent me the trifle above-mentioned, which was not by any means a Payment for the labour and curiosity of the work, and what, from a person of his station, I should not have thought an extraordinary reward even for the lines.

So, finding the folly of the man, I would not undertake to dispose of any more cut vellum, but left him to make his most of it.

I should never have thought this fellow worth speaking of only that my husband has said he was my gallant, not that I owe any reverence or honour to him, or regard what he can say any more than the idle wind, but that I would not have such an imputation laid on my understanding to say I made choice of a low-born, ugly, illiterate scoundrel. No, no; Mr Pilkington may rest assured that if I would have done him the honour to exalt his horn, like that of an unicorn: it should, at least, have been to me a *cornucopia*.

But, alas! poor I have been for many years a *noun substantive*, obliged to stand alone, which, praise to the eternal goodness!, I have done, notwithstanding the various efforts of my enemies to destroy me, many of whom I have lived to triumph over, though they encompassed me on every side like so many bulls of Basan, and though they should not kick up their heels like so many wild asses in the valley of Gebron, though the dunces should make songs of me, and though

Envy should my fairest deeds belie.

I think it would not afflict me, but that I should be able to convince them I had, at least patience, hope and charity sufficient to make them ashamed of the injuries they have been weak and wicked enough to offer.

Because I would now fairly challenge my most malicious foes to answer from the tribunal of their own conscience, what provocation I ever gave them to use me ill?

Whom have I defrauded or belied? Nay, indeed, of whom have I spoke half the evil which it was in my power to do? There are few characters immaculate, and, had I an inclination to retaliate injuries, I am, I believe, able enough to do it.

And sometimes one has so strong an inclination to it that it is hard to resist, especially when a lady of quality, that is by marriage, for her grandfather was a smith at G——n and kept the sign of the Horse Shoe there, as I have frequently heard the late Lord Montgarret relate, could, because I presumed to beg she would do me the honour of being a subscriber to me, a privilege I thought a long acquaintance might have entitled me to take, order my maid to be kicked, and, as I am really ashamed to use her ladyship's words on the occasion, being much too indecent for a repetition, methinks she might have spared them, especially to one who knew her too!

When she was a maid, if she e'er was a maid,
When afraid of a man, if she e'er was afraid.

Heaven knows poor —— had but the leavings of half the town; but he botched up a broken reputation with matrimony, an admirable salve!

As she was pleased to say, my life could be nothing but a continued series of —— I am ashamed to speak the word—I dare say had it been so, she would have purchased my book sooner than the Bible to indulge her private meditations, especially if I had the wicked art of painting up vice in attractive colours, as too many of

our female writers have done to the destruction of thousands, amongst whom Mrs Manley and Mrs Haywood deserve the foremost rank.

But what extraordinary passions these ladies may have experienced I know not: far be such knowledge from a modest woman. Indeed Mrs Haywood seems to have dropped her former luscious style, and, for variety, presents us with the insipid: her *Female Spectators* are a collection of trite stories, delivered to us in stale and worn-out phrases, blessed revolution!

> *Yet of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence,*
> *To tire the patience than mislead the sense.*

And here give me leave to observe that amongst the ladies who have taken up the pen I never met with but two who deserved the name of a *writer*; the first is Madame Dacier, whose learning Mr Pope, while he is indebted to her for all the notes on Homer, endeavours to depreciate; the second is Mrs Catherine Philips, *the matchless Orinda*, celebrated by Mr Cowley, Lord Orrery, and all the men of genius who lived in her time.

I think this incomparable lady was one of the first refiners of the English numbers: Mr Cowley's, though full of wit, have somewhat harsh and uncouth in them, while her sentiments are great and virtuous—her diction natural, easy, flowing, and harmonious.

Love she has wrote upon with warmth, but then it was such as angels might share in without injuring their original purity. Her elegy on her husband's daughter is a proof of the excellency and tenderness of her own heart, rarely met with in a step-mother; nor could I ever read it without tears, a proof it was wrote from her heart.

And dear Orinda! gentle shade! sweet poet! honour of thy sex! Oh, if thou hast power to do it, inspire me! for sure thou art in the happy bowers of bliss, praising that eternal goodness who, to the loss of this world, took thee early away to adorn the holiest of holies, where

in songs of love, not ill-essayed below, great Saint Thou continueſt to celebrate thy maker.

Oh, pour thy spirit o'er my lays,
Celeſtial melody inspire!
Sweet as the Royal Psalmiſt's lyre,
That I with thee may hymn his praise.

I cannot, except my own countrywoman, Mrs Grierson, find out another female writer whose works are worth reading; she indeed had a happy and well-improved genius; I remember she wrote a very fine poem on Bishop Berkeley's Bermudian Scheme: the plan of it was this: She supposes that the night before St Paul suffered, an angel appeared to comfort him with the future proſpect of the Church and the growth of Chriſtianity; the angel informs him that in such a year there shall be born in the weſtern island a great Apoſtle, who shall be known by this token:

'Tis he from words firſt rids philosophy,
And lays the dull material syſtem by,
Affrights the daring libertine to find
Naught round him but the pure, all-holy mind;
The blushing sinner from his covert draws
Of matters various forms and motions laws,
His only fortress from the atheiſt takes,
And his atomic world at once unmakes.

I am sorry that I cannot recolleſt any more of this poem, or that the prophecy contained in it of the Bishop's converting the Indians was, by the avarice of some in power, fruſtrated; for surely he was well-fitted for that holy mission, having learning and innocence in perfeſtion. Nor do I at all doubt that had this true ambassador of Chriſt been enabled to pursue the sacred purpose of his soul, but the power of working miracles would have been added to his other heavenly gifts.

I have been accused of writing bitterly againſt the clergy: I never did but when they forgot their own high calling; one Bishop, in particular, says that: 'I Alexander the copper-smith have done him much wrong

in talking about pence and farthings, and such small coin, whereas he has within these two and twenty years given me the sum total of sixteen pounds Irish, in hard gold, out of which, had I been industrious, I might have made a comfortable livelihood.' But I am afraid had he been in my case he would have starved. Happy for him his father was born before him, and *Happy is the son whose father is gone to the Devil* is an old proverb. But indeed, now, my Lord, I take it a little unkindly that you should declare in public that you had me, as well as my maid, *sur le tapis:* methinks, though you are a conjurer, you need not be a blab: oh, fie, is it thus you return my generous passion—for, by your own account, you did not pay me well; why Juggy Macshane, the chairman's wife, had a better price from you, and you made her son a parson, while you quarrelled with mine for having his button-holes worked in the best taste, and told him he must be very wicked to be guilty of such extravagance. Were not you a little censorious, think you? Why you, though in the vanward of your youth, have yet a strong dash of the coxcomb, and might excuse it in a boy. Well, but as these said sixteen pounds are so insisted on, I acknowledge to have received them, and should have thanked you but you sent me word, in London, you did not know who I was, and that it was very impudent in me to apply to you for charity; but, lest you should again forget me, I am willing to be your sweet remembrancer. And, oh! by our chaste love, I conjure you to make my husband a Dean—sure this you ought to do, when you say you made him a cuckold; besides, you know it was in that sweet hope I yielded up my heart. Then be a gentle mediator between us, plead for me, as you did for the fair Quaker,[1] though historians relate that your lady would have been as well pleased had you been less assiduous in that affair.

And now, I confess, I am a little spiteful, but it is only jealousy: send me an hundred pounds to cure the

[1] Mrs P——n.

anguish your infidelity has given me, and I will try to conquer my hopeless ill-ſtarred passion!

Your Lordship's poetry in my praiſe I never can forget, and as it would be a loſs to the world if any part of ſo juſtly an admired author's works ſhould be buried in oblivion, take, oh world!, the following lines:

I ſcorn to drag about a flame,
For any ſhe that thinks my love a blame;
I'll take a reſolution to be free:
Without return I ſcorn to burn,
And oh! I will be free.

Your ſecond poem is, I confeſs, a little obſcure, yet no doubt may have much meaning in it:

Oh thou,
Jow jow, bow, wough!

And indeed, I remember another R—— R—— author who entertained ſome very polite company with the following epitaph, written, as he aſſured us, by himſelf: it is very laconic:

Here lies Major Brady, and St Comeen,
Sure ſuch a ſaint and ſuch a major never were ſeen.

If the curious reader cannot digeſt this heaven-born verſe, why let him be graminiverous and chew the cud.

But pray, my Lord, don't you think it was a little ill-judged of you to attack my character at the expenſe of your own?—and to deſcribe yourſelf as ſuch a cormorant in love that you muſt have two females at once?—Why Turk Gregory never did ſuch feats in arms:

Oh rav'nous hell-kite!
Wouldſt thou have maid and miſtreſs,
At one fell ſwop?[1]

Truth is, I am afraid this is apocryphal and will win no credit, eſpecially as it was after your expedition to the

[1] This word admits of various readings, ſome call it *ſwoop*, ſome *ſouſe*, ſome *ſwop*, which latter I choſe.

South of France, when you were ill of the—— etc., etc., etc.

But, prithee now—for I think I am entitled to talk a little familiarly to you—do not boaſt of abilities, either of mind or body, which you never had; no person living will believe you, any more than they would me if I should tell them I had been a great beauty, when they could see no remains of it.

But you are, as the good man said of Nero, a very wag.

Hang it, why should you and I go to loggerheads? Order your equipage to drive here to-morrow morning, and let's buss, as we used to do, and be friends.

Otherwise I have two or three pieces of the same ſtuff, of which I have given you samples at your service.

Lord, 'tis a ſtrange thing that all Bishops will need be authors—now, would they avoid manifeſting their dulness, we the illiterate might conclude they were men of profound erudition, and that on that account they were advanced to their high ſtations, but the Devil owes some of them a shame, and is, when they do his work, an excellent paymaſter; yet 'tis ſtrange this same dulness is not confined to them; it descends to their sons, witness our celebrated comedy, *The Suspicious Husband*, which, but for its neither having one character well-drawn, any plot, any thing like a sentiment, and wrote too in a gallimawfry ſtyle, might be a good performance; but, as long as it is ſtamped with a name, it passes current, though ſterling nonsense.

But, my Lord Bishop, though I have digreſſed from you, yet see my love! I return again. Ah, 'twas well I did not, even from Scripture, pick up an unsavoury simile; I am much offended that you should say, when I was laſt at shrift with your Holiness, that we had no better accommodation for our feaſt of love but a carpet, whereas I insiſt on it that the penance you enjoined me was as easy as a down-bed could make it; so here I invalidate your evidence in one point, and the reſt of your accusation naturally falls to the ground.

But, being now tired of laughing at you, I'll tell you an Arabian tale. There was a really generous man who built a fine pavilion, to which were an hundred openings; as the poor had free access to it, they were relieved by him at every opening and avenue: they blessed his goodness, and his fame flew far.

There was in his neighbourhood the son of an old miser, who was left immensely rich; he was of a sordid temper, yet emulous of praise, so he built such another pavillion, and in like manner distributed alms. It so fortuned that one old man attacked him seven times in the same morning at seven of the entrances; he met him again at the eighth, and asked for an alms—at this he lost all patience, and cried: 'Did not I seven times relieve you?' 'Ah', quoth the poor man, 'Lord bless my Lord Aboulcasem, I have walked three hundred times round his pavillion, been three hundred times relieved, and yet I am certain he does not know my face.'

So, to apply the story, God bless my dear-beloved Lord Kingsborough, who gives hundreds without blowing a trumpet before his good deeds or defaming the characters of those whom his bounty blesses.

I have often been surprized at one of our Collects, which, to show my Charity, I will insert.

O Lord, who alone workest great marvels! send down upon our B—— and C—— the healthful spirit of thy grace.

Marvellous would it be indeed, if they had either Health, Spirit, or Grace; no doubt but the learned compilers of the Liturgy had their own reasons for this supernatural invocation; but why nothing less than a miracle should bless these any more than any other order of men, I leave to some future commentators, and hope they will oblige us with annotations on this extraordinary ejaculation.

I would not incur the censure of the clergy so far as to give a hint that they are not sound: no, no, many of them are, but then it is so sound as things that are hollow—impiety hath made a feast of them, and now that their bones are marrowless, their blood is cold, and

speculation dwells not in their eyes; they hate us youth. Gorbellied K——, bacon fed! ah, would we had the shaking of their bags! I knew one of them who, without the least study, wrote the following two elegant and learned lines:

> *Yon slanting mountains glow with blue marine,*
> *And yon cornuted moon's two horns give shine.*

I know the gentlemen had too much modesty and diffidence of their own superior talents to give their works to the press, but I hope, as they are charitable, they won't be displeased, as they are above making money of their performances, that I should, since they though but little, serve to swell my volume, and no doubt will edify my readers. I think I have nothing to boast of as a writer but a great memory, for, if I could not have retained Shakespeare, Milton, etc. and the great authors I have last mentioned, to give a taste of their wit when I was myself at a loss, I do not know how I could ever have compassed three volumes of *Memoirs*.

Indeed, if I had printed all the poetry that has been sent to me for that purpose since I came to this kingdom, it would have proved as odd a medley as anything ever yet exhibited to public view: I suppose every one who fancied they had wit had a mind to see how it would look in print; but I must beg to be excused: though the learned Mr Timothy Ticle Pitcher pressed very hard for a place, it would be a strong proof of my vanity to insert his anti-sublime compliments to me.

Another poetical gentleman wrote me a long letter in a text-hand, which put me into a palpitation of the heart, as I was about that time threatened for certain scandalous truths I had been guilty of relating with some law, and truly I hate that as much as Sir John Falstaff did security. When I, in plain English, set down undeniable facts, they menace me with law—I would as lieve they should stop my mouth with ratsbane; but I find I am like Sir John, not only witty myself but

am also the occasion that wit is in others; there is not an half-penny paper can peep its head out but presently my name must be dragged in by head and shoulders to grace it. But the letter: having recovered my spirits, I read it over, and found a great many compliments, with a promise that the profound author would wait on me at four o'clock. I never thought of it till the time appointed, when

The punctual Devil kept his word.

I own I supposed he came to see if he could

Convey out my box of hints by a trick,
Sincerely believing he dealt with Old Nick.

And I always suspect falsehood to lurk under a full peruke. He just came in with a huge fat man, as fat as butter, with him, but would not stay, for which reason I will not print his fond letter, so I think I am even with him. If I were any way given to be proud, I think I have a great deal of reason to be so, since I cannot go anywhere, as I am not very well known, but I hear some piece of my own history, quite new: I am seen in this place, and t'other place, and say something mighty witty to be sure!

I do not wonder that persons of fortune and distinction of this kingdom go to England to spend their time and estates, since here, be you as chaste as ice or pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, especially among your half-bred, half-witted gentry, but

Let my unhappy tale be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natured old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse,
Fair truth at last her radiant beams shall raise,
And, malice vanquished, heightened virtue's praise.—Prior.

In London almost everyone in the middling state of life has some employment or diversion to kill their time; and here it is the reverse—we are all gentry,

wherefore the females have no amusement but that of SLANDER:

> *Rufa, with her comb of lead*
> *Whispers that Sappho's hair is red.*

I should be very glad, ere they look for the mote in my eye, they would be pleased to pull the beam out of their own. I could mention numbers of these scandal-mongers who have said: 'Oh Lord, may be she'll put us down in her *Memorials!*' But, go on, incorrigible dunces, too contemptible for my notice: all I shall beg of the *men* is never to believe any thing that is said of me by a *woman*, as it is more than four to one it is a lie; but as the great Milton's genius could even descend into Hell, so I think I must mention one Mrs Ir—d—ll, who hearing that I got money for my work, a thing she could never do, exclaimed bitterly against me, nay, even kept her bed for a week on account of it, and wrote two or three very stupid papers against me; and, though she could not show her wit, at least, showed envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

I know a very ingenious gentleman who, whenever he sees a parcel of females seated at their tea, names the chamber *Pandemonium;* and Doctor Young, in one of his *Satires*, says:

> *Tea, how I tremble at the dreadful stream!*
> *As Lethe fatal to the love of fame;*
> *What devastations on thy banks are seen!*
> *What shades of mighty names that once have been?*

And I really cannot remember ever to have seen a set of ladies tippling this liquor but scandal straight ensued; ay, even amongst our new teachers, commonly called Moravians, amongst whom I had, in London, the misfortune to live, and whom, though they took themselves to be inspired, I really always believed to be under the delusion of Satan.

One of the holy sisters once told me the Devil inspired Milton, ay, and me into the bargain; truly she did his infernal majesty the greatest honour he ever yet received,

and I could not avoid thinking her either very ignorant or very wicked; but I comforted myself with hoping that the former was her fault, and that she did not know how heinous a sin she committed, when she robbed the Maker of his glory, and attributed his best gifts and graces to the common enemy of man. I think I might justly apply to these sectaries Mr Pope's lines:

'Tis yours a Bacon, and a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius and a Seraph's flame;
But, oh! with one, Immortal one, dispense
The source of Newton's light and Bacon's sense!
Content each emanation of his fires,
That beams on earth; each science he inspires;
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives is given for you to hate:
Go on, by all divine in man, unawed,
But learn, ye dunces, not to mock your God.

I believe these wretches would be very proud of being persecuted; but our governors, of the same mind with the witty and gallant Emperor Julian,[1] they will neither hinder them to assemble nor preach any more than he did the Galileans unless they preach sedition, and then they come under the penalty of the law.

Poor Julian! the Christians murdered him for not permitting them to murder each other. St Gregory the younger, preaching old St Gregory's funeral sermon forty years after the death of Julian, when one would have thought resentment might be also dead, if he had any cause for it, has these remarkable words: 'And now', says he, 'here lies my uncle dead, who delivered you from the persecution of that old bull-burning tyrant Julian; now, who had a greater hand in his death than my uncle?—for once, when he and his Captain of the Archers came in to hear mass, had he not suddenly gone away, my uncle would have kicked him.' The translator says he had more difficulty with this passage than all the rest of the work; for he would fain have had the kicking intended for the Captain of

[1] Vulgarly called *The Apostate*.

the Archers, not being able to conceive that the Emperor of the World should be afraid that an old priest should kick him.

But the old priest prophesied that such a day this apostate should die, and truly he took especial care that his prophecy should be fulfilled, by hiring one of the Emperor's own soldiers to put him to death.

I could say something more—why should I not?—nay, out it must: I believe, if my favourite apostle St Paul had not behaved himself with more good manners than our modern *New Lighters*, he would not have almost persuaded his auditors to be Christians: how noble is his answer on the occasion.

But he was as remarkably a fine gentleman as he was a Saint, a Martyr, and a Christian; like Doctor Delany, whose preaching goes even to the dividing of the blood and spirit. And let me here, dear Sir, beg you will fulfil a promise you gave me many years ago, that you would attend my last moments: if I send to you, will you refuse to cheer a dying sinner with hope of peace and pardon; for the doctrine of damnation is now so universally received, that half the world are cast into despair.

These poor enthusiasts used, in London, to steal everything they could lay their hands on from me, insomuch that, at last, they stole my one pair of shoes, and yet they brought Scripture authority for theft, for they said *the children of Israel borrowed jewels of gold and silver* of the Egyptians, which they ran away with, *and they spoiled the Egyptians*. I remember I once mentioned this passage to Doctor Delany, who understanding Hebrew perfectly, turned over to it there where it is very differently related: For the Egyptians finding so many plagues brought on them, and particularly the leprosy, with which these people were all infected, ordered them to depart, but they declared they would not go, unless their hire was paid to them, and also so many changes of apparel and jewels of gold given to support them in their pilgrimage; how they behaved

themselves in the wilderness is so well set forth in the Old Testament that it would puzzle a wiser head than mine to know how they became the peculiar favourites of an impartial and unprejudiced Deity.

Indeed, it were to be wished that either this learned and excellent divine or some other of equal abilities, if such may be found, would oblige the world with a new translation of the Old Testament, since, as we now have it, it seems filled with incongruities, indecencies, and shocking absurdities, such as the Holy Spirit could never have dictated, *whose body is light, and whose shadow truth.*

I beg pardon for this rambling digression, and hope the divines will not censure me for it, as I only presume to give them hints, which their superior knowledge may improve upon

And justify the ways of God to man.

For I intend not this address to the ignorant part of the clergy, who would many of them be more fit to till the earth than plant or water the Gospel, but to the learned, just, and pious, that they may remove scruples from weak minds, *raise up those that are fallen, and finally, beat down Satan under our feet*, which God of his infinite mercy enable them to do, through the merits and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But once more to return to my shop. One afternoon two young gentlemen came into it, one of whom asked me for some tea: I told him I did not sell any, but that there was a coffee-house next-door where he might be supplied. He asked me Would not I give a dish of tea to a friend and relation. I said: 'Yes, with pleasure.' 'Why then', said he, 'this gentleman is Dean Meade's son, of Cork, and my name is Bl—nd—n.' As his father was married to Brigadier Meade's widow, I gave them an invitation into the parlour, and ordered some tea to be got ready. I was really very glad to see any person from Ireland, particularly those I was allied to,

nor could I conceive that they came in that manner only to insult a woman who never offended either of them; indeed, as for the Dean's son, I must acquit him, for he did not affront me, but I took it ill he should bring with him a fellow he knew designed it.

There was nothing gross, indecent, abusive, or unmannerly which this wretch did not, without the least provocation, say to me, till at length, though I am not really of a passionate disposition, I lost all patience, and, thinking myself very much his betters, I asked him whether his father continued to sell butter-milk to the poor at a penny a quart with his own hand, in a hard season when every other person gave theirs away.

Upon this he very politely threatened to kick me, but as he was then at a great distance from his own dunghill, and I am sure I gave Castle Bl—nd—n its proper title when I style it one, I was not in the least intimidated, and only bade him go show his slaves how choleric he was, and

Make his bondmen tremble.

And here excuse me, Sir, if I give your picture to the world, when you make love, if any but the leaden-darted cupid ever touched your unworthy, grovelling, base heart, your argument is that of a highwayman's—you bring a loaded pistol, clap it to the fair one's bosom, and say: 'Deliver your treasure, or you are dead.'

Could not you have taken your ancient father's, the old stick-picker's, advice, and have coaxed the girl, and have given her a cherry-coloured top-knot? but you

Were like the haughty, hot-brained Spaniard—
Instead of love, you brought a poignard.

And filthy as your rotten leg and more corrupted soul must have been everything you could produce; for you are the quintessence of filth, and I am weary of writing, when everything base, everything low, everything insolent is the theme, and all comprised in pretty Master Jacky Bl—nd—n.

As I have mentioned an attempt to write a play, which

Is a bold pretence
To learning, genius, wit, and eloquence.

I present my readers with an Act of it, and would, with great pleasure, finish it but that I am certain our present manager would never permit it to be played, merely because it was mine; for, since his prejudice against me—though how I incurred his displeasure I know not—carried him so far as to say a Prologue I wrote for the King's birthnight was blasphemy, I don't know but he may be ingenious enough to prove the play to be High Treason; but lest my readers should believe me capable of writing anything like it, I present them with the lines.

PROLOGUE

While foreign climes are rent with dire alarms,
The shout of battle, and the clang of arms,
Britannia, happy in her monarch's care,
Enjoys at once the fruits of peace and war;
And, while her thunders o'er the ocean roll
And spread her rising fame from pole to pole,
Sees her victorious fleets the sea command,
And plenty, wealth, and pleasure bless the land:
Fair science, joyful, lifts her laurelled head,
The muses in the groves delighted tread;
Or near the azure fount or haunted spring
Their great inspirer and protector sing;
The woods, the vales resound Augustus' name,
His glorious actions and immortal fame!
Should Heaven the inimitable Shakespeare raise
To breathe historic truth in tuneful lays,
How would the poet in sublimer strains
With George's virtue elevate his scenes?
Transmit his wisdom to the future age,
The noblest theme that e'er adorned a stage!
Not the great ruler of the genial year,
Whose radiant beams the whole creation cheer,
Inspires such joy, such rapture, such delight
As swells each bosom at their monarch's sight!
Oh, may our Royalty this bliss deserve!
And Heaven the hero to our hopes preserve!

I believe none but such a conjurer as Mr Sh——n would have found out blasphemy in these lines, and I am sorry he did not say they were as flat burglary too as ever was committed; but he is a judge, a gentleman, his father was an author, ay, and a parson! and for the signal favours he has bestowed on me I return him these my acknowledgments!

However, at all hazards, I'll venture to stand the test of publishing the following, because Mr Cibber proved it.

THE ROMAN FATHER

A TRAGEDY

Dramatis Personæ

Men: Appius Claudius
Clodius
Virginius
Iccilius
Officers, Servants, Attendants, etc.

Women: Virginia
Nurse

ACT I, SCENE I

Discovers Appius Claudius *and* Clodius

App. Thus far has force maintained what cunning won,
And haughty Rome, who with indignant rage
Spurned off the regal yoke, now lowly bows
Beneath my ſtronger sway,
While under covert of choosing from the Grecian laws the beſt
To guard her freedom and preserve her power,
I hold laws, offices, and all suspended;
And in their place I subſtitute my will,
The rule of action, and the sov'reign guide.
Say, Clodius, is it not a maſterpiece of art,
To hold the Romans thus enslaved?

Clo. Sir, I applaud, and wonder at your wisdom,
As fair success has crowned your tow'ring hopes:
The bold plebeians, who with reſtless outrage
For ever brawled at every innovation
And urged the Senate for the execution
Of the Agrarian law now bless your mercy
For leave to live, and prate no more of Lands:
The haughty Senators, ſtripped of their pride,
Retire, for safety, to their native fields,
While the Decemvirate triumphant reign,
Regardless of their murmurs, or their threats.

App. And ſtill we mean to hold the reins of empire,

Nor quit them but with life—yet, oh vain boaſt!
Why do I fondly talk of ruling others
Who am myself a slave, a woman's slave?
The Captain of a fair enchanting face,
Sweet as the firſt young blushes of the dawn
Streaking with rosy light the eaſtern clouds—
Say, Clodius, haſt thou seen the matchless maid,
The young Virginia?

Clo. Even now, my Lord, I met the blooming maid, and traced her foorſteps
To Dian's sacred fane, before whose shrine
She bent in lowly adoration down,
And looked the chaſte divinity herself.

App. Oh, Venus! wilt thou suffer such a wrong,
That heav'nly beauty, radiant as thy own,
Should, coldly obſtinate, reject thy power?

Clo. However, she may scorn the wanton goddess,
Her son exerts his empire o'er her heart;
Her nurse, whom to your intereſt I have bribed
By the persuasive eloquence of gold,
Gold, the prevailing argument with age,
Informs me, that Virginius has contracted
His youthful daughter to the brave Iccilius,
The nobleſt youth of the plebeian order,
Not more renowned for military virtue
Than for the polished arts which soften life
And win the soul of woman: he to-morrow
In Hymen's rites for ever joins the fair.

App. Thy tale has shot ten thousand burning arrows
Which pierce with agonizing pangs my soul:
Oh, should those charms, which might adorn a throne,
Be doomed to the possession of a wretch
So lowly born, the world might tax my justice;
I muſt exalt them to their proper sphere,
Where they shall shine, and bless the wond'ring world.

Clo. You would not wed her.

App. Ignorance! thou know'ſt
I am already married, and our law's
Still to preserve the noble blood unmixed,
Forbid patricians and plebeians joining;
And Appius Claudius, from the greateſt sprung,
Shall never sully his illuſtrious birth
Or ſtoop beneath the honour of his race
To mingle with the people. No, my Clodius,
The name of marriage is the bane of pleasure,
And love should have no tie but Love to bind it;
Wives oft are haughty, insolent, and proud,

But sweet Virginia, fair as infant nature
And gentle as the balmy breath of spring,
Shall be the mistress of my softened hours,
And bid them smile with ever-blooming pleasure;
But, oh! this sudden marriage blasts my hopes!

Clo. Near as it seems, my active thoughts have schemed
A way to rob the lover of his bliss,
Only do you approve what I shall act,
And trust my diligence to make her yours,
Or fall in the attempt.

App. I know thee wise,
Active, and resolute: talk not of falling,
Let but thy skill assist my fond desire,
And make my power subservient to thy will.

Clo. I see her, Sir, returning from the Temple,
Led by the destined bridegroom—best retire,
Lest passion hurry you to indiscretion,
Where policy and craft must win our cause. [*Exeunt*

ACT I, SCENE II

Enter Iccilius *and* Virginia

Iccil. Was not that Appius? how the tyrant eyed me,
As if he marked me for his future victim!
No matter; let me but enjoy to-morrow,
Let me but live to call Virginia mine,
And I shall rest your debtor, bounteous gods,
Let what will come hereafter!

Virg. Alas, Iccilius, a thousand boding cares possess my soul,
And heaviness and woe, unfelt before,
Hang deathful on my heart; to-morrow, said'st thou,
The times are full of violence and blood,
The hand of tyranny destroys the just,
Virtue is guilt when wickedness is judge;
Who then can safely answer for a moment,
Or tell where thou or I may be to-morrow?

Iccil. Locked in the circle of each other's arms,
And tasting every transport, every sweet
Which Hymen, guardian god of chaste delights,
Profusely sheds to crown the happy pair
By him in holy union joined for ever.

Virg. Believe me, were my soul to form a wish
And have that wish indulged me by the gods,
For ever to converse with my Iccilius,

To liſten to his eloquence divine,
To learn his wisdom, to return his love
With tender duty, gratitude, and truth,
Would be the utmoſt scope of my desires.
Iccil. Transporting sounds! oh, may those awful powers
Render Iccilius worthy to possess thee—
But why, my fair one, this dejected look?—
This pining care, this gloomy discontent
Should only dwell in black and guilty bosoms:
Serenity of soul, and tranquil peace
Should wait on spotless innocence like thine.
Virg. A dreadful vision has deſtroyed that peace,
Sent as to warn me of approaching danger,
Nor will the sad remembrance leave my soul.
Iccil. Relate this horrid dream which so affrights thee!
Virg. Laſt night, when sleep had spread her downy wings
O'er half mankind and lulled my cares to reſt,
Methought I walked with thee, my deareſt lover,
Through flowery meads in vernal beauty dressed;
All nature bloomed, around us falling ſtreams
And warbling birds in tuneful consort joined,
Charming the air with melody divine!
While every lovely object of delight
Received new luſtre from Iccilius' presence;
Sudden the foreſt shook, and through the trees
With dreadful cries rushed forth an hungry lion,
Who sought me for his prey; I trembling fled
To my loved father's arms; he drew his poignard,
And, when I looked he should have slain the savage,
With erring fury plunged it in my heart;
The piercing anguish waked me, and the terror
Remained when the horrid scene was vanished.
Iccil. This is the mimicry of active fancy,
Who, when the senses are all charmed to reſt,
Presents herself to the imagination
In varied figures and unnumbered shapes,
These lesser faculties disport at large
When reason, sov'reign miſtress of the soul,
O'er-wrought with care repairs herself by reſt.
Believe me, 'tis no more, raise then thy eyes,
And bless Iccilius with their wonted sweetness:
My care shall be to seek thy godlike father,
And urge him to appoint the blissful hour,
Then smiling love each moment shall employ,
Transporting rapture, and ecſtatic joy.

[*Exeunt*

Enter Virginius, *solus*

Virg. How long, oh Rome, shall thy majeſtic head
Be crushed by the tyrannic hand of power?
Oh liberty! thou beſt prerogative of human kind,
How have the bloody Decemvirs defaced
Thy moſt transcendent beauties? shall they then
Rage unreſtrained, and violate thy charms
With bold impunity? Forbid it, Heaven!
No; there are yet among us some brave spirits
Who dare assert the sacred cause of freedom.
Oh Father Jove, propitious smile upon us!
And if my life, or aught more dear than life,
May be a sacrifice acceptable,
Lo! I devote it freely to the cause,
The glorious cause of liberty and Rome!

Enter Iccilius *and* Virginia

Virg. Welcome, Iccilius; welcome, dear Virginia,
My soul's delight, my laſt remaining comfort.
Iccil. Oh! she was born to give transcendant joy
To her glad father and her raptured lover;
And all those outward charms so heavenly sweet
Are but an emanation from thy soul,
Where every beauty, grace, and virtue live;
Since then your approbation crowns my love,
And gives the matchless virgin to my wishes,
I claim your promise that to-morrow's sun
May see us one.
Virg. Auspicious may it rise upon your union,
Clear unclouded days and nights of sweet repose for ever wait you.
I know when love has winged the eager wish,
It flies impatient to the promised joy,
Nor shall delay retard your youthful ardour—
Take her, Iccilius, from her father's hand.
Iccil. Thus kneeling I receive and bless your bounty.
Oh my Virginia!—but all words are faint
To paint the ecſtasy which swells my heart:
Nor air, nor light, nor liberty, nor health
To one long pined within a joyless dungeon
Are half so lovely, charming, sweet or welcome!

Enter Messenger

Mess. An Officer from Appius Claudius, Sir, demands admittance.
Virg. Bid him enter.
Retire, my child—what can the tyrant want?

[*Exit* Virg

Officer. The Decemvirate guardians of our State
Greet thee with honour and respect, Virginius,
And signify by me their sacred pleasure
A Messenger is from the camp arrived,
With notice that the Capuans have revolted;
And to your care, brave Veteran, they trust
The conduct of their legions; on the instant
Must you set forth, and thou, Iccilius, with him.

Virg. Their pleasures be obeyed, but this is sudden.

Off. The time cries haste—delay not then a moment;
May victory and fame attend your arms.

[*Exit* Off.

Enter Virginia

Virg. My daughter, we must leave you; instant danger
Demands our presence in the Roman camp;
Nay, do not weep, we shall not long be absent,
Meantime thy innocence shall rest in safety
Beneath the friendly hospitable roof
Of good Iccilius' father. Do not weep,
I go to seek him, take a short farewell,
And follow me.

[*Exit* Virginius

Iccilius *and* Virginia

Iccil. Oh my lov'd Virginia! are all my eager longings,
Wishings, hopes, defeated thus! Now must I leave you;
Now, oh, 'tis a pang too great to bear, and live!

Virg. Thus fade our dreams of happiness and bliss,
Not that a short or momentary absence,
When our lov'd country called thee to its aid,
Could shake my temper; no, I oft with pride,
Have seen my hero arm him for the field,
And only grieved that my weak sex denied me
To share the glorious toils, the noble danger;
But now my sad presaging heart assures me
We part to meet no more.

Iccil. Oh, softest charmer!
Cease to afflict me with a thought so sad,
Lest, coward-like, I stain my sacred honour,
And, shunning glory and the dusty field,
Remain for ever in Virginia's arms;
For what are trophies, honours, triumphs, spoils,
The envied pageant, and the people's Shout
To the transporting joys of mutual love,
And harmony of correspondent souls?

Virg. No, my Iccilius, let not my fond fears

Betray thee into misbecoming weakness;
I love thy glory dearer than thy person,
And wish thy name enrolled amongſt the foremoſt
Who arduous trod the ſteep ascent to fame:
High on the summit of a lofty hill,
Encompassed round with danger, toil, and death,
The goddess ſtands, and holds the victor wreath
Of ever-verdant laurel! sacred emblem
Of undecaying virtue and renown.
Who would not wish to gain the glorious prize,
And scorn the danger, viewing the reward!

Iccil. Oh, thou! well-worthy of the Roman name,
Not the chaſte fair, who swam the rapid Tiber,
Nor she who fearless pierced her snowy bosom
And with pure blood washed out the fatal ſtain
The brutal tyrant gave her, e'er possessed
Such dignity of soul, such fortitude,
Such wisdom, or such innocence as thine.
Thy noble arguments bent to persuade
Thy lover hence but charm him here more ſtrongly—
I gaze with endless admiration on thee,
And wonder at a greatness so divine.

Virg. For ever could I liſten to thy language,
More cheering than the breath of new-born spring
When first her vernal airs salute the groves
And wake to life the infant blooms and flowers,
To deck her lovely bosom—but no more:
Thy duty calls thee to the battle now. [*Flourish*
My father waits you, the protecting powers
Conduct you forth, and bring you back in safety!

Iccil. Thy pious prayer shall charm down blessings on us,
And love shall guard me for Virginia's sake.

Think with what fierce impatience I shall burn,
Till to thy arms triumphant I return;
To bid thy sighs, thy tears, the anguish, cease,
And sooth thy gentle soul to love and peace.

[*Exeunt*

End of the Act

One day, as I was in my shop, a gentleman, very richly dressed, told me he had a letter for me: I received it very respectfully, but could not help smiling when I found it was the letter I wrote for Tom Brush, neatly copied and directed to me, and that, lest it should miscarry, he had brought it himself.

I said it was a very genteel piece of gallantry, and quite new. He told me he was going to his seat in the county of Surrey the next day, and gave me a very kind invitation to pass the remainder of the summer there; but, as he was a young, gay, single gentleman, I did not hold it convenient.

'Pray, Madam', said he, 'do you never go to the opera?' 'No, really, Sir; not but that I love music, but it happens to be too expensive an entertainment for me.' 'Well then, Madam', returned he, 'I must insist on having the honour of treating you to it'; on which he downright forced a couple of guineas on me, and, making me promise to correspond with him till his return to London, we parted.

Unfortunately I lost his direction, and so had it not in my power to keep my word.

And I do assure my readers I did not go to the opera, wisely considering that two pound two would be of infinite more service to me than it could possibly be to Mr Heydeigger.

But, alas! before the return of winter I had neither shop nor almost an habitation; by what strange reverse of fortune I was again reduced to the utmost calamity, and by what unexpected and signal mercy delivered from it, must, as it is impossible for me to get it into the compass of this volume, be the subject of a third.

I should be highly ungrateful not to acknowledge the favour and bounty of the whole body of the nobility, clergy, and gentry of this kingdon, whose goodness, as it is my highest pride to own so it shall ever be my utmost ambition to merit; and if their poor servant can in the least contribute to their entertainment, she shall

think herself overpaid, or, to use my dear Mr Cibber's words:

As for what's left of life, if yet 'twill do,
'Tis at your service pleased while pleasing you.
But then miſtake me not, when you've enough,
One thin subscription shows all parties off;
Or truth in homely proverb to advance,
I pipe no longer than you care to dance.

But, oh my loved, honoured, and excellent Lord Kingsborough! where shall I find words adequate to the sense I have of your goodness, your unlimited generosity! thou kind preserver of mine and my son's life!

Did eloquence divine adorn my speaking,
Though ev'ry muse and every grace should crown me.
Why then, ev'n then, I should fall short
Of my soul's meaning.

But as with you my muse began, with you also she muſt end, yet not till I relate the following ſtory.

I saw in London the truly elegant and beautiful speech of a certain great man not long since our supreme governor here: I was really so charmed with it that I wrote the following lines, which I shewed to Mr Cibber. As his Excellency was returned to England, Mr Cibber was so well pleased with them that, as he was particularly intimate with him, he undertook to deliver them, and said he did not doubt but he would give me a handsome reward; to give this thesis plainer proof I put it to the teſt.

To his Excellency the Earl of Chesterfield

O thou! to bind whose awful brow
Triumphant laurels joy to grow,
To whom the sons of science bend
As to the great inspiring soul
That brightens and informs the whole,
The muses' patron, judge, and friend.

Never did Britain's King before
A subſtitute so noble find,
Nor ever yet deputed power
With such transcendent luſtre shined.

For when, to grace Hibernia's throne
The god-like Chesterfield was given,
How did the joyful people own
Their Monarch's love! the care of Heav'n?
On thy exalted Speech[1] their Senates hung,
And blessed the elocution of thy tongue!

'Tis Stanhope can alone untie
The Gordian knot of policy.
He ev'ry kingdom's int'rest knows.
Were to his care the world consigned,
Th' Almighty's everlasting mind
Might there secure his trust repose.

Thy genius, for all stations fit,
The reins of empire knows to guide,
Nor less the sacred realms of wit
Acknowledge thee their boast and pride;
So Phoebus rules the chariot of the day,
And charms the groves with his melodious lay.

How did of late the nations fear
Sickness, the messenger of fate,
Would take thee to thy native sphere,
'Midst throned gods to hold thy state.
We feared a soul, so eminently wise,
Was called to grace the synod of the skies.

But soon the rose-lipped cherub health,
Commissioned by the Power Divine,
Restored Britannia's dearest wealth,
The glory of her patriot line.
Oh may'st thou long from better worlds be spared,
And late receive thy virtue's full reward.

Ev'n I, whom many griefs oppress,
Enraptured with thy flowing strain,
Awhile forget my own distress,
And anguish ceases to complain;
Such charms to Heav'n-born eloquence belong,
And such the magic force of sacred song.

I ought to have premised that, just as I had finished this poem, Worsdale came in, and snatched it from

[1] His speech to both Houses of Parliament in Dublin.

me, saying he would send it himself to his old friend Philip. I could not get it from him, but, as I remembered every syllable of it, I wrote it in a better hand than that rough draught I had given to Mr Cibber, and having the honour of his correction, who is a fair and candid critic, sent it again to him.

Worsdale came in the evening, told me that the Earl sent him many thanks, and would be glad to see his old friend.

Upon this I asked Worsdale to lend me half-a-crown to buy a pair of shoes, which he absolutely refusing, when he had convinced me he had fifty guineas in his pocket, I, though ill-shod, was obliged to rest contented.

Early next morning I received from Mr Cibber the following short epistle:

Madam,

The poetry of poor people, however it may rise in value, always sinks in the price; what might in happier hours have brought you ten guineas for its intrinsic worth is now reduced to two, which I desire you will come and receive from the hand of

Your old humble Servant,
Colley Cibber.

By this I found Mr Worsdale had boasted of an interest in his Excellency which he certainly never had, for who would have even given me that small reward that had received the poem before from another hand, would they not have laughed at me?

I waited on Mr Cibber, who told me he had given my poem to his Excellency with these words: 'That if he had not thought it beautiful he would not have taken the liberty of presenting it to him.'

'As dinner', said he, 'was just brought up, my Lord put it into his pocket. In the evening I reminded him of it: he told me he was attacked by all the world

with paltry rhymes, which his Lordship always beſt rewarded.'

The next day Mr Cibber attacked his Excellency again, and asked him how he liked the lines. Upon which he said: 'Oh I had forgot; there's two shillings for her, but don't put them into your silver pocket, leſt you should make a miſtake and pay your chair with them.' 'So here, Madam, are the two guineas for you.' As I was entirely indebted to Mr Cibber for this bounty I return my acknowledgments to him.

My dear Lord Kingsborough, I never should have related this ſtory except by way of contraſt to your amiable virtues; for I may juſtly say with Swift:

My fav'rite Lord is none of those,

Who owe their virtue to their ſtations,
Or chara&ers to dedications;
His worth, although a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Swift would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it I have writ.

Juſt as I was writing about Worsdale a gentleman brought me a pamphlet, entitled, *A Parallel between Mrs Pilkington and Mrs Philips, written by an Oxford Scholar*, as he tells us, himself ſtarving in a garret: Pray, Mr Scholar, deal ingenuously; did not Worsdale hire you to write it, because he was indolent; dull, I suppose you mean: if he can write so much better than I, let him give the world a proof of his abilities; but, it seems, he is discontented that I have not sufficiently exposed him. Why—let him have but a little patience, and my life on't, he shall have no cause of complaint on that head; but I cannot break in on the order of time so far as to give the world a second A&t of him, yet.

Unity of time and place, you know, Mr Critic, muſt be observed, otherwise we muſt renounce the Stagyrite.

If you intend your performance for a satire on me, truly your words are so clerkly couched that I cannot find any ſting in them. You say I admire the Dean for being a brute. *N.B.* you lie, and none but a villain

would call him one; I admire his charity, wit, sense, taſte, etc., and to say he had passions which obscured for a while his shining and uncommon excellencies is no more than saying he was human, and consequently liable to error.

Then you ask me, how I dare to mention Mr Pope? Why truly, like Drawcansir, all this I can do because I dare: I never refused doing juſtice to his poetical merits, but all your art will never persuade the world that he was not an envious defamer of other men's good parts, and intolerably vain of his own. How does he boaſt of his acquaintance with the great, even to childish folly; the late Earl of Peterborough could not divert himself with pruning a tree in his garden but presently we are told of it in these high sounding, unharmonious words:

And he whose thunder ſtormed th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx and now prunes my vines.

Why, one would have thought he had hired the Earl for a gardener.

And as for his gratitude, let that appear by his poem, called *Taſte*, wherein he abuses the late Duke of Chandois for his munificence to writers, whereof take the following sample:

His wealth Lord Timon gloriously confounds,
Asked for a groat, he gives an hundred pounds;
Or, if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the author's day.

Was this any defect in his Grace's character, especially in a poetical eye? No, surely; but I suppose Mr Pope was angry, as he was not a dramatic writer, that his Grace should beſtow any favour on them.

He then proceeds to ridicule his Grace's library, and the grandeur and magnificence of his improvements.

And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragged your thighs,
Juſt at his ſtudy door he'll bleſs your eyes—
His ſtudy! with what authors, it is ſtored?
In books, not authors, curious is my Lord.

To all their lettered backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, these De Sewel bound;
These, Sir, are Elzevir's, and those as good:
For all his Lordship knows but they are wood;
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look—
These shelves admit not any modern book.

I suppose, because he did not find his own works there, he resolved at all hazards to depreciate his betters. Shall I proceed, or have I said enough

To thee who haſt not Ear, nor Eye, nor
Soul to comprehend it.

And now how dare you to abuse my husband Why, thou poor paltry garreteer, thou ſtarveling bard! if I have a mind to do it myself what's that to you

The diſtant Trojan never injur'd thee.—Pope's *Homer.*

And suppose I've a mind for to drub,
Whose bones is it, Sir, I muſt lick?
At whose expense is it, you scrub?
You are not to find me a ſtick.

Poor creature! and as you say you are in necessity: I hope you will be relieved, even by putting together

Figures ill-paired and similies unlike:
Letty and Conny, pious, precious pair!

I suppose this is an allusion to Nysus and Uriales, but prithee learn more wit

Than to make ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.

For I am certain I never was a match for Mrs Philips, either in beauty or in art, in both of which she reigns unrivalled, and I, as in duty bound; give her the pre-eminence. But

I imagine this Oxonian sitting on his bed,
One greasy stocking round his head,
While t'other he sits down to darn,
With threads of different coloured yarn;
The remnant of his laſt night's pot
On embers placed, to make it hot;

But now if Worsdale deign to drop
A slice of bread or mutton-chop,
Mounting, he writes, and writing, sings,
While, from beneath, all grub Street rings.—Swift.

Ha! have I guessed right, thou wicked scribbler?—that praiseſt the worſt beſt, and beſt worſt; thou art juſt fit to nurture fools and chronicle small beer!

Now to criticize on your wonderful work: In the firſt place, you say all my characters are well-drawn, easy, natural, and picturesque; and yet after this high compliment that I have even made a dull ſtory entertaining by the force of a sparkling wit and retentive memory; why, presently after I dwindle, by the force of your pen, into a mere dunce. And so, though you promised us a parallel, you give us a contraſt; you are a very witty fellow, I assure you, and deal much in the surprizing. And so you do not like my poetry—there was no thought of pleasing you when it was writ; but go to my treasurer, tell him I order him to give you three hundred kicks in private, and the Lord send you a better taſte! Hey-day, the Devil rides on a fiddle-ſtick! fresh news arrived! all my letters to Worsdale to be published, oh terrible! Well, I hope he will publish every poem that was enclosed in them that I may come by my own again; let him return to me three operas, twenty-five odes, the letters I wrote for him, the poem which begins

To diſtant climes, while fond Cleora flies.

And then he has my full leave to publish every letter of mine that he thinks will serve his purpose, but remember that, if you and he should sit down and out of your own logger-heads write nonsense and offer it to the world as mine I enter my *caveat*, and I will not adopt the spurious issue. So here I quit ye, and upon mature deliberation I am sorry I waſted so much time, paper, and ink, on so contemptible a subject as either of ye.

My Lord, I beg pardon for so long digressing from

my darling theme, but it was almoſt impossible for me not to beſtow those libellers a laugh;

For, though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.—Swift.

And, though it is not in reality worth while to purchase grasshoppers, who die in a season, yet while their noise offends me I cannot forbear it.

And now, my Lord, and oh! since you permit me to call you by that tender name, my friend, and let me add my guardian angel, for surely, very excellent has thy favour been to me, far surpassing that of kindred, as you generously bid me name my wish to you and obtain it; and as I, broken with the ſtorms of fortune, for I may truly say with holy David, to my Creator:

Even from my youth up, thy terrors have I ſuffered with a troubled mind, and thou haſt vexed me with all thy ſtorms,

have little to hope for on this side dissolution, and have no other concern about parting with a life which has been but a continual scene of sorrow, except that of leaving my son unprovided for: Let your favour extend to him, as your ſtation and virtue muſt ever give you a powerful intereſt; use a portion of it to get him some little employment or place, which may give him bread when I no more want it.

I flatter myself he will not be entirely unworthy of your goodness, as he is of a generous, humane, and grateful disposition.

I muſt beg your Lordship's pardon for praising my son, which, indeed, I should not do but that both his father and Mr Arne, endeavoured all in their power to injure his characſter; the latter of whom is since convinced he wronged him.

And here I muſt apologize for so long deferring the publication of the Second Volume; and as no reason is so good as the true one, take it as follows:

When I came to Ireland, I took a house near Bow Bridge, as well for the pleasure of a fine air as to keep

retired from busy tongues; but, finding it was highly inconvenient to be at such a distance from printers, stationers, etc., I took a first floor in Abbey Street, and having my own furniture, sent it there, with orders to the men to put up the beds, which accordingly was done. When I came in the evening to take possession of my new habitation, lo you! all my furniture was torn down and lying in heaps in the passage; when I demanded the cause of this, I was told the Reverend Doctor J—n V——ey, who, it seems, lodged in the house, had, by his own special authority, commanded the goods should be thrown into the street, but the landlord, knowing himself liable to be called to an account for what he had received, did not choose to obey him in that article.

Well, as my house was empty, I knew not where I or my child could sleep that night; but, as I was not ill-beloved in the neighbourhood I left, I went back to it, where a good woman gave me share of her bed, and her husband, my son, and two little children of theirs, lay together.

Early next morning, my son took a lodging for me in Big Butter Lane; my goods, damaged as they were, were carried there, but, wot you well, the parson followed them! Doctor V—ey, I mean, told the people I was a very bad woman, and they were again left in the passage; so when I came, there was no entrance for me, and I was obliged to return to the place from whence I came. *Mem.* I was forty shillings out of pocket by this pious divine—I wish he would pay me.

Next day my son took a lodging for me in Golden Lane, where the woman no sooner understood I was Doctor Van Lewin's Daughter—who, as she said, saved her life—but she gladly accepted of me for a lodger; but, what with the vexation of my mind and the cold I had got, I fell into a violent fever, and was for many weeks confined to my bed, till, by the care and skill of Doctor Ould, I was once more enabled to pursue my work; and, as I am much indebted to his humanity, I take this opportunity of acknowledging it.

And now do I expect an army of critics to attack my poor work, and, to save them the trouble, I will even do it myself, although I own the task to be a little ungrateful. But, Mrs Pilkington, notwithstanding the regard and affection which I really have for you, I must tell you what the world says of you; but, however, I will give you fair play, and allow you to make the best defence you can for yourself.—Suppose you and I enter into a dialogue: I being the accuser, begin: Madam, your story has nothing in it either new or entertaining; the occurrences are common, trivial, and such as happen every day; your vanity is intolerable, your style borrowed from Milton, Shakespeare, and Swift, whom you pretend to describe, though you never knew him; you tell us a story of his beef being over-roasted, and another of a mangy dog—fine themes truly! For my part, I wonder you ever got a shilling for your curious performance; I am sure it is a proof of the stupidity of the Boeotians, who, though they have still done you the honour to advertise in every paper that you were not a dunce, proved themselves to be little better for taking so much notice of you.

Myself. Hold, hold! you charge me so fast, you do not give me leave to reply: to your first article I plead guilty—my story is dull enough, it was therefore I strove to embellish it with such poetical ornaments as I could beg, borrow, or steal. I have known a gentleman write a Latin poem, and every line of it was borrowed from the classics, yet this was esteemed a beauty in him: why then should it be deemed a fault in your humble servant Had I not an equal right to make free with Milton, Swift, and Shakespeare as he had with Virgil and Horace

I. O lud, lud! why the best part of your First Volume is that which you wrote from yourself, without these auxiliaries.

Myself. Oh, upon my word you compliment now.

I. Truly, I did not intend it, but we would rather have some of your own stuff.

Myself. Why, I must bring you a simile from what I do not much deal in, that is needlework: do not ladies buy coarse canvas and work thereon fruits, flowers, trees, all summer and all autumn's pride? and should we say the canvas would have been better without the artist's curious embroidery: the same will hold in painting.

I. O, come! do not think to put us off at this rate; you give us quotation on quotation; why, we know the works of other writers, and expected something entirely new from your superior pen.

Myself. I am sorry it is not in my power to oblige you, but Kings and Prophets who lived before me have declared there was nothing new under the sun.

I. But you show no reverence, either to ermine, crape, or lawn.

Myself. O, I really do when the wearers deserve them; but I hope you would not have me pay homage to the things themselves?—Why then, I may go and kneel down to all the goods in the shop, because, as the author of *The Tale of a Tub*, says, in them we live, move, and have our being.

I. But have you no farther regard to station? Is your licentious pen to lash all orders and degrees of people? Are you to indulge your laughing and lashing humour at everybody's expense?

Myself. Why, sure I have a right to it—have they not laughed and lashed me around? This is but a retaliation; they were the first aggressors; no person who did not deserve a stripe ever got one from me. Is station a privilege for doing everything evil with impunity? If so, let Satan on his burning throne be honoured!

I. Well, upon my word, Mrs Pilkington, I am weary of your argument; you seemed resolved to get the better of me, and that my readers may always be assured I do, when I am both plaintiff and defendant.

And I assure my readers that, if my Third Volume

is not filled with more surprizing events and infinitely more entertaining than either of the foregoing, I will for ever quit my magic art, and

Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.—Shakespeare.

END OF VOLUME II

Memoirs of Mrs Pilkington

Volume III

A THIRD volume of Memoirs is really a bold undertaking, as they are generally light, frothy, and vain; yet I have met with such unhoped success that I am quite encouraged to proceed; more especially as my word is passed to the public; and my word I have ever held sacred. I cannot, like a certain female writer, say, I hope if I have done nothing to please, I have done nothing to offend; for truly I mean to give both pleasure and offence: Lemon and Sugar is very pretty. I should be sorry to write a satire which did not sting, nor will I ever write a panegyric on an undeserver: if a rogue should happen to be mine honest friend, I owe him silence; but that is the most he can expect.

Many, indeed, are glad to become purchasers of it. Persons whom I know nothing of, come and beg I may not put them into the third volume and they will subscribe. Surely, then, they should knock at their own hearts; and, if it confess a natural guiltiness,

> *Let it not breathe a thought upon their tongue*
> *To my dishonour.*—Shakespeare.

I threaten not any, nor did I ever do it; but characters are my game, who

> *Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,*
> *And catch the manners living as they rise.*

I should be glad to know how I could prosecute my own history without intermingling that of others; I have not lived in deserts where no men abide, nor in a cave, like Echo; therefore it is no more in my power to grant such unreasonable requests, when a book is required of me, than it is in that of an historical painter to give a good

piece when he is positively forbidden never to draw the likeness of anything in heaven or on earth.

But, oh my dear ladies, why are you so frightened? Why so many supplications to a person unacquainted with you? Have you all then a sore place which you are afraid I should touch?

But now[1] I say this to you, or to the same defect: Ladies, or most fair ladies, I would request you not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think I come as a Lion, 'twere pity of my life: no, no! I am no such thing; I am a woman, as other women are——

But, after all, it does not a little surprise me that every person who suffers a panic lest their own reputations should be attacked has not a little compassion for that of another: no, no! let them find a flaw in a brilliant, and by the help of their magnifying talents they shall dim it all over. If they look upon this as a virtue 'tis one I shall never be emulous of.

I remember Doctor Swift told me he once dined at a person's house where the part of the table-cloth which was next to him happened to have a small hole in it, which, says he, I tore as wide as I could; then asked for some soup, and fed myself through the hole. The Dean, who was a great friend to housewifery, did this to mortify the lady of the house; but, upon my word, by the general love of scandal and detraction in Dublin, one might reasonably imagine they were all to feed themselves through the holes which they had made in the characters of others:

But 'tis of no consequence to me; as treason and malice now have done their worst.—Shakespeare.

Reputation once gone is never to be retrieved. The wise say, it is as often gained without merit as lost without a crime; so I must comfort myself the best I can. The fable of reputation, fire, and water, is too well known to

[1] Taken from the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe* in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

want a recital, and, to quote a paragraph from a late letter of Mr Cibber's to me, in answer to one of mine wherein I had acquainted him that a gentleman who had formerly been prejudiced against him was now his very sincere admirer—as his lines may in some way be applicable to me, I shall insert them as follows:

'It is now growing too late in life to be much concerned about whatever good or evil the world may think it worth their while to say of me. All I have to do is to fix a consciousness of my own integrity, and then let the devil do his worst. Truth has a strong arm, and in that the weakest persons living with an honest heart may trust for their protection.'

So let this serve by way of Preface, while I return to my narrative, or

Take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say.

And here, before I proceed, to give ease to every heart which may possibly suffer any anxiety on account of what might be said of them, I proclaim peace to all but those who have directly affronted me. 'Tis but a mean piece of cowardice to insult a woman, and, as some gentlemen have had the courage to challenge me, by the known laws of chivalry, I have a right to choose the weapons: a pen is mine—let them take up another, and may-hap they will meet their match.

But Hibernian writers are evermore threatened, not with the wit of their antagonists but the arm of the flesh; and truly that is such a knock-down argument as I, at least, am utterly unable to resist. Upon my word, were any folly of mine to produce real wit in another person, I should not be displeased to be roundly rallied. I was very well diverted with Mr Woodward's [1] *Coffee*, and humorous description of me, crying: Subscribe, or else I'll paint you like the Devil!

Though how I, who never either was a dramatic writer or a player, came to have such extraordinary marks of

[1] When this gentleman exhibited at Dublin, in opposition to Mr. Foote's *Tea*.

distinction paid me from the Theatre, is more than I can readily account for.

However, I enjoyed the jest, and the worst mark of resentment I showed was to send him a crown for a box-ticket, which he graciously accepted; and in return got his friend in the college to add six couplets of scurrility to his former encomium on me.

No marvel, for I remember the Dean told me he paid a man's debt on account of his having wrote something tolerably good; and the next proof he gave of his talents, as soon as he was released from jail, was to write a satire on his benefactor and deliverer. I told this passage to Mr Cibber, who assured me that he had been just served in the same manner.

Gratitude is of all virtues the most seldom practised; the cause of this defect I take to be our innate pride: few persons can bear to be under the weight of an obligation, not considering that

> *The grateful heart by paying owes not,*
> *But stands at once indebted and discharged.*—Milton.

Doctor Swift very well observes that many persons have done a just, many a generous, but few a grateful, act.

I have, indeed, experienced gratitude, even to painful ecstasy; especially when you, my dear and honoured Lord Kingsborough, vouchsafe to cheer my habitation with the Muses, Loves, and Graces in your train, with all the virtues that adorn the good, and every shining excellence which distinguishes the fine gentleman: so Cyrus deigned to visit Zoroaster and bless his solemn Grotto. You have, my Lord, another talent, which, as leisure and fortune give you a power of exerting it, I hope you will; and which, by the honour you have allowed me of being your correspondent, I have discovered, and, like a true woman, cannot bear the pain of keeping a secret. Amongst all the letters I have yet seen published, I never saw any so truly elegant, learned, and polite as those with which your Lordship has condescended to honour your poor servant. Invoke then, my Lord, the Sacred Nine; not

one of the beauteous virgins can be coy to such a lover, resembling so much their own Apollo. I am very certain they have all beſtowed their favours, though you are too much the man of honour to reveal it.

Let Britannia boaſt her Shaftesburys, Dorsets, Mulgraves; and let us tell her, in return, we have our Kingsborough. And here I muſt vindicate the learning as well as the politeness of the nobility, though it be in opposition to Mr Pope's opinion, who says

What woeful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In some ſtarved Hackney ſonneteer, or me?
But let my Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the ſtyle refines!

Why, sure, every person muſt acknowledge that, while he is insulting his betters, his *Ethic Epiſtles* are little more than Lord Shaftesbury's *Rhapsody* berhymed, his *Windsor Foreſt*, ſtolen from *Cooper's Hill*, and his *Eloisa and Abelard* the moſt beautiful lines in it taken from Milton's *Il Penseroso;* and, if I wrong his merit, let the learned judge. Mr Pope says in his description of the Convent:

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light.

Milton says:

And storeyed windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious light.

Which of these is beſt, I leave to any person of taste to determine.

Pope: *From the full choir when loud Hosanna's rise,*
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice.
Milton: *Then let the pealing organ blow,*
To the full-voiced choir below.
For service high, etc.

But I forget, and am launching into a criticism e'er I am aware of it. Now, though I have held out the olive-branch to my friends, to whom I would be kind as the life-rendering pelican, yet my foes are not included in the treaty. You, my Lady of the fishponds and lakes of Lebanon, muſt be remembered.

And I cannot avoid paying my acknowledgements to the Vice-Queen of a certain village. Vice-Queen I term you, for the lovely [1]Goddess of the Plains has as much humanity and politeness as you want, and I cannot pay her a higher compliment; though, indeed, it is no wonder, as she is the daughter of an English Earl and you derive your pedigree from a Scotch peddler: I will not name you, because you shall not take the law of me, but describe you I will.

Pray, when I sent you a book, how did it come to entitle me to an affront?—and your civil message, that, if my Third Volume was worth reading, you would buy it at the ſtationer's: Why, it will coſt you a crown there.

But how long have you commenced a judge of the belles-letters? That you may be a competent one of men, nobody diſputes; and for your honour, I believe a certain relation of mine was pretty intimate with it at—— And do you and your two companions take a friſk ſtill, now you are grown old! Certainly it muſt be as entertaining as the Witches in *Macbeth*. Why, Madam, had I said that your father died blaſpheming the Almighty, and of the foul disease; had I said that he refuſed to see his wife's cubs, as he called your ſiſters at the hour of his death; had I said that you hid Lady D—— behind the arras, to see—nothing—which you said your little Tom Titmouse of a husband had, you could not have used me worse.

But I ſcorn your low invectives, which savour more of malice than of wit; these and many other valuable secrets which I have the honour of knowing of you, shall be buried in oblivion.

Stand apart now, ye Roderick Randoms,
Foundlings, baſtard sons of wit,
Hence ye profane, be far away,
All ye that bow to idol luſts, and altars raiſe,
Or to falſe heroes give fantaſtic praiſe.

While I, the Cream of Historians, Mirror of Poets, worthy not only the bays but the laurel made for mighty conquerors for my signal victories, proceed in my true

[1] Lady Ann Connolly

history, which take as follows, from me, the genuine successor of Cid Hamet, and immortal Swift:

Thus much may serve by way of Proem,
Proceed we now to tale or poem.

One day, as I was sitting in my shop, [1]a woman who, though very badly dressed, had a dignity in her air which distinguished her from the vulgar, stood reading the paper I had stuck up with regard to writing letters and petitions. At length she came in, and begged of me to write a petition for her to his Majesty, from whom as she said she hoped for a pension. I asked her what title she had to it. She said if I could have patience to hear her story, she was certain I would think she had a very just one. As I was fond of novelties, I assured her she could not oblige me more; so, to avoid interruption, I took her into the parlour, when she began her history as follows.

'I am', said she, 'grand-daughter to the Marquis of Vendosme; my mother, whose name was Margaretta de Tiange, was one of the most celebrated beauties in the Court of France. The late Electress of Hanover (poor lady, though her husband was crowned King of England, she never was acknowledged as queen) had so fond an affection for her that she could not think of parting with her; but when she was married entreated she would accompany her to Hanover; their united prayers prevailed on my grandfather to give his assent, and the Electress placed her in quality of the first lady of her bedchamber, that she might ever have her near her person.

'Whatever regret my mother felt at the strange difference she found between the Court of Paris and the House of Herenhausen, yet, being happy in the favour of her royal mistress, young and cheerful, she made herself quite easy; and she and Count Conningsmark used to set their heads together to study what might be most amusing to the lovely lady.

'But alas! while they thought only of innocence, the Princess Sophia and the Duchess of Munster, a dis-

[1] *Vide* the 2nd Vol. of these *Memoirs*.

carded mistress of the Elector's, had other schemes in their heads, which not long after they put in practice, to the destruction of the Count, the disgrace of the Electress, and the banishment of every person whom she honoured with her confidence.

'I have frequently heard my mother declare that she believed there was not in the world a more virtuous person than the Electress, and, indeed, her conduct from the time of her separation from the late king to the hour of her death sufficiently convinced the world of her unspotted purity.

'Well, in the general ruin my mother, as her first favourite, was inevitably involved; she was ordered to return home to France; and, as she was a woman of quality, a man-of-war was fitted out for the purpose.'

I could not here avoid interrupting her to say I wondered that the Princess Sophia should enter into any scheme which might in the least reflect on the honour of her own illustrious family. She answered: 'The Princess loved nothing so well as dominion, and, as the ladies of France had a natural turn to politics, she was afraid the Electress might interfere, so as to injure her power, which was almost absolute.'

Oh! ambition! by what cruel means dost thou compass thy ends! I desired her to proceed, which she did as follows:

'My mother returned home safe, though much dejected at a separation from her mistress, with whom, had she been permitted, she would willingly have embraced an exile from the gay world. But as time insensibly wears off affliction and lessens the object by removing it to a greater distance, so she began to resume her natural cheerfulness, and once more shone at Court.

'The first night she appeared there, an English nobleman, for as such he passed himself (neither his good mien nor his politeness in the least contradict this generally received opinion), paid his addresses to her. Gallantry and complaisance are so much the mode at Paris that my mother took all he said of his passion and her charms

merely as words of course, and told him so. He answered that he found she was unacquainted with the temper of the English, who, above all other people, particularly valued themselves on sincerity, and scorned deceit or hypocrisy even to the fair, to whom most men practise it. She answered, the ladies of his country must certainly be very happy; he said the most convincing proof he could give of the reality of his passion, was that, providing her heart and hand were disengaged, he would use his utmost endeavours to merit both.

'She assured him she was entirely at her father's disposal, and that if he was serious in his declaration, he must apply to the Marquis of Vendosme.

'Accordingly next day he paid the Marquis a visit, and brought such credentials of his being a man of fortune and quality in England that the Marquis had but one objection, which was an unwillingness to part with my mother; however, my father promised they would once a year pay the Marquis a visit. So all things being agreed on, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and festivity.

'No sooner were the rejoicings ended than it was whispered my father was not a man of quality but an impostor. This greatly afflicted both the Marquis and my mother; they mentioned it to my father, who assured them it was a malicious falsehood, raised by some persons who envied his happiness. As it was too late to retract what was done they could only hope the best. Shortly after, my father urged a necessity of his returning to London, to which the Marquis reluctantly consented.

'At Dover my father's chariot met them, carried them to a very handsome house, where there were a number of servants in rich liveries, waiting the commands of the bride and bridegroom.

'But, after all, not to hold you longer in suspense, my father was a limner; but so excellent in his art that he could well afford to keep his wife like a man of quality.

'However, as there is no country where persons set a higher value on noble blood than France, my mother was

cruelly mortified to find herself imposed upon, and fell into a deep melancholy, which preying on the very pith of life, she languished in a consumption for three years, and died, leaving me and another daughter desolate orphans.

'After this loss, which I was too young to regret, my father brought in a woman, whom it seems he had some time kept as a mistress, to order his household and take care of us, which she did so well that at length my father married her.

'Here happened a most strange reverse of fortune to us, for no sooner did this woman attain her ends than she altered her conduct, and from a fawning servant turned a haughty and despotic tyrant. My father was obliged to turn off all his old servants, because they did not pay respect enough to her Ladyship, for he had the honour of Knighthood conferred on him by King William.

'This step-dame now continually endeavoured to set my father against us, till at length, wearied out with injuries, I hired myself as a servant to the Governor's lady of St Christophers; and she, being informed who I was, treated me with the utmost kindness.

'This unhealthful climate soon deprived me of her, who with her dying breath recommended me to the care of the Governor; he called me up, told me her request, and kindly said, whoever was dear to her it should be his particular care to protect, even for her sake.

'I kneeled down by the bedside, to bless them both for their goodness; my mistress took my hand, grasped it very hard, and instantly expired.

'I fainted away, and my master, as I was afterwards informed, quitted the chamber, bidding the servants take care of the poor child.

'When the funeral was over, and the first transports of my master's sorrow were abated, he desired to see me, and renewed his kind assurances of protection and favour to me. He made me dine at his table, saying that my innocent prattle diverted his melancholy; and I, studious to please him, did it so effectually that, instead of my being

his servant, he became mine; and, as he was too humane and generous to entertain a dishonourable thought, he proposed matrimony to me, an offer too considerable for me to reject.

'The evening before the day appointed for our nuptials, my dear master, friend, and lover was taken ill, on which they were deferred. But, his illness increasing, he thought proper to have the marriage-ceremony performed, made his will, and, as he had no children, left me all his fortune, and died the next day.

'Though I cannot say I was in love with this gentleman, yet gratitude made me a sincerely sorrowful widow, though I was young, rich, and, as the world said, handsome.

'When my year of mourning expired, I had several matches proposed to me, of which I made choice of the worst. He was an Englishman, but, to say the truth, had nothing but his person to recommend him. He was addicted to every vice, and consequently soon squandered the plentiful fortune I had brought him.

'And at last, one day when I was abroad, he robbed the house of everything it contained that was valuable, and he, with a negro woman-servant I had, got on board a vessel bound for England.

'I was now plunged into not only the extremity of sorrow but also of want. However, being very expert at my needle, particularly in embroidery, and also very curious in shellwork, I set up a school, and instructed young ladies. Money is very easy to be got there, and so it ought for the Island is productive of nothing for the service of life—neither fruit nor herbage—and consequently there are no cattle but what they have either from the continent or salted from England.

'Well, bad as the place was, I lived there thirty years after the departure of my second husband tolerably easy, till at length I received from an English captain of a ship a letter from the sister I have mentioned, who was extremely well married in London, and gave me a kind invitation to come and pass the remainder of my life with her.

'Accordingly I embraced the first opportunity of returning to my dear native country, all the ladies entreated me to stay, but, finding me determined to the contrary, they gave me signal marks of their favour: each making me a present, and assuring me that, if ever I returned, I should be affectionately received.

'We had a tolerable voyage, even till we were in sight of the English shore, when a furious tempest arose, which set us almost beside ourselves. The goods were thrown overboard, so I lost all my clothes; and a few minutes after we struck upon a rock, but by God's providence not a soul perished. All that I saved was a basket of curiosities, such as the Island afforded.

'But not to detain you with trivial circumstances, I got to London, and went to my sister's house, which I found hung with black, she in her coffin, and the hearse ready to convey her to the grave.

'This was a dreadful disappointment to me, for I was quite a stranger, moneyless, and could not reasonably hope for much favour from a brother-in-law whom I had never seen, especially as the link of the chain which united us was now dissolved.

'The next day I went to him; and, upon telling him the circumstances of my life exactly as my sister had done, he had the goodness to give me her clothes—a seasonable relief, as my own were lost.

'The following day I went into a broker's shop to know if the person who kept it would buy some of my merchandise. He desired me to come in, and seemed surprised at the variety and beauty of my collection; and, perceiving me very faint, for, indeed, I was almost famished, he offered me a dram; which I refused, as I was sensible it must have got the better of one so weak as I was.

'However, I accepted of some toast and ale, which, I really think, saved my life. After this act of civility I told my distress to him, and he kindly gave me a lodging, and recommended me to you.'

I wrote a petition for this unhappy stranger, which

had no manner of effect on his Majesty: I afterwards wrote to her brother-in-law, who gave her five guineas, with which sum she again set out for St Christophers; and, as I afterwards learnt, the ship with all the passengers was lost. I think this poor lady's life was but a continual scene of storms and misfortunes, as if heaven had

Bared her bosom to the thunderstone.

But alas! how shall we poor reptiles presume to judge the ways of providence; all things are ordered with harmony and beauty; though, like a fly, our feeble ray sees but an inch around, yet dares dislike the structure of the whole.

As well might a mariner, in the midst of the wide world of congregated waters, hope with his line to sound the deep abyss, as our finite minds to comprehend the ways of Deity.

Here then let us rest,

whatever is, is right: wisdom and goodness govern all.

Reader, have patience with my philosophic whimsies, which I must sometimes indulge. 'Tis frequent in conversation to say of those who are drowned that they are gone to the bottom of the sea; but, with due deference to better judges, I cannot conceive the ocean to have any bottom, except near the shore. I have observed every single drop of water to be an entire globe; put another to it, they unite by adhesion of parts, like quicksilver, to form a larger: thus the tributary streams pour in globulous chrysolites, to form that wonderful mass of waters which we term the ocean, and which, no doubt, goes quite through the centre of the earth without any middle way to stop it.

I know that it may be here objected that a ship lost on one side ought, by this rule, to rise at the opposite place; not at all, the pressure of the atmosphere is everywhere equal, nor is there any such thing as up or down in nature: as many stars bespread the firmament beneath us as above us, as travellers, such as have sailed round the world, sufficiently evidence; and did not the strong

laws of gravitation hold all in firm union, the sea, no doubt, would tumble on our heads. Oh ! thou revered Spirit of Newton, who couldst take the dimension of each planet in our solar system, and then demonstrate to us 'How other planets circle other suns', giving us thereby the most august view of that Being who poured forth new worlds to all eternity and peopled the infinity of space. If I have erred through pride, in endeavouring to search into the secrets of nature, wherein I may very possibly err, let thy honoured manes vouchsafe to set me right,

For I so much a Catholic will be,
As for this once, great Saint, to pray to thee.—Cowley.

I think I have scarce ever read two better lines than Mr Pope's epitaph on this prince of philosophers, which, to prove my regard to him as a poet, I will insert:

Nature, and nature's laws, lay wrapt in night ;
God said let Newton be, and all was light !

His inscription on Sir Godfrey Kneller's monument is as remarkably bad as this is excellent:

Kneller,[1] *by Heaven and not a master taught,*
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures Thought,
When now two ages he had snatched from fate,
Whate'er was beauteous and whate'er was great
Rests crowned with princes, honours, poets, lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works, and dying fears herself shall die.

And bad as it is, 'tis but a lean translation from the Italian, an enervate language, well adapted to the soft warblers of it but incapable of manly strength, dignity, or grace. I always find in myself a strong inclination to criticism, and, if I live to finish this volume, I shall certainly indulge it. For my part, let the world say what they please of critics—I esteem them as very useful members of the commonwealth of learning.

Whatever is well written will stand the test of strict examination, aye, and of ridicule too; and, when that is

[1] See Westminster Abbey.

paſt, the work appears like gold from the furnace, with ten-fold luſtre. Therefore I fairly invite the whole body of critics to canvass my writings: if they point out an error I shall eſteem them as friends, and endeavour to amend: if they make an injudicious criticism, for some such I have seen published againſt me, they prove their own ignorance, and cannot give me a greater triumph: I only wish I may have a Longinus, not a Zoilus, to judge me.

Well now, Mrs Pilkington, says, perhaps, my reader, what in the name of wonder have we to do with all this.

Why, truly, no more, I think, than with a buff jerkin, or mine hoſtess at St Albans; but I am no Methodiſt either in writing or religion. Sometimes irregularities please; shapeless rock, or hanging precipice, present to the poetic imagination more inspiring dreams than could the fineſt garden: where

> *Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,*
> *And half the platform juſt reflects the other.*

I am, in short, an heteroclite, or irregular verb, which can never be declined or conjugated. But, however, considering it was a hiſtory of myself I promised to the world, I now proceed in it thus:

Two very fine young gentlemen, whom I did not know, came to buy some prints, and, observing a large book in manuscript open before me, one of them demanded: Was that my account book? I assured the gentleman my revenue was easily caſt up and that I was but a bad arithmetician, though I frequently dealt in figures and numbers.

This gentleman, whom I presently after found was an Earl, by his companion's calling him by his title, insiſted on seeing the subject of my amusement. This was the firſt volume of my work, which, when once he had begun, he went quite through with, and gave it more applause than ever an author's dear partiality to their own offspring could possibly make me believe it deserved.

However, his Lordship made a juſt remark, that I was very fond of introducing the sun by way of simile in all

my poems, and said he had a mind to cut it out wherever he met it.

I told his Lordship he would then leave my book in the land of darkness and the shadow of death. The Earl then asked me if I intended to print it. I said I would if I could get subscribers to it; otherwise it must, like many other valuable things, be buried in oblivion.

He gave me a subscription, and, as it was dinner-time, took his leave, with a promise of drinking coffee with me the next evening; when, as it was Sunday, I should be disengaged from business; which promise, however, he did not fulfil; and, having vainly expected him till eight, I then went upstairs, to sit with the Countess of Yarmouth's steward's wife; and, on my return, found my shop broke open, and every article of my wearing apparel taken away. This was a dreadful mortification, and a sad loss. All my comfort was that the thieves had taken nothing but what belonged to me.

This robbery quite ruined me, as I was obliged to lay out my money for necessaries to appear decent; my landlord seized for a quarter's rent, though he was my countryman and professed great friendship for me. I was once more in doleful plight; however, I got a ready-furnished lodging, just tolerable.

One evening, when I came home from a friend's, my landlady told me, there was a young woman to visit me who wept sadly that I was abroad. I asked her what sort of a person she was. She told me she thought she greatly resembled me, and that she would be with me early in the morning. Accordingly she came, and I knew her at first sight to be my daughter. The surprise made me faint away, not but I was very glad to see her; but joy is overcoming as grief; and, when I considered how little it was in my power to help her, it quite sunk my spirits. She was in a garb which bespoke poverty, and gave me a long account of her father's inhumanity to her and his youngest son.

A few days after her arrival came the son I now have with me, from on board a privateer, as ragged as a

Prodigal returned from keeping swine; but, poor child, I wonder how he subsisted at all considering the hardships he had suffered; and what to do with them both I could not tell. Mr Richardson[1] was so kind to give my son a new suit of clothes, which put him in a capacity of going amongst my friends, from whom I received a transient relief. At length the girl, finding how things were, went to wait on a lady, and Captain Meade took my son with him on board a man-of-war, with which a number of transports and others then went on a secret expedition, but were prevented in their design by having their intentions betrayed to the French.

Well, this was a little respite to me: I heard Worsdale was in London, and wrote to him, but received no answer; a day or two after, as I was going through Spring Garden, pretty early in the morning, who should I see but the very identical man, standing at a coffee-house door. I stopped and looked at him, when he immediately recollected me, and seemed overjoyed to see me. He invited me to breakfast, and told me he was upon his keeping; so that he had been obliged to quit a pretty ready-furnished house he had in Mount Street, Berkeley Square, and leave it to the care of a servant, to retire to this privileged place.

After breakfast he desired I would write a letter for him to the Bavarian Ambassador, and to two others whom I have now forgot, to beg their protection; which accordingly he obtained, though not directly. He made me dine with him, and promised to reward me when he should be at liberty to pursue his work; and in the mean time, he said, I should be welcome to his house in Mount Street: an offer which I readily accepted, as well for the fine air as being rent-free. He allowed me a shilling a day to live on, which I could very well do; but he came every morning to know how much I had wrote. He would give me fifteen subjects at once, and expected I should compose something excellent on every one of them: in short, there was no end to my

[1] Author of *Clarissa*.

labour, nor any relaxation from it, except sometimes a kind of troubled sleep; for amongſt other misfortunes I was not able to make my bed nor light the fire; and the old woman, his house-keeper, proud, ignorant, and insolent beyond imagination, asked me where the Devil I was bred that I could not sweep rooms, light fires, and make beds as well as other servants, and that truly Mr Worsdale was a fool to hire me, who did nothing but write all day long. Though I conceived a good deal of indignation at being thought the servant of a colour-grinder's son, yet I could not forbear laughing at the ideas of this good creature.

Never did any soul lead a more solitary life than poor Letitia; for Worsdale had positively ordered the old woman not to let any human creature come near me; and she punctually obeyed him, more out of malice than integrity, In this sequeſtration from the world, I wrote three ballad-operas, one of them planned on the ſtory of the old song *A Pennyworth of Wit*, where I have so exalted the wife over the harlot that at laſt, as Worsdale is a profeſſed libertine, I began to think it was quite necessary to apologize for his writing anything to the honour of virtue or exposing of vice, so I wrote the following *Epilogue*, to be spoken by a woman;

Epilogue to Virtue Triumphant

Deuce on't, I wonder what the author means,
To peſter thus the ſtage with moral scenes!
The fool! he sent me hither to excuse him;
Faith, I'll be even with him, and abuse him.
I hope he liſtens while I speak my thoughts,
And tell, what he must bear to hear, his faults.
Firſt he endeavoured, in a free-born nation,
To bring the wearing fetters into fashion,
Nor would have loving couples go together
Till they were yoked by matrimonial tether:
Here he does plainly liberty invade,
And is, besides, an enemy to trade.
Should his advice be followed through the land,
What muſt become of Drury and the Strand?
In France, when age appears through walls of paint,
Each battered jade turns devotee or saint!

And, when her looks no longer love inspire,
Does wisely to a nunnery retire;
But here, should pretty females leave off sinning,
What must they do?—betake themselves to spinning!
Why, sure, 'twould vex the heart of Jew or Turk
To see the pretty playful creature work.
Well, after all his railing thus at harlots,
'Tis said he liked them once to lying varlets,
And that, unless he perfectly had known 'em,
He never could so perfectly have shown 'em.
But, jests apart, the poet bade me say,
He to the gen'rous fair commends this play,
To show their matchless excellence designed,
And cure the roving madness of mankind;
To show the fair, though husbands may be led,
By artful wiles to stain the nuptial bed;
Yet virtue shall at last triumphant prove,
And husbands bless the joys of faithful love;
Studious the worthy and the good to please,
If such with approbation crown his lays,
Our happy author seeks no other praise.

I am sorry I have not the opera, but Worsdale was too cunning for me, and seized it, sheet by sheet, as fast as I wrote it. And having now liberty, by means of the protection, and a good deal of work bespoke in the City, he took a floor near the Royal Exchange, in a large old-fashioned house with very antique furniture, and there he gave me a little room to myself; but, as it was within-side of his painting-room, I was a prisoner all the morning, and might fast and write till three o'clock in the day; then I was called to dinner, of beef-steaks or mutton-chops, cooked by himself. The manner of our eating I must describe. We had four play-bills laid for a table-cloth; knives, forks, or plates had we none; no matter for that—

I had a blade,
With which my tuneful pens were made—
And, so, to make my dinner sure,
I for a fork employed a skewer.

The butter, when we had any, was deposited in the cool and fragrant recess of an old shoe; a coffee-pot of mine served for as many uses as ever scrub had, for sometimes it boiled coffee, sometimes tea, it brought small beer,

strong beer, and I am more than half afraid it has been applied to less noble uses; but be that as it may, I've done the man some service, and he knows it—no more of that.

He happened to paint, as he told me, the young Chevalier's picture at Manchester. As he went to Richmond, he left all his pictures in my care, when, one morning, a very beautiful young lady of about sixteen, and her brother, a fine young gentleman, came to the house: I was called down, and they walked upstairs, when, after a little hesitation, the lady asked me could she see the picture of the Highlander. I answered Yes, and brought it to her: she kissed the face, feet, and every bit of it, and, judging from this that she was a Roman Catholic, a religion that Patrick Sarsfield's[1] niece can never hate, let who will take offence at it—for he was generous, noble, and humane—and, in God's name, let every one of his creatures be as upright and just as he (and no doubt but He will look down well pleased and bless the fair variety).

The young lady repeated two lines of a poem of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, on seeing this picture:

In every lineament of which we trace,
The injured saint and Royal Martyr's face.

Their curiosity being satisfied, the lady would have given me some money: I told her I was not a servant, but that, as I lodged in the house, Mr Worsdale left the pictures in my care: 'Madam', says she, 'I beg pardon, but how can I make you a recompense for your trouble?' 'By giving me, madam, the remainder of the poem.' She repeated it; and, finding I had something like taste, she kindly embraced me, giving me a direction where to wait on her; and we parted, I believe delighted with each other; but I only speak for myself.

Worsdale came to town and called on this lady and gentleman: they were so kind to praise me highly, and ask him who I was. He declared he did not know; he left, he said, an old chairwoman to look after his house, perhaps it was she.

[1] Lord Lucan, eldest son to the Earl of Kilmalock.

This answer did not satisfy them; they were so unreasonable as to insist on it that I was a gentlewoman, that they knew it by my speech, and hands, by my refusing money, and begging poetry. But Worsdale renounced me more heartily than ever he did the devil, whose servant he is.

He came home very angry, abused me at an unmerciful rate, and told me I should not stay in his house to show my wit and breeding, forsooth, when I had neither; and boast of my family, when it would have been better for me to have been the daughter of a cobbler. As this fellow always boasted of his being Sir Godfrey Kneller's bastard, I could not avoid telling him that some people were so fond of family that, to keep it up, they would prove themselves sons of whores.

The hour of my deliverance from this worse than Egyptian bondage now approached: a young woman for whom I had wrote several love-letters to a gentleman, who had, it seems, kept her till he married, and then forsook her, as indeed he ought, found me out. The scheme was to persuade him that at the time he dismissed her she was with child by him, though she in reality confessed she was never in that circumstance in her life, but 'bite the biter', was fair enough, if he cheated her out of innocence (loss never to be retrieved). I think she had a just title to some of his money, of which he had more than he knew how to use. I was writing a melancholy epistle for her, when in came Worsdale: he gave me a furious look, and withered all my strength before he spoke; then he went out of the chamber, and sent for me, demanding of me whether I intended to neglect his business and turn secretary for the whores. I was greatly surprised that he of all men should fall so hard on kind females; and as their money was honestly earned by me, and they are generally liberal, I never thought I did anything amiss in helping them out with a soft epistle. He stormed at me; she heard him, and, finding his wrath was raised on her account, was very much troubled, and, slipping a guinea into my hand softly,

whispered me to come to her house in Golden Square, and she would make me full amends for my vexation.

Of all men I ever saw, Worsdale has the strongest appearance of charity and compassion, and the least of it in reality. He would take any curious artist out of trouble, provided their work, which he appropriated to himself, would yield him ten-fold interest. Love, favour, or even common decency, no person ever met with from him except on terms of becoming his slave.

I have often reflected with wonder on the vast propensity that appears in persons of quality, to provide for the spurious offspring of beggars, vagrants, etc., by depriving themselves of the enjoyments of life to amass vast treasure, and when that tremendous hour arrives in which all earthly glories, honours, wealth, and titles cannot give a moment's ease or prolong frail life, the question is; 'How shall I dispose of this, to appease that God at whose tribunal I expect shortly to appear? Oh! I'll leave it all to the poor'—as if the Omnipotent could not see through the shallow device, or that His eternal kingdom was to be purchased with their leavings.

I have observed that most of those who have chosen to be public-spirited after their death have in their lifetime been mere unhospitable, narrow-hearted souls; and, if a person of birth and polite education had by any misfortune fallen into distress and made an application to them, such would not fail of meeting with an affront, and having their letter sent back open, with the civil message that truly my Lord or my Lady did not know anything of it, and had dependents enough of their own to provide for.

And pray now let us inquire who are these poor that the public and private are eternally providing for: are there not collections daily in churches, besides the vast legacies left to parishes, hospitals, etc., and yet to appearance no soul the better? Are not the streets infested with beggars of all denominations?—and in the houses, objects that would raise compassion in any humane, well-judging person. Here we shall find a

poor wretch, for a few shillings a week, slaving to support a wife and children, and perhaps at the end of the quarter is ſtripped by a cruel landlord, and torn relentlessly from the relief of his family, while they are exposed to the ſharpeſt pangs of want, cold, and nakedness. And where ſhall they apply for relief? If to the parish, perhaps they may obtain a few half-pence, but no real succour. If to a beneficent lady, who diſtinguiſhes herself by giving a gown once in the year to some particular old beggar-women and sixpence a week for their support—to give them a taſte of life (as the same woman muſt not expect to be served two years successively)—why, truly, my Lady Bountiful is not at home, or the servant durſt not carry up any letter or petitions, so the poor sufferer may return, loaden with poverty and swollen with sorrow. And yet this lady expects to be almoſt deified for her munificence and patriotism; she laid out her money on a house, not to satisfy her vanity, but to employ her diſtressed countrymen; she never saw the naked but she clothed them, nor the sick but she visited them, nor the hungry or thirſty but she relieved them, whilſt the rich she sent empty away. In which charitable opinion of her own virtues, she expects to go directly to heaven; but now hear the opinion of impartiality. Indeed, she never saw her fellow-creatures in diſtress but she, being of a compassionate temper, found it necessary for her own quiet to relieve them; therefore she always chose a back-room to sit in, that she might not view such disagreeable objects; and, in order to save her money for some great laſt ſtroke, if persons of rank dine or sup with her, they muſt take such as the house affords, by which means the rich are always sent empty away. If nobody knows this picture without writing the name under it, I will confess myself to be as bad a painter as Worsdale.

Dean Swift's excellent scheme for building an hospital for lunatics and idiots was of a different class from those of moſt other men, as it was not a matter uttered with his laſt breath, but ſtudied, calculated, and determined for many

years before, as the following lines in his *Elegy* on his own death sufficiently evince:

He left the little wealth he had
To build a house, for fools and mad,
And showed by one satyric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

And, according to his usual wisdom, he committed the regulation of it to gentlemen of real worth, honour, and probity, in which, would others follow so great, so laudable an example, perhaps the many sums that were designed for good[1] uses, but are now appropriated to the purchasing estates and splendid equipages for some particular people, might have the wished effect of being a universal benefit. The Dean could not abide the thought of being like other mortals, forgot as soon as his venerable dust was conveyed to the earth; and therefore he always endeavoured to render himself worthy of a grateful remembrance in the hearts of the people; yet how true are his own lines!

And now the Dean no more is missed
Than if he never did exist;
Except amongst old-fashioned folks,
Who now and then repeat his jokes.

A remarkable instance of his whimsical disposition, which I omitted in my first volume, as I find

His sacred name remains still dear,
To every just Hibernian ear.

I will here insert, and must say 'tis with infinite pleasure I find that my weak attempts to delineate his inimitable character have met with such unhoped approbation, both here and in England, not so much for the vanity of an author as the pleasure I feel at seeing so vast a respect paid to his memory.

I believe the Dean, on his first coming to Ireland, was very melancholy, and indeed it was not to be wondered at, as he was then separated from those whom he loved, Mr Pope, Lord Bolingbroke, etc.,

[1] Mem. The Workhouse in Dublin.

and in one of his poems, he seems to despair of meeting with friendship in a strange country, or that

Not a Judas could be found,
To sell him for three hundred pound.

I one day asked him how he came to write that poem: he told me he had three times like to have been hanged, 'and, pox take me', said he, 'but I believe the people thought I could bring the Pretender in my hand, and place him on the throne.'

I remember a worthy gentleman who had the honour of his acquaintance told me that the Dean and some other persons of taste, whom I do not now recollect, came to a resolution to have a feast once a year, in imitation of the *Saturnalia*, which in heathen Rome was held about the time we keep our Christmas, whereat the servants personated their masters and the masters waited as servants. The first time they put this scheme in practice was at the Deanery House. When all the servants were seated, and every gentleman placed behind his own man, the Dean's servant took an opportunity of finding fault with some meat that was not done to his taste; and, taking it up in his hand, he threw it in his master's face, and mimicked him in every other foible which he had ever discovered in him. At this the Dean flew in a violent rage, beat the fellow, and put everything into such disorder that the servants, affrighted, fled the room; and here ended the feast of *Saturnalia*.

Stella,[1] whom he has so beautifully praised through his writings, was actually his wife, though they never, I am convinced, tasted even the chaste joys which Hymen allows. It is certain they retained for each other a most tender love, and, though they did not indulge the desires of the body, yet their souls were united by the strictest bonds of divine and social harmony. He, in the latter part of his life, offered to acknowledge her as the partner of his heart; but she wisely declined it, knowing that, while she continued only as a visitor, he would treat her with respect; which would cease, as his temper was unpassive, if she lived entirely with him; and every fault of his

[1] Mrs Johnson, said to be his own sister.

servants would be attributed to her. I am certain he must have tenderly loved that lady, as I have been a witness that the bare mention of her name has drawn tears from him, which it was not easy to effect.

I remember he sent for me one morning very early, to breakfast; and, as I always drank tea or coffee, I expected to have found one of these ready; but after he had detained me two hours, discoursing on his household economy and other matters, amongst which one was that a piece of his garden-wall had fallen down; and 'so', said he, 'one of my fellows, forsooth, must needs get a trowel and mortar, and undertake to mend the breach.' 'I happened', continued the Dean, 'to spy him out of my window at this employment, and called to him to know why he did that. He told me he had been bred a bricklayer, and that his doing it would save me money; so I let him finish it, which he did very completely in about an hour's time. I gave him a moidore; and, pox take me! but the fellow, instead of going as he ought to the ale-house or a whore, went and bought silver buckles, and is grown very proud upon it.' 'I think, sir', said I, 'that the man made a very good hour's work of it.'

'Come', said he; 'shall we go to breakfast. I know you were once Bermudas mad; now I'll give you some of that country cheer. Open that drawer, and reach me a flat bottle you'll find there.' I ran to obey him, and, as the drawer was low, knelt down to it.

I no sooner attempted to unlock the drawer, but he flew at me, and beat me most immoderately; I again made an effort, and still he beat me, crying: 'Pox take you! *open* the drawer.' I once more tried, and he struck me so hard that I burst into tears, and said: 'Lord, sir, what must I do?' 'Pox take you for a slut!' said he; 'would you spoil my lock, and break my key.' 'Why, sir, the drawer is locked.' 'Oh! I beg your pardon', said he; 'I thought you were going to pull it out by the key: well, open it and do what I bid you.' I did so, and found the bottle. 'Now', said he, 'you must know I always breakfast between my own house

and the church, and I carry my provision in my pocket.' Upon this he pulled out a gingerbread, and offered me some. As I was terribly afflicted with the heart-burn, the very thoughts of anything dry made me ten times worse, which I told him, and begged he would excuse me. He positively insisted on my eating a piece of it, which I was, on penalty of another beating, obliged to comply with. 'Now', said he, 'you must take a sup out of my bottle.' I just held it to my mouth, and found it so strong that I entreated he would not ask me to taste it. He endeavoured to persuade me, but, finding that would not avail, he threw me down, forced the bottle into my mouth, poured some of the liquor down my throat, which I thought would have set my very stomach on fire. He then gravely went to prayers, and I returned home, not greatly delighted, but, however, glad to have come off no worse.

I went the ensuing evening to pay a visit to my kinsman, Doctor S—ge, then lately consecrated Lord Bishop of ——. This gentleman and his family were extremely fond of my father, and always pleased when I did myself the honour to call on them, and received me with that ease and politeness peculiar to well-bred people. I congratulated the Bishop on his preferment. He modestly told me that his honours did not sit easy on him, and that he would willingly dispense with his friends not saluting him with his title of Lord, as it always made him uneasy. He then asked me, as he saw my father's chariot at the door, where I intended to go. I told him 'To the Dean.' 'Well', said he, 'I beg you'll give my compliments to him, and tell him that as 'tis to his recommendation I owe my present happiness, I am surprised I never had the pleasure of seeing him since he conferred so great a favour on me. While I was plain Dr S—ge', continued he, 'the Dean used to send his wine and bread before him, and frequently take a dinner with me; but now I believe he is ashamed to own me: pray speak to him, and let me know his answer.' I promised I would, and then departed. I found the Dean at home,

and alone, which gave me an immediate opportunity of delivering the Bishop's message; he listened to me very attentively, and then said: 'Oh I remember something of it; Lord Carberet applied to me for a person to make a Bishop of, whom I knew was not an honest man; and, as I wanted the living of W——s for D—y, I recommended S——ge to the Bishopric, with an assurance that he would answer his Excellency's purpose; and pox take me! if I ever thought him worth my contempt, till I had made a Bishop of him.'

The Dean then told me that, as he had no company and did not know how to dispose of his time, I should have the honour to sup with him; and, said he, 'I will give you a most kingly entertainment.' I accordingly waited, in expectation of some extraordinary repast, till about nine o'clock, in which interval, my readers may be assured I wanted not amusements for the mind. However, at length the cloth was laid on a small table, and, to my great surprise, the servant brought up four blue eggs on a china plate: 'Here, hussy', said he, 'is a plover's egg; King William used to give crowns apiece for them, and thought it prophanation in a subject to eat one of them; as he was, amongst his other immortal perfections, an epicure, a glutton, and a ——, hold', said he, 'I had like to have spoken treason: but how do you like the eggs?' 'Sir, I have eat none yet!' 'Well, eat like a monarch, then, and tell me your opinion.' I did eat, and told him I had not that elevated notion of his banquet which he might possibly have from so great a precedent.

'Well', said he, 'these eggs cost me sixpence apiece, which is a little extravagant, considering a herring will cost but a halfpenny; but I never exceed two, and this the only article in which I am luxurious.'

I must here again apologise to my reader for my frequent digressions in which, however, 'tis possible they will find more entertainment than a simple narrative will afford. I believe there never was any set of people so happy in sincere and uninterrupted friend-

ship, as the Dean, Dr Delany, Mr Pilkington, and myself, nor can I reflect, at this hour, on anything with more pleasure than those happy moments we have enjoyed. 'Tis for this reason I am fond of mentioning matters which bring the pleasing ideas to my mind. I have observed that the scent of a flower, or the tune of a song, always conveys to remembrance the exact image of the place in which they were first noticed. Well, therefore, in the relation of a story, where one circumstance insensibly brings on another, may a writer who scorns to deal in romance be led like me to digress.

Mrs Barber, whose name, at her earnest request, I omitted in my First Volume, and who was the lady I mentioned to have been with me at my first interview with the Dean at Dr Delany's seat, was at this time writing a volume of poems, some of which I fancy might at this day be seen in the cheesemongers', chandlers', pastry-cooks', and secondhand booksellers' shops: however, dull as they were, they certainly would have been much worse but that Dr Delany frequently held what he called a *Senatus Consultum*, to correct these undigested materials: at which were present sometimes the Dean (in the chair), but always Mrs Grierson, Mr Pilkington, the Doctor, and myself. One day that he had appointed for this purpose, we received from him the following lines, which, as they contain a compliment to me from so eminent a hand, I must insert. Take notice that as we were both diminutive in size: Mr Pilkington was styled Thomas Thumb, and I, his lady fair.

Mighty Thomas, a solemn Senatus I call,
To consult for Saphira, so come one and all;
Quit books, and quit business, your cure and your care,
For a long winding walk, and a short bill of fare.
I've mutton for you, sir; and, as for the ladies,
As friend Virgil has it, I've Aliud Mercedes.
For Letty, one filbert whereon to regale,
And a peach for pale Constance[1] *to make a full meal;*
And for your cruel part[2] *who take pleasure in blood*
I have that of the grape, which is ten times as good;

[1] Mrs Grierson. [2] My mother, who used to argue with the Doctor about his declamation against eating blood.

Flow wit to her honour, flow wine to her health,
High raised be her worth, above titles or wealth.

We obeyed the summons, and had a very elegant entertainment, and afterwards proceeded to our business, which we completed to the satisfaction of all parties. Of all the gentlemen I ever knew, this I must say, that Dr Delany excels in one point particularly; which is, in giving an elegant entertainment with ease, cheerfulness, and hospitality, which makes the company happy. Lord Carteret, in his Lieutenancy, being very fond of this gentleman, who is indeed worthy of universal esteem, came one day, quite unattended, and told the Doctor he was come to dine with him. He thanked his Excellency for the honour he conferred on him, and invited him to walk into his (beautiful) gardens; which his Excellency did, with great good humour. They took a turn or two, when the servant came to inform them that dinner was on the table. The Doctor had generally something nice, in the season, for himself and his mother, to whom he behaved with true filial tenderness and respect; for which, no doubt, his days will be long in the land which the Lord hath given him.

The Doctor made the old lady do the honours of his table; for which, nor for the entertainment, he never made the least apology, but told his lordship that:

To stomachs cloyed with costly fare
Simplicity alone was rare.

This demeanour of his was infinitely agreeable to Lord Carteret, who, though a courtier, hated ceremony when he sought pleasure, which is indeed inconsistent with it. And what respect soever our nobility may think is owing to the French mode of cringing and complimenting, I must confess I never see it practised without a peculiar pain, which I can compare to nothing but the apprehensions I am under at the sight of tumblers, rope-dancers, etc., such as, I believe, all rational creatures share at seeing men deform their visages by a thousand awkward grimaces, and their bodies like jointed babies,

only because it is *à la mode française:* neither do we see any but the most illiterate coxcombs practise it.

His Excellency, after the cloth was taken away and the bottle introduced (when consequently the lady departed), told the Doctor that 'he always believed him a most well-bred gentleman, but never had so clear a demonstration of it as he had this day seen. Others', said he, 'whom I have tried the same experiment on have met me in as much confusion as if I came to arrest them for high treason; nay, they would not give me a moment of their conversation—which, and not their dinner, I sought—but hurry from me, and then, if I had any appetite, deprive me of it by their fulsome apologies for defects. This', said his Excellency, 'is like the story I hear the Dean tell of a lady who had given him an invitation to dinner: as she heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchased the lady had prepared, even to profusion (which you know Swift hated); however, the Dean was scarce seated when she began to make a ceremonious harangue: in which she told him that she was sincerely sorry she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not anything there fit for him to eat; in short, that it was a bad dinner. "Pox take you for a b——!" said the Dean; "why did you not get a better? Sure you had time enough!—but since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home, and eat a herring."' Accordingly he departed, and left her justly confused at her folly, which had spoilt all the pains and expence she had been at. And here, if it will not be thought impertinent in me to intrude into such company, I also have a story, which I somewhere heard, not unapplicable to the above.

A certain English nobleman, who had the honour to be sent Ambassador to France, was said to be one of the most polite, accomplished fine gentlemen in Europe. This reached the ears of the French king, who thought such a character due to none but himself; but, as everything is proved by trial, his Majesty took this method

of informing his curiosity. One morning that the Ambassador had a private audience, the King told him he should be glad of his Excellency's company to take an airing with him; the Ambassador did not hesitate on accepting the offer; but told his Majesty he was ready to wait on him. The King's chariot was at the door, which he very carelessly desired the nobleman to step into. 'No, sir', replied the Ambassador, 'not before your Majesty'—at which the King burst out a laughing, and said: 'No, no, my Lord, you are not the best bred man in the world—otherwise you would have done what I desired, since you might well know that, if it was not agreeable to me, I should never have paid you the compliment.' And, indeed, I have heard those who ought to be the best judges of manners declare, that in company with superiors, to act implicitly according to their directions, is the most effectual method of being always acceptable—which leads me to another little circumstance related by Mrs Percival.

This lady, with a company of very agreeable persons, resolved in the summer-time to take a trip to the Hague: they accordingly set out, and landed at some place in Holland, the name of which I have now forgot. However, on their first day's journey they stopped at an inn to dine, and inquired what they could have to eat; they were told there was nothing in the house but a neck of veal; which, though insufficient, they desired to be dressed, as there was not an inn for some miles forward: therefore they made it up with some of their sea-provisions which the servants had fortunately brought in. After dinner they called a bill, and amongst other articles of extortion they were charged for meat one pound four shillings, which was so palpable an imposition that, though each of the company had fortune and liberality enough, yet they called for the man, and told him they absolutely would not pay so extragavant a price; sooner than which, as they came merely for pleasure, they would stay a month, and spend a hundred pounds apiece in law. The boorish fellow told them that it was the common

price in this place, which if they doubted, he was willing to appeal to the magistrate. This they readily agreed to, and were all preparing for a serious trial of the matter, when Minheer told them, in an ironical tone, that he was himself the ruling officer and dispenser of law and justice in that place. Finding this to be the fact, and that the defendant must be the judge in this cause, the plaintiffs thought proper to submit, and paid him. If the reader thinks this little narrative is not quite in point—which now it is related I begin to find out myself—he may blot it out of his book if he pleases, but he shall not blot it out of my manuscript, for that would be to deprive me of a page, that is worth a crown to me: nay, and as it is truth, who knows but it may prove worth two crowns to the reader, if he should happen to make the same tour?

My dear Mr Cibber, to whom for his amusement I used to relate such little incidents, would frequently admire what a fund of matter for entertainment my brain contained, and he bad me write it all; since, if it pleased him, it might possibly have the same effect on others. This gentleman's frequent conversation with the great gave him a better opportunity of knowing their disposition (as he had infinite penetration) than most others; in consequence of which he advised me, when I ever had occasion to solicit a favour from any persons of distinction, to take care to time it properly: 'for instance', said he, 'never write to him or her of a dark, foggy, frosty morning, particularly before breakfast, at which time, it is ten to one they are out of temper; nor, though you send at any time and even receive an unmannerly answer, do not let a rash pride drive you to return the affront, since it is impossible for you to know what at that instant has chagrined their temper. He who will not be your friend at one time may at another; and, though you never can bring him to do you any service, yet do not provoke him to be your enemy: a man may have had ill success at play, missed an appointment with a fine woman, or twenty such accidents; which may for the present sour his disposition, whereas, if

you continue your assiduities, in process of time he might do you more service than you could hope.' These are truths which I have since experienced, and I should be wanting in gratitude as well as sincerity if I did not make it public. Here follows an instance:

Nicholas Loftus Hume Esq., whom I mentioned in my Second Volume, that came to see me in London but declined subscribing to me because he was going to the Duke of Dorset's to dinner, has, since my being in this kingdom, been kind enough to send me five guineas as a subscription; for which I rest his most obliged servant.

I remarked to Mr Cibber, upon this conversation, that though the English nobility were outdone by none in munificence and liberality, yet I could by no means conceive that their buildings were the least expressive of it; since there was scarcely one fine house in London which was not obscured by a monstrous high wall, which entirely intercepted the prospect and took much from the magnificence the streets might possibly have. He told me it was the method in Italy, from whence our peers and others transplanted it as a great beauty, because the surprise has a vast effect. 'Sir', said I, 'in Italy those walls are requisite, to keep off the extreme heat of the sun; and if possible to shut out the eye of God from their abominable pollutions; but, as we enjoy a mild and temperate region and are, I hope, untainted with their beastly vices, I see no reason for our peers to effect it.' There is besides, generally at these gates, a most avaricious Cerberus, who, should a stranger happen to stand and gaze at any occasion of the gates being opened, would very judiciously slap it in their faces, as if their eyes, like the Sphinx of Egypt, could penetrate stone walls. If you have the smallest suit to make to his master, the fellow will be as dull of apprehension as the Mock Doctor, till you tip him the symptoms; which when you have given him, he prevails on the valet to deliver it, which must also be accompanied by a daub in the fist. I have computed the expense of writing to a great man as under:

	£	s.	d.
For pen, ink, and paper	0	0	1½
For a person to find out when his Lordship is at home	0	1	0
To the porter	0	10	6
To the valet	1	1	0
To the footman who brings the answer	0	5	0
The amount of which is	1	17	7½

These observations I thought proper to communicate, as I am persuaded some of the nobility of England will be curious enough to read this work, and I do assure them nothing so much dims their lustre as the arrogance and penury of their vassals, which when they know, perhaps they may reclaim.

Dean Swift discharged a servant only for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman; she was very ancient, and on a cold morning sat at the Deanery steps a considerable time, during which the Dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door, and the poor woman besought him in a piteous tone to give that paper to his Reverence. The servant read it, and told her with infinite scorn his master had something else to mind than her petition. 'What's that you say, fellow', said the Dean, looking out at the window; 'come up here.' The man, trembling, obeyed him; he also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine; after which he turned to the man, and said: 'At what time, sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me? or to refuse a letter from anyone? Hark ye, sirrah! you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service; so pull off my clothes, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you.' The fellow did so; and, having vainly solicited a discharge, was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his

former occupation, he returned, and humbly confessing, in a petition to the Dean, his former manifold crimes, he assured him of his sincere reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought, and begged the Dean to give him some sort of discharge, since the honour of having lived with him would certainly procure him a place. Accordingly, the Dean called for pen, ink, and paper, and gave him a dismission, with which, and no other fortune, he set out for London. Among others, he applied to me, who had known him at his late master's, and produced his certificate; which, for its singularity, I transcribed, and believe it may not be displeasing to the reader:

> Whereas the bearer —— served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.
>
> J. Swift,
>
> Deanery House, Jan. 9th, 1739

I advised him to go to Mr Pope, who, on seeing the Dean's handwriting, which he well knew, told the man, if he could produce any credible person who would attest that he was the servant the Dean meant, he would hire him. On this occasion he applied to me, and I gave him a letter to Mr Pope assuring him that I knew the man to have been footman to the Dean; upon this, Mr Pope took him into his service, in which he continued till the death of his master.

'Tis now, I think, full time for me to take up my clue, and to go on with my *Memoirs*, previous to which it is, I think, incumbent on me to entreat my readers' forgiveness for my so frequently mentioning, in the prosecution of my story, a person so contemptible, so unworthy, even of satire, as one Worsdale, a painter; yet those who examine these writings will find that he is so unluckily interwoven in my history that it is as impossible for me to eradicate him as it was for Jack, in the *Tale of a Tub*, to strip

his coat of its fopperies without visibly defacing the whole.

Worsdale went abroad, and I took an opportunity to make my escape, to visit Mr Cibber, and met, according to custom, a very kind reception; for his kindness to me was inviolable. He was writing the *Character and Conduct of Cicero Considered*, and did me the honour to read it to me. I was infinitely pleased to find, by the many lively sallies of wit in it, that the good gentleman's spirits were undepressed with years—long may they continue so! This gave me an opportunity of writing a poem to him, which Worsdale had the confidence to ask from me; but I did not choose to compliment him with it. (The editor has applied to Mr Cibber for a copy of this poem, but, he having disposed of them all, we are obliged to omit it.) Mr Cibber was exceeding well pleased when I waited on him with it, and said he would give it a place, but that it wanted correction; which he promised to bestow on it. This I readily agreed to, being convinced his judgment far surpassed mine. I waited on him next morning, and found he had greatly improved my work; I thanked him for his obliging pains, but remarked his modesty in having struck out some lines in which he was most praised.

'Well, madam, there are two guineas for your flattery, and one more for the liberty I took.' I blessed my benefactor sincerely from my soul: he smiled benevolent. 'Come', said he, 'I have more good news for you; Mr Stanhope altered a line, for which he desires you will accept a guinea; Mr Hervey also pays you the same compliment, for changing one monosyllable for another.' To say the truth, I only wished every gentleman at White's had, on the same terms, taken the same liberty, till my work, like Admiral Drake's ship, had been so often mended that not a bit of the original stuff it was composed of should remain; for

Here, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs;
And solid pudding, against empty praise.

I could do no more than (after some joyful tears) to assure Mr Cibber that neither his own favours to me nor those he had solicited for me should ever be forgot while this poor machine of mine had any existence. Surely, I hope, we shall know our friends after death, that we may hold sweet communion with them; and

Quaff immortality—(Milton).

If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends or lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last, mine undecayed,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.

Homer's *Odyssey*.

What strange things are thought, and reflections, how do they wander? Who but the Almighty can account for them? I went when in London to be electrified, when, finding the motion given to a glass globe not only made sparks of fire come out of my arm but also set a bowl of sand under it a-boiling, I could not help thinking that the earth revolving each day on its own axis, must of course take fire, as I have seen a chariot-wheel do: our globe may then become a comet, and the inhabitants of others gaze on it with surprise and admiration. I think no philosopher has yet been able to tell us, by all their mathematical rules, what comets are. I have been told many stars which once adorned the blue ethereal space have disappeared; worlds perhaps lost in a conflagration which no more fill the wide expanse. But how I ramble out of my sphere, in a vain attempt to soar above it!

For while this muddy vesture of decay,
Doth grossly close me in, I cannot do it.—Milton.

I long to listen to the young-eyed cherubims, and am weary of the world; but what of that? I gave not life to myself, nor dare I attempt to abridge it.

Reader, excuse me: if you are a man of sense, I am certain you will, and from the ladies I yet hope compassion, though rarely met with from one woman to another.

Had I strayed from the paths of virtue when turned out desolate to the wide world, forsaken by all my once dear seeming friends and tender relatives, I might at least have hoped for pity, and given necessity as a plea for error. This has made me so circumstantial in every particular of my nine years living in London, where I am certain I have many friends, and those such as would be an honour to any person to gain, and I really was

Ranked with their friends, not numbered with their train.—Pope.

My dear and honoured Lady Codrington, thou lovely epitome of every female virtue, whose ear is shut to scandal, whose hand is liberal, whose chastity immaculate, whose zeal to serve the distressed unwearied, whose friendship I experienced when you kindly pleaded on my behalf to her Grace the late Duchess of Marlborough, to the Royal offspring of our august Monarch, and whose politeness is as conspicuous as your every other amiable virtue. Pardon me, abstract of all goodness, that I dare to whisper your immortal name; but your sweet epistle, when you told me it was necessary for me to write a letter of acknowledgement to her Grace, which letter I submitted to your Ladyship's superior judgment to correct, where there was anything defective; (pardon my vanity), I must insert:

To Mrs Meade

Madam,

I have observed that superior geniuses have ever more a diffidence of themselves; you pay me a very high compliment in believing me capable of mending what comes from you. I wish it may have the effect I desire, of a further bounty from her Grace.

I am, madam, your real friend and most obedient servant,

Arlington Street. Eliza Codrington.

As I had wrote my letter to her Grace in a very small hand, a fault we scribblers are apt to run into, whence arise numerous mistakes, I asked Lady Codrington whether her Grace, who was now declined into the vale of years,

could see to read it. She assured me she could as well as I: this put me in mind of some very fine lines, wrote on this illustrious lady, in the Kit-cat Toasts, which cannot but be acceptable to my readers.

On the Duchess Dowager of Marlborough

Let others youth esteem—this glass shall boast,
A great, immortal, undecaying toast,
In the quick lustre of whose radiant eye
Still lives the beauteous spark of liberty;
Whose spirit, undepressed by fourscore years,
Except for England's safety knows no fears;
From whom a race of toasts and patriots came:
England shall pledge me, when I Malborough name.

To all this noble family my respect and gratitude are due; 'tis a blessing to our Island that some of their descendants, equal in wisdom and virtue to their ancestors, vouchsafe to reside in it, where may they flourish like the cedars of Libanus.

But to return. I was now able to quit my confinement, for Worsdale made his house a severe one to me. Oh! how I rejoiced at my deliverance, and took a little decent lodging; but my joys were perishable as the baseless fabric of a vision. Captain Meade, with whom I mentioned my son's going on the secret expedition, came to tell me that the boy and he landed the day before; that my son was seized with all the symptoms of a violent fever, and wanted to see me. I went to the Captain's lodgings in Scotland Yard, and found my poor wanderer quite light-headed. The Captain sent a physician and a surgeon to him, with orders to the mistress of the house to provide for him whatever was necessary, and he would answer the expense.

For many days we despaired of his life, till at length God's mercy restored him to my prayers and tears. When he came perfectly to himself, he told me they had been in a violent tempest, where, the waves rolling mountains high, he was wet to his skin, and the ship in imminent danger of being lost. Captain Meade, he said, begged of God that he might just see his wife and

children, and then he should die without the smallest reluctance. His prayer was heard: the storm abated, and all got safe on shore. As he was impatient to see his family, he had left directions for my son to follow him to Teddington, if it pleased God he recovered. As I knew nothing could be a greater restorative after a fit of sickness than a pure air, I recommended that sovereign elixir to him: he went the moment he was able, and sent me the next day the following letter.

Dear Mamma,

I have returned to what I had just left, sickness. The Captain is in a malignant fever, beyond anything I ever saw; he knows nobody, nor has he any physician; I don't believe he can outlive to-morrow night; I am really greatly grieved, as I am sure he loved me, and on account of his poor wife, who is almost distracted: the four little girls, I fear, will be quite unprovided for: all things here are in confusion. Adieu, my dear mother; heaven preserve you to

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

JOHN CARTERET PILKINGTON.

Teddington, Friday morning.

My son's prognostic happened to prove true: the Captain expired about four the next morning, of which the boy was first informed by the dismal outcry of the widow and children. This woman's character has something in it so far surpassing anything I have yet met with that I hope it may at once divert and instruct my readers: the story is genuine.

She was the daughter of Mr Wh—f—ld, of Canterbury, an ancient and honourable family, many of whom had seats in Parliament; but it seems he had strayed from the wisdom and virtue of his ancestors, and devoted himself entirely to Belial. Women and wine were all his joy, till he broke his lady's heart; and, oh strange to hear! shocking to human nature! had the cruelty to attempt his virgin daughters, one of whom, to protect

herself from such devilish solicitations, ran away with his coachman.

She thought it neither shame nor sin,
For John was come of honeſt kin.
Swift.

The heroine of our ſtory, being left alone, was so tormented by his inceſtuous infernal fire, that she fled to her younger brother, who was an apothecary, and lived at W—d—r.

As he was a bachelor, he was very glad of her to oversee his domeſtic affairs, which I dare say she did very well, as she was a good housewife, especially in the frugal part of management. It happened another apothecary fell in love with her, but nothing could prevail on her to accept of him as a husband, though her brother tried every art he could to persuade her to it. Things were in this situation when Captain Meade was commanded on duty to W—d—r, and as he had often been there was well acquainted with the town, and as well eſteemed. Miss Wh—f—ld and her brother with some young ladies were walking on the Terrace, when Captain Meade accoſted them. They fell into chat, and Mr Wh—f—ld invited the Captain to supper, after which the young lady retired. Mr Wh—f—ld then acquainted the Captain with his ſiſter's obſtinate refusal of an advantageous match. 'She has', said he, 'seemed to pay a particular deference to every word you spoke to-night, and I am certain, if you undertake the lover's cause, you will bring my ſiſter to reason.'

The Captain said it would be too abrupt to pretend to advise a lady he had never seen before, in so delicate a point as that of matrimony, wherein many circumſtances ought to be considered, in order to a union firm and laſting. 'It may be', said he, 'the young lady's heart is pre-engaged; in that case, how cruel would it be to force her into a hateful wedlock, the consequence of which is misery.' Mr Wh—f—ld then assured him he had no such intention—all he aimed at was her happiness. 'Cultivate', added he, 'a friend-

ship with her: you may easily do it, and discover the true cause of her aversion towards an honest good man who loves her and is in circumstances to maintain her in ease and plenty.'

Captain Meade promised all in his power, and when, by frequenting the house, he had got into a little intimacy with her, he in a paternal style, when they were alone, expostulated with her, to no purpose. She said she was determined never to marry, as she was certain she should never have the man she only could love. He pressed very hard to know who it was, assuring her of his friendship; and, at the same time laying hold of her hand, said, he must be insensible indeed who did not, above all other consideration, regard so much tenderness and beauty. He perceived she trembled, blushed, and seemed quite confounded: 'Would to God, madam', said he, 'that I was the happy occasion of all those tender emotions which swell your fair bosom: how blest should I think myself?' 'And are you', said she, in a faltering voice, 'are you in earnest, or do you only trifle with a weakness which your penetration must have observed, even from the first moment I beheld you?'

Although this declaration was very plain, yet it was so unexpected that the Captain was for some moments at a loss how to make a suitable return; but, recovering himself, he told her joy had made him speechless, but from that hour he was entirely devoted to her for life. He then asked her in marriage of her brother, who absolutely refused her to him on account of his being in the army. But as the lady was willing to be the kind companion of his flight, he hired a chariot-and-six, and took her with him. This story Captain Meade told me before her, nor did she in the least attempt to deny it, but said she had gained a good husband by her sincerity. Indeed, while I was with them they seemed to me perfect patterns of conjugal love, but her fondness seemed to surpass all things, for she would kiss her husband's linen, saying they smelt of violets and roses, but truly, though I loved my dear relation very well, I

was grown so delicate I did not like a dirty shirt (for that was sometimes the case) to be offered to me as a nosegay. Her piety was so great that Whitsunday morning, when we were going to Church, which was near half-a-mile from Captain Meade's house, a young lady called to us to know Did the bell ring? Mrs Meade answered 'Yes', but, finding even the churchyard-door not opened, she said she would not receive the Sacrament that morning. I asked her why she should not. 'Because', said she, 'I have told a lie in saying the bell rang.' I told her scruple to Dr Hales, who joined us, and presently dispelled her fears by assuring her an innocent mistake could never be deemed a lie. Upon this we both ventured to receive the blessed Eucharist, administered to us by a truly holy hand, for assuredly, Doctor Hales, yours is such, and let no person say I do not reverence the clergy, for I really do, but not any one of them who does not, as near as humanity can go, aim at the perfection of their Maker and Redeemer.

As I have already related the manner of Captain Meade's death, let us see how his pious widow behaved herself on the occasion. After having yelled and screamed to save appearances, she locked up his body, and had him next day buried. She desired my son, who remained disconsolate in the house, to go to the Tower, and bring home whatever of the Captain's was there; but he, being apprehensive that perhaps on account of his youth and his not having a line with him they might be refused to him, begged of me to accompany him, which, as I was truly desirous of rendering any service I could to his family, I readily did.

When we arrived at his apartment there, for the officers keep one in every place where they are obliged to be on guard, and told the mistress of the house my melancholy errand, she gave me the keys of his bureau, portmanteau, trunk, etc. When I took out his regimentals, his sash, and many other things appertaining to him, in which I had so often seen him arrayed, I could not refrain bursting into tears, to think the dear wearer of

them was now no more. Amongst other things we found two guineas, which was a seasonable relief to the widow. The soldiers on duty wept like children at his death's sad story. My son conveyed the things safe, but the sight of them did not take the same effect on his relict that they had done on me, for she only said she was very glad to get them.

My boy, who colours prints beautifully, was employed by Mr Millan, so that he was innocently and elegantly employed. The sweets of getting money made him doubly diligent; and, to be quite undisturbed, which it was impossible he should be with me, so many persons coming for letters, petitions, etc., he took a lodging for himself. I was one day exceedingly surprised when the penny post brought a letter, directed to my son; as it was marked Teddington, I opened it, judging it was some business Mrs Meade wanted to have transacted, when, oh shameful! it was a love-letter to the child, who was but sixteen years of age, and she is four years older than I am, with a direction to him, to meet her at a coffee-house in London, and an offer of marriage to him. I really could scarce believe the true and credible avouchment of my own eyes. Bless me! she amazed me! yet, thinking this might be a counterfeit, I showed it to the boy, and desired he would go and see into this matter, neither of us being acquainted with her hand, which was a desperate bad one. He went accordingly and stayed most part of the evening abroad. When he returned, he said he had inquired after her everywhere, and could not learn any tidings of her; so I conceived this letter was either wrote by some enemy of hers or else for sport, by some of the girls at Teddington, in order to send him on a wild goose chase.

About six weeks after the Captain's death, an officer inquired for me; as I did not know him, I asked what commands he had for me. He desired to know of me whether I was not a near relation to Captain Meade: to which, answering in the affirmative, I desired the

gentleman to sit, for he looked as if he had something of importance to deliver. 'Pray, madam', said he, 'can you inform me what is become of the Captain's widow? My reason for inquiring is this—a prior wife has set up a claim to the pension, and produced a certificate, which we believe to be a counterfeit, as it is dated twenty years ago, and 'tis but reasonable to think she would in that time have asserted her just rights. But this is not all; the officers have made a collection for the lady he acknowledged, and the children; but there is a report spread that she is married to a boy young enough to be her son, who was a helper in the Captain's stable. This has damped the charity of those who, had she even been deceived by the Captain, would have assisted her.'

I told him I had often heard the Captain relate that in his younger days he got in a league with one Mrs Meadows, who, after having been divorced from her husband, set up a coffee-house, where he boarded and lodged: he found her in every respect so unfaithful to him that he quitted her. Not long after, she broke; and, being in distress, applied to Captain Meade, who, in consideration of former friendship, agreed to give her anually twenty pounds provided she retired, which she agreed to. 'I can't, sir,' said I, 'help thinking this is some piece of her contrivance.' ''Tis very possible, madam', returned he; 'and if you will be so kind to inquire into it, that these reports may be confuted, it will be of the utmost consequence towards the welfare of the widow and orphans of your deceased relation; I shall pay my respects to you again in two or three days.'

The gentleman left me, and, after a good deal of search amongst Mrs Meade's acquaintance, I learned she lodged in the Strand. There I went, and found her in a very indifferent lodging: the children were in deep mourning, but Madam herself was decked out very gay. After customary compliments, I told her I was surprised to see her out of mourning. 'Why, cawzan' (for that was her manner of pronunciation), 'I am married!' 'What, already?' returned I; 'e'er the man you seemed

to dote on, even to extravagance, is cold in his grave?' 'Cold', says she, 'aye, he's cold enough, and rotten too, by this time.' 'May-be you made him so before death.' 'Why should you think so?' 'Because you seem to have thrown off common decency; and is this all the respect you pay to so good a husband?' In answer to this, and to my great surprise, she assured me she never was married to the Captain in her life. Here was hypocrisy (that sly fiend who 'scapes all but the piercing eye of God) in its utmost perfection, if one may make use of such an epithet to such a devilish sin. To live in fornication, yet go to the Communion without the least purpose of amendment of life, and to pretend such strong affection to a man whose very memory she showed she hated—I shall ever after this suspect the sincerity of such an over-acted fondness. I told her my errand, and that I was really sorry she had put it out of my power to vindicate her conduct, which out of regard to the poor children I would gladly have done. She told me Doctor Hales approved of her proceeding, and so she did not care what I thought, though, I am certain, this must have been false, for the Doctor had such high notions of conjugal fidelity that he was true to the ashes of his spouse, whom he lost when he was but a very young man, and, having an agreeable person, a sweet temper, and unbounded learning might, no doubt, have raised his fortune by a second marriage.

Amongst other instances of her hypocrisy, this woman used to pretend that even small beer got into her head, and would severely censure any lady who drank a glass of wine; yet now, though it was but nine o'clock in the morning, she called for a dram, drank it off, and would have had me follow her example, but I had no inclination to such a breakfast. Besides, having no other estate but my head, on which were hourly demands, it was by no other means my interest to destroy it. I took my leave and when I related this to my son, the boy laughed excessively; and as he then had no manner of respect for her, he

told me he had gone to her according to her appointment; that she had treated him with two bottles of mountain; and pressed him hard to marry her—indeed, I remember when he came home I saw he had been drinking, but he said some young gentlemen of Ireland, whom he met, gave him a bottle of wine.

However, some time after, she made him pay for his liquor, for she opened a punch-house, which I believe she still keeps, at least she did when I left London: she wrote a letter to my son, to desire to see him; accordingly he went, and Madam Temperance carried him into the dining-room, and ordered her husband, who served in quality of waiter, to bring up a bowl of arrack-punch, and half-a-dozen glasses of jelly. The boy was well pleased with this sumptuous fare; but, when the good cheer was ended, she demanded payment, and he was obliged to part with his week's earnings, which he had just received. What could the most mercenary prostitute have done worse? But I believe she is sufficiently punished, for I was well assured the groom took the liberty of correcting her, and nobody pitied her.

I think the philosopher was in the wrong who wished for windows in the human breast. How miserable must we have been when we beheld those whom we esteemed friends, under specious appearance plotting our destruction; the object of our love, even in the midst of well-feigned rapture, wishing themselves in the arms of another: the son who bows his knee in filial reverence to his hoary sire cursing the gout, pitargo, and the rheum, for ending him no sooner—in short, the scenes would be too shocking: they would quite embitter life.

Those philosophical gentlemen who have searched into the secrets of nature have admired the wisdom of Providence in kindly concealing from us many things which, known, would make us wretched: I am sure it was well for poor Captain Meade this woman's breast was not transparent. They have farther observed that, were our perceptions stronger than they are, the senses,

which convey pleasure to us, would become the instruments of intolerable pain.

> *The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,*
> *Would smart, and agonize at every pore,*
> *Or quick effluvia darted to the brain,*
> *Die of a rose, in aromatic pain,*
> *Should nature thunder in our opened ears,*
> *And stun us with the music of the spheres.*
>
> Pope, *Essay on Man*

How terrible must be our condition!

Most married persons, even in the happiest wedlock, which is at best but tolerable, look back with secret regret on the sweet hours of freedom, when no anxiety reigned, such as the care of a family, the sickness or disobedience of children, the total loss of them, and a thousand troubles which perplex the married life; and, yet, no sooner are they single but they run into the same toils again, hardly affording time for a decent mourning. Strange infatuation! in which I think the ladies more excusable than the men, since their weakness may make them want a protector; yet they who can have resolution enough to know no second bride-bed but the grave, certainly claim a higher degree of respect and veneration. In this amiable light shines the present Lady Dowager Meade, who, though left a widow in the bloom of her youth and beauty, the widow of a gentleman old enough to be her father, who left her sole guardian to their offspring, turned all her thoughts to the improvement of her children's minds and fortunes, in both of which heaven crowned her goodness with success, and the world with honour.

I could mention another great lady, not unallied to her, who, though she has many virtues, as I have acknowledged in my First Volume, being left exactly in the same situation, was so faithful a steward for her son that with his rents, which she received during his minority, she purchased an estate for herself; a thousand pounds a year jointure not being sufficient for her—neither would she ever come to any account with him

for the produce of his estate. The gentleman had too high a sense of filial piety to commence any suit in law against his mother, though she was married to a second husband much younger than herself, and has been

> *Like to a step dame, or a Dowager,*
> *Long withering out a young man's revenue.*—Shakespeare.

I am sure, Mr Pilkington, I pray heartily for your life, lest I should ever be such a fool as to engage in new scenes of trouble; for, if I could not keep your heart, properly due to me, at a time when the flattering world called me agreeable

> *Much less would my declining age*
> *A second husband's love engage;*
> *Nor from the dregs of life could I receive*
> *What the first sprightly running could not give.*

And now, to convince you that I bear no malice to you, I will tell you an authentic truth, true as the Gospel; for one truth is, even by mathematical demonstration, adequate to another. I was, since I came to Dublin, invited to a widower's house to dinner: as his business called him out, he had left orders for my reception; your youngest son was with me, and we were shown into a parlour, where a gentleman sat reading my First Volume. I did not interrupt him, as he seemed to be deeply engaged. The master of the house coming in and saying 'Mrs Pilkington, I am very glad to see you and your son' made the gentleman look at us attentively. After dinner he told us he had a bond and judgment entered on it, against you, at the suit of Mr Clark, the brewer; that hitherto he had been compassionate, supposing us to be such creatures as your imagination had painted us out to the world to be. 'But', said he, 'now I am convinced of my error. I shall show him no farther mercy.' My boy starting up, cried: 'What do you mean to do to my father?' 'Nothing', said Mr Edwards; 'only to try how he will brook imprisonment; 'tis full as fit for him as for your mother.' For my own part, I was weak enough to burst into tears, and your

son swore a good privateer oath, that he would shoot any man who should offer to distress his father.

Mr Edwards seemed surprised, as judging, no doubt, we should have rejoiced in your calamity, as you had done in ours; yet, being of a generous humane disposition, he was touched with our sorrows, and granted that liberty you now enjoy to our intercession: you know the person, and, if I set down a falsehood, let him disprove me. Upon my word, I must contradict the witty Mr Congreve, who says

> *Heaven has no rage, like love to hatred turned,*
> *Nor hell a fury, like a woman scorned.*

for I do not hate you. I am in an apathy, a cool suspense from pleasure and from pain, both of which I must acknowledge I received from you; but that was when you wrote in my praise and at the very same time said everything disagreeable to me. Was not this done to deceive the world? 'I will make them believe I love her; and, as she has too much pride and decency to complain of me, I will indulge my pleasure abroad with Miss N——y S—d—s,[1] or the widow, or any w——e.' I can't indeed say but Miss S—d—s's father owed a favour to Mr Pilkington, who, kindly taking compassion on his necessities when his lady was not satisfied with his keeping a mistress in the house with her and insisted on her being dismissed—Mr Pilkington, ever humane, received her to his habitation with open arms, and gave the old gentleman free ingress and egress, for which he gratefully permitted the parson to go to bed to his daughter: indeed I should have pitied her, had she been deceived by the report of my death, so industriously spread, into marriage; but she had it under my own hand, that I was living, for I did the creature the honour, s—t as she is, to write to her in order to prevent her being imposed on. I think the form of matrimony really wants an explanation, if we go according to the strict letter of the law. What a happy state must a young woman imagine herself entering into,

[1] His present wife.

where she is to be loved, honoured, cherished, nay, even worshipped; she has a protector, till the hour of death, who is to forsake all, even his parents for her if it be required, who endows her with his fortune, and promises all this solemnly at the altar. Then follow the words: 'Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder.' Now let us see how this is really to be interpreted, at least how far this covenant is usually kept. No sooner is the honeymoon expired than the fawning servant turns a haughty lord: instead of honouring his wife, 'tis odds if he treats her with common civility; he shall tell her to her face he wishes her death in order to marry another. The custom authorizes this free way of speaking, yet I never knew it agreeable to any wife, nor did I ever doubt but the husband spoke in the sincerity of his heart. As for our being endowed with the worldly goods of our husbands, 'tis known they are so little apt to share with us that it has always been found necessary, in a marriage settlement, to stipulate for pin-money, a very useful clause even to the husband, and it is much better his wife should have a share of his fortune than be obliged to a gallant for a trifle, which gratitude may make her repay in too tender a manner. Indeed, the last article against divorcement I entirely disapprove of; and am glad it has seemed good to the wisdom of the Church to act in direct contradiction to it. This has made numbers easy, and, as they tell us 'tis not lawful to separate on any cause, save that of adultery, a woman of spirit who is married to a sordid disagreeable wretch, has nothing to do but to make him a cuckold; and then welcome thrice dear liberty. Yet, methinks, the husbands should, in justice, return to the wives, when they abandon them, the dowry they brought with them. Now, lest my worthy husband should say by this rule I should have nothing, who had not a portion regularly paid and yet was a perpetual fortune to him, I'll tell him a story.

The Countess of Eglantine, one of the greatest beauties in Scotland, fell under the displeasure of her

lord, for no other cause but having brought him seven daughters, all charming as this fair northern lass, and never a son: on this his lordship assured her he was determined to sue for a divorce. The lady told him she would readily agree to a separation, provided he gave her back what he had with her. He, supposing she meant pecuniary affairs, assured her she should have her fortune, to the last penny. 'Nay, nay, my lord', said she, 'that winna do; return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and dismiss me as soon as you please.' His lordship, being unable to answer this demand, spoke no more of parting with his lady, and, ere the year expired, she made him the glad father of a lovely boy, whose birth restored love and harmony to his noble parents' home. This was related to me by the late Lord Primrose, and therefore I believe it.

But now, Mr Pilkington, though I presented you with this piece, don't think I meant you should take a hint, and endeavour to end our matrimonial warfare in the same manner. No, no! though you linger about the door in an evening in your long cloak and slops, and that I do believe thee to be my spouse, by the amorous glances darted through thy spy-glass at the window of my sacred and sequestred bower, where no profane thing, priest, dog, nor worm, dare enter, I am resolved to remain obdurate. Sooner shall lambs make love to lambs, tigers to tigers, and every creature couple with its foe, as the poet wittily expresses it, than I unite with thee.

Yet verily thou dost manifest some tokens of grace, inasmuch as thou darest not to contradict the truth. I fancy when thy pen-using talents perished, thy pen-making ones shot forth; which have been so fortunate as to recommend thee more effectually to a certain B——'s favour, than could ten hundred thousand folios sprung from thy shallow brain. And truly this is a useful accomplishment: I wish I possessed it—'twould save me some pence in the year; but there are different talents bestowed on different people; I must even rest contented with such as I have.

And sooner will I wear
My plectrum to the stump in using of it, nay,
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambrio-Briton versed in pedigree,
Who on a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides.—Philips's *Splendid Shilling,*

than mine shall be.

Ere once my learned pate,
Ducks to a golden fool.

I make no application. There are many strange ways of getting into the favour of the great—pimping, lying, flattering, who can be proof against the force of such united virtues?—for your great men who have too much honour to pay a just debt never fail to reward the servant of their vices; and, it may be, some odd knack recommends them, where those baser appliances are not required. On which I have thought of a story, not quite foreign to the present purpose.

A man who had spent a great part of his life in driving pins into a wall: on the point of each he would with infinite dexterity throw a pea. His fame spread, even to the Emperor, who desired to see this matchless son of science. Overjoyed he came, showed his trick to the infinite pleasure of the spectators; the Emperor highly applauded him, and, as he supposed this must be a work of long practice to arrive at such proficiency in it, demanded of him how many years he had spent in attaining it. The fellow, being willing to enhance his own merit, assured the monarch he had spent thirty years in it; on which the Emperor ordered him thirty bastinadoes on the soles of his feet for having so much misspent his time. And, my dear husband, if you have your deserts, you merit just such a reward for misapplying time in trifles. Writing one good sermon or useful book, both of which when I knew you, you were as capable of as most young men, would have tended more to your reputation than any merely mechanical art. But, in short, I sincerely pity you, and, if ever you want a shilling, let me but know it; and, if I have the good fortune to have a guinea subscription, for gentlemen seldom

send me any smaller coin, you shall not go without one. The dignified clergy, indeed, have been niggardly to me, yet not against them all do I bring this accusation; many of them have even a bleeding humanity for the distresses of their fellow-creatures, and have not only pitied, but assisted, me; and while I can in that noble list enrol the sacred names of Berkeley and Delany—patterns of virtue in their lives, really apostolic in their doctrine, winning straying souls with goodness and humanity, learned as far as humanity can soar—surely no other of the clergy need send me a message when they subscribe, not to divulge so terrible a secret: I always in this case judge there is more fear than charity in their contributions. But here I must remember a certain cross Dean, to whom, as my father was physician, I took the liberty of applying. My son went with the letter; he came out, and cried: 'Boy', opening his ponderous and toothless jaws, 'what do you want?' 'An answer, sir', said he. 'Why then, my answer is, I won't.' My son protested he was quite startled at his ferocious features and stentorian voice. Yet, after all, we laughed away our indignation, as he was really not worth it.

This admirable orator ought to have a larger rostrum than the narrow limits of a pulpit to display his graceful action and never enough to be admired grimace: a theatre would suit his genius; a puppet one I mean, where glorious Punch himself must yield the prize.

I remember once to have seen this reverend Flamen, in his lengthend dress, ascend St Andrew's pulpit; where, recollecting the enormous iniquities of the congregation, he of a sudden gave so furious a toss to his head, like a mettlesome horse hard-reined, that back fell his wig, and down flew his sermon; which, not being well secured, fluttered in numerous leaves about the Church, scattered, like the ungodly, as chaff before the wind; the sleepers awoke, the old men who dreamed dreams, and the virgins who saw visions, started from their downy trance; and he, willing at least to give us his benediction, cried aloud; 'Depart ye cursed into

everlasting fire, which that ye may all do, etc., etc., etc.'

The late Lady Rawden, not long after she became a widow, invited the Dean, as her parish minister, to dinner; the lady went to take the air, and Sir John, then a child, was in the parlour, The Dean fell into chat with the sweet boy, and amongst other questions said: 'Do you know me?' 'No, sir.' 'Why, I am Dean C——, your parish minister.' Poor master innocently verified the old proverb that children speak truth, for he cried out: 'O, indeed, I heard my mamma say, you were the worst preacher in Dublin.' His reverence's wrath was hereupon so raised that he failed not to reproach the lady, who, to pacify him, corrected the poor child. However, she could not avoid relating the story, which I heard from Lady Rawden, at Mrs Percival's, to the infinite laughter of the auditors, and which I from henceforth consign to fame in these my immortal labours.

I was much obliged to Sir John's humanity in London, which I gratefully acknowledge. But there is one great man I cannot pass over; great according to Serjeant Kite's definition of one, for he is full six foot high; his fortune raised from the noble spirit of malt; for I do remember, like Prince Henry, that poor creature's small beer which his father sold to mine, and from the golden grains arose a princely fortune, from the humble dray appeared a coach, such as ambassadors use when on public occasions they, by their state, give us a picture of the grandeur of the potentate they represent.

For, if the man such honour have,
What must be his who keeps the knave?

Not that I would hence infer all ambassadors to be rogues farther than lying a little for the good of their King and Country.

It was this worthy gentleman who told them at White's that I had nothing to publish: I had quick intelligence of his favour; after which obligation, he came to visit me, and would have been very kind to me because I

was a gentlewoman, a person he could depend on; and he was then in distress, being at a distance from his lady and native country. To be sure I ought to have been charitable, but that I always stood in the way of my own preferment; and another unlucky circumstance for my swain was that I remembered the deplorable condition to which he reduced his first wife, who died of his love, as did also his child, the nurse it was given to, and her husband—noble achievements worthy of your illustrious birth and lineage. For

> *'Tis you can taint the sweetest joy,*
> *And in the shape of love destroy.*

However, I should have passed you over in silence but that you told a nobleman here I had been quite compliant to your desire: why then you prove yourself a generous lover, in sending me five British shillings for a book, a wondrous bounty really: why, your neighbour the B—— always pays a moidore commutation for adultery; and sure you ought to give more than a man, who by the power committed to him from above is entitled to give himself absolution. Your hoary canting sire was a votary to Venus even in old age. When a certain widow and her dancing daughter lodged at Glasnevin, a young gentleman who was much enamoured of the younger dame used to visit her every evening. As he did not care to have it known, he went in through a low window, to Miss's bedchamber: it happened that, Miss being abroad, the venerable pair made choice of that place, to indulge the gentler passions; the young gentleman came, according to custom, and without ceremony threw up the sash, flew in, and unfortunately started from their downy couch the Reverend Elder and the chaste matron. Miss, following her mother's example, resigned her virgin charms to you, and lost at once her health and reputation. This might have been my unhappy lot, but that, however careless I have been about reputation, I was always determined not to put my own precious person into any peril. Now, says

my reader, if he be a giber, how this prating old woman, who certainly never had any temptation, boasts of chastity: aye, 'tis no matter, I have had so many amorous epistles, odes, songs, anacreontics, sapphics, lyrics, and pindarics, in praise of my mind and person too, sent to me since I came to Ireland, that I believe some gentlemen, though I cannot, have found me out to be a marvellous proper woman.

I'll get my room hung round with looking-glasses,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
And study fashions to adorn my body.

And some time or other, as I find it is the mode in London for the ladies to publish the triumphs of their eyes and how many men fall a prey to their luxury—or, as Dr Young says,

Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell three lovers, two ran mad—

Though I cannot indeed produce such dreadful proofs of my beauty as some of them, nor choose I to have my print exhibited before my work, but testimonies of authors with regard to it I hope I may be allowed. The same vanity Mr Pope shows in the vindication of his wit, learning, and humanity may be pardoned in a female in the vindication of that far nobler part, external loveliness, for a mind in a woman is of little consequence.

Dr Young seems of a different mind, but great authors sometimes vary. As it is now my intention to be of his side the question, I shall give his opinion, and who knows if it should chance to be true, but my admirers may be real ones?

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the minds all gentle graces shine;
They like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen;
Hence some we see are captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.

And so much for what I never had, except according to his judgment. There as proof of my humanity, I put

in my claim, and will, like Socrates, dispute the prize even with Alcibiades.[1]

Now I have mentioned this small but inimitable well-wrote book, which was recommended to me by Dr Swift, and which I in return commend to all such of my fair readers as have a taste for real wit, in which the divine Socrates as conspicuously shone as he did in purity of life and constancy in martyrdom; that they peruse it with care, as it will refine their ideas and improve their judgments, polish their style, show them true beauty, and lead them gently and agreeably to its prime origin and source; here they will find

Divine philosophy
Not so harsh and rugged as some falsely think,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.—Milton.

I must here observe in my tracing authors through each other, Xenophon and Plato borrowed from Socrates, whose disciples they were. Xenophon acknowledges it, as freely as I do the instructions I received from Dr Swift. Lord Shaftesbury's search after beauty is copied from Socrates; Mr Pope's *Ethics* stolen from both; and the learned Mr Hutcheson's beauty and harmony, an imitation of the great philosophers and excellent moralists first mentioned.

Had Mr Hutcheson stopped at this book, by which he had acquired some degree of reputation both as a writer, a divine, and a mathematician, he had done wisely; but O! his essay on the passions overturned his scarce-established praise; if it had any meaning it is like a dark-veiled Cotytto, in her ebon chair, close-curtained round, impenetrably obscure, or from his flames,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

I really thought it was the defect of my head that made me not comprehend this piece, till I heard the present Lord Bishop of Elphin, whose learning or judgment were never yet doubted, declare he did not understand it.

[1] See Xenophon's *Banquet*.

After all, whether the defect lay in the book or the Bishop, let the reader determine.

Wollaston's *Religion of Nature Delineated*, though frequently intermingled with mathematical proofs, is yet so plain that it demonstrates the author's thoughts clearly; which, whoever does, can never fail to write with equal perspicuity. But learning seems encumbered with words or technical terms signifying nothing, and our schoolmasters—lest our children should attain it too soon if they should lead them to the fountain from whence the streams of knowledge flow copious to quench, or rather to increase that desire of it which we observe from their first prattling infancy—choose rather to make them begin at the bottom of some rivulet, from whence, with infinite difficulty, when they have waded about half-way, they are obliged to retire by the command of another, then begin at another, till, wearied, they give over, and hate the fruitless, endless, unprofitable toil. I believe that formerly they had a better method of instructing than what is now practised. I judge this by the eloquence shown by the youth of those ages, and the beautiful pieces of poetry still extant—some of them styled the minor poets, perhaps to distinguish them from the venerable ancients, or on account of the juvenile years of the authors.

Perhaps Nature in her prime creation was productive of more strength and beauty, even in the mind, than at this time, when luxury and excess pull down our rosy-cheeked youth, emaciate their bodies, and enervate their understandings; for mind and bodies are so closely united that whatever affects the one must of consequence affect the other. I hope my reader will pardon my reflections on the works of those valuable writers I have mentioned, for I mean no disrespect to their sacred memories; but as I am accused of being a plagiary myself, which I own I am: my intention is, to prove all writers to be theives as well as their humble servant, Shakespeare alone excepted.

Some of my learned correspondents send me word I do not write these my own *Memoirs;* why, I fancy, were

I to publish their epiſtles, the world would not believe that any of them were my aſſiſtants; but their modeſty makes them conceal their names, and I have no curioſity to discover them.

With such all authors ſteal their works or buy,
Garth did not write his own 'Dispensary.'—Pope.

But authors are a little too fond of fame to let anyone run away with it from them, or a tolerable performance pass for the work of another. I speak from experience: I have wrote for numbers, and do ſtill; but no human creature ever helped me out with a single line: if they did, let it appear againſt me, and my writings be torn to fragments or condemned to flames. And, talking of burning, puts me in mind of dear Lord Kingsborough, who, because he saw that I endeavoured to do but barely juſtice to his inimitable pen, bid me burn all his letters, upon which, in a passion, I snatched up my pen, even before his face, and scribbled the following lines.

To the Right Honourable Lord Kingsborough[1]

How could my dear Lord make me such a requeſt?
I flatter myself you are only in jeſt;
Those epiſtles which all my soft raptures inspire
Do you think I could bear to commit to fire?
Like Mutius, I'd put my own hand in the flame,
For the elements used to compose your loved name:
Should I promise obedience, I surely should lie;
Give me a more gentle command, I'll comply;
But here I should baffle the beſt of your art,
For each line you have wrote is engraved on my heart.

His Lordship was so humane as not to inſiſt on my obedience; and now, my Lord, I tell you publicly that not the grim tyrant death shall divorce me from the ineſtimable treasure I possess: they shall reſt with me in the grave next to my heart,

When every motion, sense, and pulse is o'er,
And even my Kingsborough belov'd no more.

[1] For the benefit of the illiterate to whom these lines may appear as obscure as some in *Persius*, let them read the works of *Livy* and *Pythagoras*, and may-hap they may guess at the meaning; if they cannot, their time at least will be innocently employed, till they can come at the Grand Arcana of the Rosicrucians, or discover the Longitude.

I have often, my Lord, reflected with pleasure on the blessing my father gave me, when he brought your Lordship into the world. Why, according to the midwife's phrase, you are one of his children, and consequently my brother, for I must prove a kindred to you, though I fetch it from Japheth, as I have been long buried to my brother, and, by my Lordship's bounty, have acquired a kind of second birth.

> New born, I may a nobler brother claim,
> And joined to thine immortalise my name.

Pardon my presumption, if I am too bold; 'tis owing to your Lordship's indulgence both to my scribbling and prattling vein, so

> You must excuse a nymph of letters:
> Thus poets often treat their betters.

But I think I must speak in the superlative mood, and call you best of men; for what day of your life passes without a worthy deed to crown it?—your virtue would sigh to lose one. Indeed, my Lord, I love you, and if you are too great to be beloved,

> Be greater, greater still, and be adored.

Now, in return, I beg a place in your friendship, where, if I grow, the harvest is your own:

> But oh! I am sick of many griefs,
> And this frail tenement of clay
> Must quickly, very quick decay.

But, perhaps, all things are ordered for the best, on which hope I relate what I know to be truth. A Captain of a man-of-war took a fancy to despise his wife, and engage with another woman: the wife took it patiently, till at last he had the impudence to tell her he would either bring his harlot to live with her, or she and his three children should turn out. The lady was confounded at so strange a proposal, and begged three days' time to consider of it, and then she would give him a determinate answer. He agreed. She told her affliction to a friend, and begged her advice; on which they resolved to consult Dr Potter, late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Accordingly they took a boat, and went to Lambeth. The good Prelate proposed an invocation to the Almighty to direct their counsels. After prayers, he desired the lady not by any means to quit her house, but to acquiesce in her husband's desire, and let him bring the woman home, and, 'Depend on it,' said he, 'God will assist you, and what at present appears an evil will turn out a blessing to you.' So, giving them his benediction, they departed full of hope of an happy issue.

The husband, who flattered himself that the wife would quit the house, was not a little astonished to find her quite submissive to his commands and consenting to live with his mistress. Accordingly he ordered his chariot, bade his wife prepare dinner, and went for his harlot, whom he brought home triumphant, and handed into the dining-room. The wife received her with a civility that confounded and enraged her; she brought her a glass of Lisbon wine, and then left her with the Captain, who, in a few minutes came down, and, seeing all things ready for dinner, ordered his wife to go and bring the lady down. She obeyed, but madam called her a hundred names, flew at the Captain, beat him, and put herself in such a rage that she fell into fits, was seized with a fever, and died.

After this catastrophe, the Captain, seriously reflecting on the submission and virtue of his wife, thus addressed her: 'My dear, if I thought there was a possibility of your pardoning my past errors, and never reproaching me with them, I do assure you I would never fall into them again, but make a tender husband to you.' The lady burst into joyful tears at this happy change, and kindly assured him she would never even think of what was past: she told him it was by the Archbishop's advice she had acted with the moderation she now found to be so happy in the event; and they both went to thank the venerable prelate, who truly partook in their joy. The Captain died about a year after, and left his whole fortune to his lady, who lives an honourable widow at Greenwich.

Thus may we see, if we persevere in our duty, the Almighty is not slow to hear, nor reward:

But, when we sink beneath a load of grief,
By unforeseen expedients brings relief.

I was told a pretty circumstance of His Grace, when he was at Westminster School: it seems he stood terribly in awe of the rod; and, having committed some mistake that deserved chastisement, which Doctor Busby was very liberal in bestowing, he was ready to die with the apprehension of it; when a good bold-spirited lad, taking compassion on him, owned the fault and took the whipping; for which his timid friend promised to be grateful, if ever it came in his way to serve him. They both took Holy Orders, but met not till many years after, when his Grace was an Archbishop. His friend remained a curate; but time, which brings all things about, so ordered it that the Archbishop and the curate met at a nobleman's house: His Grace, hearing him named, recollected both the gentleman, the whipping, and his own promise of gratitude; and, finding the curate had no preferment, he gave him a very good living.

I hope these incidents will not be disagreeable to my readers, as I really set down nothing but what I know to be truth, which is more than most of our modern memorialists can say, who present us with heaps of improbabilities, and expect implicit faith from us, and if what some of them have told us be genuine, though it may redound to their profit, it never can to their honour; for their actions are neither worthy being recorded nor their writings of being read: the true end of writing being to give instruction with pleasure, which whoever is so happy to do, may justly hope for a place in the temple of fame; but

All human kind will needs be wits,
Though millions miss for one that hits;
Our chilling climate, hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years,
Yet every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.—Swift's *Rhapsody.*

And, having once more quoted our unrivalled Dean, and being well assured no part of my work can be half so agreeable or entertaining to the public as that which relates to him, I shall, as far as in my power, present them with his lively portraiture. The most minute circumstances relating to so great a man cannot, I hope, be deemed trivial; since we find by experience that the night-scene, beautifully drawn by Shakespeare, between Brutus and his domestics sleeping in his tent, the little incident of his taking the lute out of the boy's hand, and saying, when he fell asleep:

This is a sleepy time—O murtherous sleep,
Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee,
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee, and, good boy, good night.

Do we not love him more in this amiable view of him than in all his conquests; or that sad act whereby he thought to give his country liberty? The world are sufficiently acquainted with the Dean's public character; be it then my task to trace him in private life, for there only it is we can frame a true judgment of any person—the rest is frequently mere outside.

When the Dean was at Bellcamp, at the house of the Reverend Doctor Gratton, he wrote to Doctor Delany to come and dine with him, mighty Thomas Thumb, and her Serene Highness of Lillyput, meaning my husband and me. Accordingly we went; the Dean came out to meet us; and I, by agreement hiding my face, Mr Pilkington told him they had picked up a girl on the road, and desired to know whether they might bring her in. He, guessing who it was, said: 'Let her show her face, and, if she be likely, we'll admit her.' On this I took down my fan, and said: 'Oh, indeed, sir, I am.' 'Well then', said he, 'give me your hand.' He led me into a parlour, where there were twelve clergymen, and said: 'Those fellows coming in had brought a wench with them; but', added he, 'we'll give her

a dinner, poor devil! and keep the secret of our brethren.' As most of the gentlemen knew me, we were very merry on this odd introduction.

'Pox on you, you slut', said the Dean; 'you gave me a hint for my *Polite Conversation* which I have pursued: you said it would be better to throw it into dialogue, and suppose it to pass amongst the great, I have improved by you.'

'Oh dear sir', said I, ''tis impossible you should do otherwise.' 'Matchless sauciness!' returned he. 'Well, but I'll read you the work', which he did with infinite humour, to our high entertainment.

It was Christmas-time, and froze very hard. The Dean, meditating revenge, set the wine before a great fire, the corks of the wine being secured with pitch and rosin, which began in a little while to melt: no sooner did the Dean perceive they were fit for his purpose but he slyly rubbed his fingers on them, and daubed my face all over. Instead of being vexed, as he expected I would, I told him he did me great honour in sealing me for his own. 'Plague on her', said he, 'I can't put her out of temper': yet he seemed determined to do it if possible, for he asked the company if ever they had seen such a dwarf; and insisted that I should pull off my shoes, till he measured me: to this I had no inclination to submit, but he was an absolute prince, and resistance would have little availed me; so, when I obeyed, he said: 'Why, I suspected you had either broken stockings or foul toes, and in either case should have delighted to have exposed you.' He then made me stand up against the wainscot, leaned his hand as heavy as he could upon my head, till I shrunk under the weight to almost half my proportion; then making a mark with his pencil, he affirmed I was but three feet two inches high.

Dinner was brought up, and I, being like Mrs Qualmsick, the curate's wife, always a-breeding, could not eat any. The gentlemen, guessing at my circumstances by my decreasing face and increasing waist, were so over-obliging to know what I liked best, that at last I told the Dean I wished I was a man, that I might

be treated with less ceremony. 'Why', said the Dean, 'it may be you are.' 'I wish, sir', said I, 'you would put the question to the company, and accordingly to their votes, let my sex be determined.' 'I will,' said he. 'Pilkington, what say you?' 'A man, sir.' They all took his word; and, in spite of petticoats, I was made a man of after dinner: I was obliged to put a tobacco-pipe in my mouth; but they so far indulged me as to let it be an empty one, as were the Dean's, Doctor Delany's, and my husband's. The Dean asked me Could I play cribbage? I said I could, upon which he called for cards; but, upon recollection, said he would not play with a beggar, for he should stand no chance; for, if he won he would not take the money, and if he lost he must in honour pay.

'But why a beggar, Mr Dean?' said Doctor Delany.

'A married curate must of consequence be a beggar', returned he; 'and you are another; and, pox on me! if I can ever get acquainted with any persons but beggars; and I don't think but this woman, or man here, is in the way of producing another.'

'Then sir, I hope you will be so kind to stand godfather, which will secure it from so hard a fate.'

'So', said he, 'more demands upon me! Well, if it be a boy, I don't much care if I do, but, if it be a little bitch, I'll never answer for her.'

A day or two after this, the Dean came to town, and, summoning a *senatus consultum*, as he called those few friends whom he particularly regarded, he placed us round a great table, where he told us we were an empanelled jury; and he placed himself at the head of it, where he sat as judge. He then told us the reason why we were summoned: 'Mr Gratton's favourite hen was put to death, by an unlucky stroke of a whip, by one of my fellows, as I suppose: I accused them, and they denied the fact; but, as murder always will come to light, I found the hen's head and neck in the seat of my chaise-box, and now I want to convict the criminal.' Accordingly he ordered his three men servants to come before us, and related the following story to them.

'When Doctor Donne, afterwards Dean of St Paul's, London, took possession of the first living he ever had, being a speculative man, he took a walk into the Church-yard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and, throwing up a skull, the Doctor took it up, to contemplate thereon; and found a small sprig, or headless nail, sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly, and wrapped it up in the corner of his handkerchief; he then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull it was. He said he did very well, declaring it was a man's who kept a brandy-shop, an honest drunken fellow, who, one night taking two quarts of that comfortable creature, was found dead in his bed the next morning. 'Had he a wife', said the Doctor? 'Yes.' 'Is she living?' 'Yes.' 'What character does she bear?' 'A very good one; only indeed the neighbours reflected on her; because she married the day after her husband was buried; though, to be sure, she had no great reason to grieve after him.' This was enough for the Doctor, who, under pretence of visiting all his parishoners, called on her: he asked her several questions; amongst others, what sickness her first husband had died of. She, giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief and cried, in an authoritative voice: 'Woman, do you know this nail?' She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, and instantly owned the fact. 'And so, fellow', said Dean Swift, 'do you know this head?' The criminal confessed his fault, and the jury brought him in guilty of hen-slaughter, in his own defence, for he declared he was hungry and did eat it, having no malice prepense to it, but rather love. On account of his sincerity, and our intercession, the Dean pardoned him. Mr Gratton had presented the Dean with a small cask of fine ale, of which he was very choice, good malt-liquor not being easily purchased, even in Ireland.

On Sunday evening the Dean's set of intimates came as usual to pass it with him, and he, being in high good humour, said he would treat us with a pot of this ale.

I had the honour of being entrusted with the key of the cellar, with a particular order to hold the candle in such a position, that it might drop into the tankard; as also not to put the spiggot fast in, but let the drink run about. After receiving his commands, which I promised punctually to obey, I went down, but had scarce opened the door when Doctor Delany and Doctor Sheridan were with me. Oh breach of trust unpardonable! We sat down on a bench, and each of us drank; but we laughed so heartily at cheating the Dean that he stole down, having some suspicion, that, where there was a woman and two clergymen, there might be a plot—and surprised us. I, in imitation of his servant, told him the parsons seduced me, and I did drink. 'Pox choke you all!' said he. In vain did I, with all the moving eloquence of a female orator, plead for pardon: the key was taken from me, and Mr Rochford was, before my face, invested with my honours; and I, oh fatal sentence! condemned to be sock-washer to the blackguard boy, who waited on the under-butler's under-butler. I would have persuaded Mr Rochford to plead in my behalf, but he was obdurate as adamant, especially as by my disgrace he rose. However, not long after I presented him with an humble petition, wherein I failed not to extol the neatness of the boy's feet, since they came into my hands, insomuch

that not the nicest nose
Could, in the dog-days, smell his toes.

And, as a reward, I was made Inspectress-General of all the drinking vessels; but no more entrusted with the key of the cellar: to say the truth, I could not well vindicate my conduct in that important point.

The Dean had twenty of those agreeable whims, which kept us all cheerful, as was his intent, for I suppose my readers will believe neither he nor we valued the ale but for the jest's sake. No man living told a story to more advantage then the Dean; there never was a word too little or too much in it: it was always apt, full, clear, and concise, truly epigrammatic.

It would be well for their readers if some of our writers had learned this happy art; but they draw out their tales to a tiresome length, dwelling on every trivial circumstance and omitting things of greater consequence, and, when they would seem wise, they grow obscure.

Thus the small silkworm spins her slender store,
And labours till she clouds herself all o'er.—Pope.

The Dean told me he did remember that he had not laughed above twice in his life—once at some trick a mountebank's merry-andrew played, and the other time was at the circumstance of Tom Thumb's killing the ghost; and I can assure Mr Fielding the Dean had a high opinion of his wit, which must be a pleasure to him, as no man was ever better qualified to judge, possessing it so eminently himself.

Yet was he so free from any vain ostentation of it that he could suit his converse to the talents of his company; insomuch that, I believe, had they proposed to play push-pin, or talk nonsense, he would have complied even with the latter, if it had been in his power.

I have known him fill up rhymes, given after the manner of the French, though he had found it true musical rhythm, so esteemed by the ancients: nay, he could deal in the

Pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.

which some book-learned blockheads, for such I have seen, with each a store of lumber, crude and undigested in their brains, would no doubt have scorned. But, as Horace observes, there is a sweetness in sometimes mingling folly with wisdom; and I am well convinced, no person, without a good understanding, can even play the fool agreeably.

Trifles can't even in trifling excel,
For only solid bodies polish well.—Young.

One night, when I had the honour to be in as polite a set of company as ever Europe bred, they took a fancy that each of them would imitate the voice of a different animal, either bird or beast: each having fixed on what

FRONTISPIECE TO *MRS. PILKINGTON'S JESTS*

"It has been remarked that Dean Swift never laughed but thrice in his life. 1st at a Merry Andrews Pranks; 2nd at reading that part of Fielding's Tom Thumb where Tom is described killing the Ghost; 3rd at reading Mrs. Pilkington's Jests in Manuscript"

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suited their inclination, they began the concert at once. Would not anyone who had refused to join in the frolic have seemed ridiculous? 'Tis true, indeed, this was attended with one mortifying consequence, for the servants, scared at the hideous yelling and concluding we were all fighting, ran hastily in to part us; but, finding all was right, they left us: however, we heard them laugh heartily at our entertainment.

As I have often mentioned the Dean's charity, one ill-conferred instance of it cannot, I believe, but make my readers smile. He observed a woman whose whole estate was a sieve of fruit, which she had on a stall, where she sat footing worn-out stockings. Seeing the woman very decent, and always at work, he judged her to be a proper person for him to assist; especially as, by the report of her neighbours, she was a very honest woman. The Dean asked her why she did not try to borrow twenty-pounds, and set up a handsome fruit-shop.

'Alas-a-day, sir', said she, 'who would trust a poor woman like me with such a sum?' 'Why', said he, 'if you thought you would improve it, I would lend it to you.' The woman promised fair, and the Dean lent her the money, and, at the same time wrote down the particular kinds of fruit he would have her furnish herself with. She was to let him know when she was stocked, and he promised to recommend her to customers.

The woman, overjoyed at her good fortune, went about five o'clock next morning to a gardener's, produced her bill of fare, on which they, judging by her appearance she could not pay for such a cargo, laughed at her. This provoked the pride of the new-raised beggar, who, to convince them of her wealth, produced it to their astonished view; upon which, they altered their note, and, as it was a cold morning, said that 'Bargains were never made with dry lips.' They drew in the poor woman to drink plenty of 'hotpot' (brandy and ale mixed), which soon left her stupid in the ale-house; but not till they had first done her the favour to rob her. When she came a little to herself, the woman of the house

demanded payment, the fellows being gone. She was going to pay the reckoning, but alas! her money was gone too. It was in vain for her to inquire for it; every body disavowed the fact; but the gardener, out of his great charity, gave her a basket of windfalls, with which she was obliged, seeing no remedy, to return to her original poverty.

The Dean vainly looked for the product of his charity: he could neither see shop, nor woman, for she kept out of his way. At length he happened in Church to be seized with the colic, and went out in the middle of service; and who stood at the Church-door but the very person? He stopped, and demanded why he had not heard from her, and how she proceeded. Upon this the woman flew into a rage, abused him all the way to his own house, told him that his cursed money had bewitched her, that all the neighbours knew she was a modest, virtuous, sober woman, and that he had made her turn whore and drunkard. The Dean ran in, clapped the door upon her, and begged the protection of his domestic's against the mad woman.

And here I must observe that, as the Dean was very justly satirical on the vices of human-kind, yet, when he fell on infirmities, he seemed to have done a displeasing act to Heaven, insomuch as he was punished with them all in a remarkable manner: he lived to be a Struldbrugg, helpless as a child, and unable to assist himself.

I do not say this as any reflection to his sacred memory. Heaven forbid I should! but with all the reverence I have for the Dean, I really think he sometimes chose subjects unworthy of his muse, and which could serve for no other end, except that of turning the reader's stomach, as it did my mother's, who upon reading *The Lady's Dressing-room* instantly threw up her dinner.

Here I digress, oddly enough, on a whimsical circumstance. Having once had the honour of being known to Lady ———, I took the liberty of applying to her for a subscription; her niece came out, and mistaking the person who brought the letter for me, said: 'Her

Ladyship wondered at my impudence, to apply to her, when I knew how I had used Sir ———.' But if ever I used him, or he me, then am I no two-legged creature; for to my knowledge I never even saw him; if the man did dare to contradict me, I would make him eat a piece of my pen. But how used him?—not unlawfully, I hope. Did your Ladyship ever see me lewdly lolling on a love-bed with him? No, if we ever met, he was supported by two reverend prelates, proper supporters for a Christian hero; but I never heard that the gentleman was addicted to women; so that I hope I may rest uncensured by him, and also by your Ladyship. I do this madam, in regard to the gentleman's character, for my own is of no consequence.

'Tis bare-bit, and knawn by treason's canker tooth.—Shakespeare.

And pray now, Sir C——, for to thee I call, but with no friendly voice, what time?—what day?—what hour did I ever disoblige you? The injuries you have done me, I freely forgive and

If you please,
Will honour you with panegyric lays.

But then take notice, you must come down handsomely; you are not Lord Kingsborough, nor will my verse flow spontaneous.

His virtues might the humblest bards inspire,
And fill their bosoms with poetic fire.

And now for ever and for ever farewell, Brutus! If we do meet again, why we shall laugh; if not, why surely we shall never weep: a more inspiring theme demands my attention—so, Sir Knight of the Oracle, adieu! If thou dieſt before me, as you should, as you ſtepped into the world thirty years e'er my dim speck of entity was animated, I have wrote your epitaph, which I beg you may have engraved on your tombſtone; leſt you should not, I will raise you a monument, more laſting than brass.

I presume, by the information of your boots, you have read Horace; take your encomium.

Here lies the greatest man that e'er was born;
All womankind sincerely did he scorn,
And kept the good old proverb in his mind,
He that won't go before—must go behind.

And if my printer should dare to put a dash or blank in your illustrious name, I will in capitals insert it, and you know

When in bold capitals expressed,
The dullest reader takes the jest.

This, sir, I give you as a farther proof of my impudence, in which I own your family to have far the superiority to mine, for, though some of them did execution in the well-fought field, yet none of them were condemned to suffer one: so read this, and then to breakfast with what appetite you may. But, after all I have said, I bear you no ill-will; but you began with me this tennis-game, and I have matched my racquet to the balls; and, depend on it, whoever begins with me, I bear the motto of the thistle:

Nemo me impune lacessit.

The hour now came when the Dean's promise was to be claimed. As I brought forth a son, I wrote to him; but he was in the country, and in five days the boy died. The Dean did not return till I was a fortnight brought to bed. He came directly to visit me. Mr Pilkington opened the door to him, and brought him up to me. After wishing me joy, he asked, 'Where was his godson elect.' I told him in Heaven. 'The Lord be praised', said he; 'I thought there was some good news in the way—your husband looked so brisk. Pox take me! but I was in hopes you were dead yourself; but 'tis pretty well as it is: I have saved by it, and I should have got nothing by you.' He drank a little caudle with me, and then went away. About an hour after, his servant brought me a letter, and a great bundle of brown paper, sealed with the utmost care, and twisted round with I know not how many yards of pack-thread; my curiosity led me to read the letter, before I examined the contents

of the paper, which, to the best of my knowledge was this:

Madam,

I send you a piece of plum-cake, which I did intend should be spent at your christening; if you have any objection to the plums, or do not like to eat them, you may return them to

Madam,

Your sincere friend and servant,

J. Swift.

I now examined the contents of the paper, in which I found a piece of gingerbread, in which were stuck four guineas, wrapped in white paper, on the outside of each was wrote 'Plum'.

I sent the Dean a real piece of plum-cake, with this answer:

Sir,

I have heard that ostriches could digest iron, but you gave me a harder task, when you bid me eat gold; but suppose I should, like the rich streams of the Tagus, stow potable gold, the interpretation of which is, that I mean to drink your health this minute, in a glass of sack; and am, with the utmost respect, sir

Your ever devoted servant,

L. Pilkington.

Just when he had fixed Mr Pilkington to be chaplain to Alderman Barber, the Dean received from Spain, from one Mr Wogan, a green velvet bag, in which was contained the *Adventures of Eugenius*, as also an account of the courtship and marriage of the Chevalier to the Princess Sobiesky, wherein he represents himself to have been a principal negotiator. It was wrote in the novel-style but a little heavily: there was also some of the *Psalms of David*, paraphrased in Miltonic verse, and a letter to the Dean, with remarks on the *Beggars' Opera*, in which he says he believes the people of England and Ireland had quite lost all remains of elegance and taste, since their top entertainments were composed of scenes of highwaymen and prostitutes, who all remain

unpunished and triumphant in their crimes. He concluded with paying the Dean the compliment of entreating him to correct the work. The Dean said he did not care to be troubled with it, and bid Mr Pilkington take it to London and look it over at his leisure, which accordingly he did.

He was scarce gone when the Dean came to me for the bag. I told him my husband had, according to his commands, taken it with him. He protested he never gave him any such permission; that I was impudent to say it, and my husband more so, to do it; the conclusion of which was that he ordered me to write to him to return it immediately; and, lest I should forget it, he gave me a very good beating. Well, I wrote to Mr Pilkington an account of the Dean's wrath, and he sent me the fatal bag by a clergyman. I directly carried it to the Dean, and hoped he would be pleased by my punctual and ready obedience to his will; but far otherwise it fell out, for the Dean flew into a passion for my daring to presume to write for it; and gave me another beating.

But did not this more resemble the actions of a lunatic than of a gentleman of superior wit and knowledge? Indeed, I believe too much learning had turned his head, or too deep a search into the secrets of nature: as nothing could escape his observation. And this wrong turn in his brain, I fancy had possessed him a long time before it was taken notice of, as numberless proofs might be produced; and even amongst the facts that I have related there are some strong instances of it: had he been less witty, it would sooner have been taken notice of, but, as the poet observes:

Great wit to madness sure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

The first proof he gave of his incivility was affronting the Lord Lieutenant, at the Lord Mayor's table; who, because he had not paid his compliments to him in due form, he very civilly accosted, by the extraordinary title of 'You fellow, with the blue string'. Some little

time after this, he invited two clergymen to take the air with him, and, when he got them into a coach, he did so belabour them and knock their heads together that they were obliged to cry out for assistance.

From this, he fell into a deep melancholy, and knew nobody; and I was told the last sensible words he uttered were on this occasion. Mr Handel, when about to quit Ireland, went to take his leave of him. The servant was a considerable time e'er he could make the Dean understand him, which when he did, he cried: 'Oh! a German, and a genius! a prodigy! admit him.' The servant did so, just to let Mr Handel behold the ruins of the greatest wit that ever lived along the tide of time, where all at length are lost. If aught else relating to him should occur to my remembrance, I will faithfully relate it; as I am certain it cannot but be acceptable to the public, whose interest he had evermore at heart, and whose liberties on all occasions he warmly and nobly asserted.

'Tis mine, O honoured Shade, to celebrate thy goodness, without extenuating thy faults; I deal impartially, which is the true task of an historian, and I would inscribe thy tombstone, were I permitted; but, without characters, fame lives long; thine will last while wit or genius are admired in this sublunary globe.

However disagreeable it may be to me, I must prosecute my own history till my leaving London, to which metropolis I never intend to return, as has been insinuated in order to hurt my subscription, while ever I can find means of subsisting in my native country, where I have received more favour than I could reasonably hope for, I should esteem myself not only ungrateful, but unjust to raise contributions on the public, and carry the money from this poor Ireland, to spend it in a rich and opulent city.

Besides, my days of vanity are over: the woods, groves, fountains, sacred recesses, dear to the muses, would be my choice, even had I a fortune to entitle me to enjoy the splendour of a Court in its utmost magnificence. Oh, how I languish for retirement!—even as

the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after it; where I might sit upon the sunless side of some romantic mountain, forest-crowned. I wish my best and dearest friend would take this into consideration, and in some part of his wide extended domains afford his muse an humble hermitage.

I should not then be distracted with fears of an imperious landlord's threats. No! your happy tenant would pay her debt in weeds, which when I once told your Lordship, you very politely answered that such verses as mine were the finest flowers in the garden of the muses.

I must here relate to your Lordship a little circumstance which happened to me lately. I took a lodging in Drumcondra Lane. The two ladies (sisters) who keep the house kindly invited me to dinner; it was very natural for me to inquire what persons of distinction lived in our neighbourhood; they told me Lord Kingsborough had lately purchased a house in it, a most worthy, fine gentleman. I happened to express so much pleasure at hearing this agreeable piece of news, and at the same time so warmly joined in their sentiments, that one of the ladies said: 'Well madam, though you have made a mystery of your name, I am certain you are Mrs Pilkington; I am sure you are the person, because you speak of his Lordship in the very same style you have wrote of him: I have the two volumes.' As I found they were very prepossessed in Mrs Pilkington's favour, I confessed they had guessed right. But whenever I want concealment, if your Lordship's name is mentioned, I will take care to be silent; otherwise I shall soon betray myself, as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Though I am afraid that, like holy David, it would be grief and pain to me; and while I sat musing, the fire would kindle; the sacred fire of friendship and gratitude would unlock my tongue and give me utterance, even though I had been born dumb.

Why, my dear Lord, were but a few persons of

distinction in your way of thinking, earth itself would become a paradise; no more would the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner, nor the voice of lamentation be heard in our streets, and 'tis with infinite pleasure I see our long-stained nobility, who were only famous for undoing, and built their characters on rapes and ruin, now, almost to a man, not only just but beneficent; not only learned themselves but encouragers of science in others. If amongst our country's worthies I name you, Lord Molesworth, who have distinguished yourself in fields and senates, in the seats of the muses, and academic groves, whose well-tried valour has approved itself not in rashness but a noble intrepidity and scorn of death, whenever your God, your King, or country required your services—I hope it will not offend you to say, may your God, your King, and Country make you as happy as my much obliged and most truly grateful heart sincerely wishes—shall ever be my ardent prayer.

Your Lordship has kindly visited the virtues of my father on his daughter. I am sure I had no other claim to the favours or honours for which I am indebted to your Lordship, and for which I rest your faithful servant.

At length, through strange vicissitudes and variety of misfortunes, finding I could get no relief from Ireland, I determined, with my son to revisit it; and, though late in life, try my fortune in Hibernia.

But how to compass a journey and a voyage without money was really a difficult task. To this end I set my wits to work, to find out whether any persons of my own country were in London, from whom, by revealing my distress, I could hope for relief. At length I learned that Doctor Delany was there, who never rejected the petition of the afflicted, even though they had no other merit to recommend them but that of anguish. My suit was granted in the most compassionate and obliging manner, accompanied by his tears for my misfortunes and prayers for the preservation of my soul and body. And sure the oraisons of one so good must have uncommon efficacy in them, to turn the sinner and confirm the just in

well-doing, while his own example ſtrengthens all his precepts.

How different from the reception I met with at the hands of this worthy man from the rough return made to my ſolicitations for a ſubſcription from Lady ——, who, ' wondered at my impudence in applying to her.'

Ladies, let me entreat you will drop that naſty paw word ' impudent '—at leaſt don't annex it to my name, who never yet had the aſſurance to appear in any public place, ſince I came laſt to this kingdom; nor ever to apply in perſon for a favour.

But a woman who has ſuffered in reputation knows not what to do; 'tis all impudence, though her betters have more; for that in the Captain is but a choleric word, in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Upon my word, if, inſtead of the impudence I am charged with, you would call me a deſolate afflicted wretch, you would ſpeak the truth, for poor Letitia is become the football of fortune; but why ſhould I complain?—when the Son of Man ſays that the foxes had holes and he himſelf had no place to lay his head in. Anſwer me, ſome of ye great, learned, and pious Divines; why is our bleſſed Redeemer ſtyled the Son of Man? When we are told that a virgin ſhould conceive, that the power of the Higheſt ſhould overſhadow her, how was he then the Son of Man? We are all ordered to apply to our Heavenly Father, and therefore may ſtyle ourſelves the Children of God—why, then, is there any exception made in this caſe?

I hardly dare allow myſelf the liberty of thinking, leſt I ſhould do it too deeply, and reaſon be my diſeaſe; and yet I believe it was given me to follow and ſearch after truth: where, then, ſhall I find it? Not on earth, no more than peace or juſtice, who are long fled from theſe lower regions. Boldly, then, let me purſue them, even to the high place from whence they ſprung; the ſeat of calms and eaſe, the manſions of the bleſſed, where holy hope and conſtant faith ſhall be loſt in fruition of that happineſs, which hath not yet entered

into the heart of man to conceive. Mr Woolaston's *Religion of Nature Delineated* shows us powerfully how much a lie must offend the Creator; as I am taxed with numerous quotations which are tedious (as some of my readers tell me), I shall not borrow one from him, but refer the learned to his inimitable work, though I am persuaded no person who has not a clear head can taste his beauties. And, truly, I have paid myself no small compliment here; but, as it is written, e'en let it pass.

And here, Mr. Blake,[1] permit me to tell you, though no person can more revere your every amiable quality than I do, yet as the objection you started to my philosophic doctrine of the ocean's having no bottom has deprived me of rest ever since, I could find in my heart to be angry with you: you asked me then how I could account for islands, which must have a foundation? I am not sure of that—perhaps they float like Delos.

'Tis demonstrable that, wherever we dig deep, we find water—not salt, indeed, like that of the sea; but may it not be purified by running through the veins of the earth, and arise to us in fresh fountains, mineral streams, or milky currents, such as Mallow affords. Our foundation, we know, is on the waves; our building, on the great deep; this was so at the first Creation: then, when the windows of Heaven were opened and the deep abyss or receptacle of waters broke up, what had we but the ruins of a world to inhabit, the fragments of which may swim?—at least, most worthy sir, I can find no better solution, for the doubt you raised in my mind, pray consider the question yourself; and, if your learning, which I own is extensive, be adequate to your virtue, you are better qualified to give me an answer than most men living.—Now do I know I give your modesty pain; but, amongst other instances of my impudence, I could not forbear this.

And had I never honoured you, for your own goodness, yet your answer when I asked you, did you love Lord Kingsborough? 'Who knows him but must love him'

[1] Ignatius Blake, Esq.

would have commanded my respect and best wishes, and they both sincerely attend you. And here, my polite Roman! (John Brown Esq., of the Neal, then going to take his trial), my friend, beloved by all but the malicious and unworthy, who persecute you for no other cause but that you excel in courage and learning, accept of my thanks for the many fine encomiums you have bestowed on me; think of me as one incapable of pursuing the advice you gave me of forsaking a friend in the hour of calamity. Sure 'tis then our duty to administer consolation, as far as our power extends: the fortunate want it not: Your magnanimity of soul bears up against the storms of fortune, and

Amidst the noise of chains and keys,
Thou can'st of Cupid sing;
The warders their hoarse brawling cease,
And drawers watch thy string.

'But', says my reader, 'what have I to say to your philosophy or particular attachments?—proceed in your story; inform us how you got to Ireland.'

Well, now you have reminded me of it, I think I will—to confess the truth, I had like to have forgotten myself: my thoughts are apt to wander through eternity, and

Like Pompey's transported to regions of day,
Disdain to be tied to a mansion of clay.

After receiving the worthy Doctor Delany's bounty, which was sufficient to pay every debt I owed in London, which (as I was cautious in contracting any) a sum though less would have paid. But I had not a sufficiency to answer the expense of travelling charges for two persons.

The Parliament was dissolved, the nobility gone to enjoy the sweets of spring, April having decked all things in fresh and fragrant bloom; all but wretched human-kind, from whom, whence parted, it no more returns, to blush or beautify the cheek again. But let us not sorrow after that, as those who have no hope beyond this life; if we can go unstained through this world

—which 'tis almoſt impoſſible to do, or, ſeeing the error of our ways, forſake them—we have aſſurance given us of a joyful and triumphant Reſurrection:

Mark with what hope, upon the furrowed plain,
The cheerful plowman caſts the pregnant grain;
There hid, as in a grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving ſeaſon bids it riſe;
Till nature's genial power command a birth,
And potent call it from the teeming earth;
Then large increaſe the buried treaſure yields,
And with full harveſt crowns the plenteous fields.

I wrote, in order to gain relief, to a prelate of Ireland, then reſident in London. I ſent the letter by the daughter of a diſſenting clergyman, of whoſe honour and virtue I was confident. He received her civilly, read over my letter, and declared he did not know me; but, as he had ſome ſlight knowledge of my father, there was a guinea for me. This anſwered no end; but yet he gave me ſome comfort by bidding her call again and he would think of ſomething for my ſervice. Accordingly, in a week's time, ſhe went again and again, till at length his lordſhip vouchſafed to ſend out a very rough anſwer, not in the leaſt befitting his funĉtion or dignity, eſpecially to one whom he knew from her infancy to be a woman of good birth and education.

But I, reſolving to be as chuffy as he, ſent him in reality another epiſtle, not over-courteous, I own; yet it wrought a better effeĉt than my complaining one produced, for his man came to me next morning with a very civil letter, and produced ten guineas, to my unſpeakable joy; but there was a draw-back on my happineſs, for I was obliged to return ten ſhillings change, which I very reluĉtantly complied with.

With this ſum my ſon and I quitted London, and, being on the ſaving ſcheme, took places in the waggon, a moſt tireſome way of travelling! May morning we ſet forth; our ſlow-paced cattle were adorned with ribbons and flowers, and till then I never underſtood the meaning of the vulgar expreſſion of being 'as fine as a horſe',

for it seems it is customary on this month to present the waggoners with a ribbon at every inn, till our flea-bitten nags were almost blinded by the tawdry party-coloured flowing honours on their heads. I was really almost fatigued to death, for I was called up at three o'clock in the morning, though perhaps you don't set out till five. Tea or coffee, none to be had, unless in some of the towns; indeed, if I could, like our driver, have eat a breakfast of salt beef and cabbage at that squeamish hour, it was laid there ready. They bait not all day, so one might have an appetite by evening, but it happened not so to me. The heat and dust quite deprived me of any inclination to food, and especially to the rough fare provided.

My chief delight was listening to the nightingale, who then warbled forth her love-laboured song. To indulge the pleasure of hearing the soft warbler pour forth her plaintive and harmonious lay, I used, when we were near our resting-place, to alight and walk through the flower-enamelled meads filled with cowslips, primroses, and wild violets, for

> *In rural scenes the soul of beauty reigns,*
> *The soul of pleasure lives in rural scenes.*—Pope.

My son and I found out a sweet place, canopied with woodbine, which had enringed itself in plats about a large apple-tree, whose blossoms shed perfumes, while the whole season warbled round our heads: we seated ourselves under the wide spreading shade, listening with delight to those wild musicians. Suddenly the boy cried out: 'Oh mamma, what shall I do?' 'What is the matter, child?' 'Look at my leg!' I did so, and beheld a snake had twisted up it; I, though heartily startled, had presence of mind sufficient to beg he would not strike it; he took my advice, though indeed both he and I were ready to faint—and the evil worm crawled away without doing him any prejudice. But, not being well assured that all the serpent-race, sworn foe to man, might be so complaisant, I was never after tempted to sit down in Albion's fruitful fields.

We lodged this night at a ſtrange old village, whoſe name I have forgot. I believe the inn had formerly been a Convent, by the numerous little cells and cloiſters, ſmall windows, almoſt darkened with jeſſamine and vines: it had a moſt romantic, melancholy air, fit for ſtudious contemplation, but not replenished with rich repaſt or cheerful wine. The next day being Sunday, a day of reſt, we took up our quarters at another inn, where we got a chicken and a pint of wine, and lived ſumptuously.

We then walked out to see what kind of curioſity this place afforded worth remark; but, finding none, we ſtrayed out on a common, when the firſt object which ſtruck my ſight was that of a man ſuſpended high in the air, hanging in chains on a gibbet. Shocking as it was, it engaged my attention: I concluded he muſt have been a moſt undutiful ſon, when the birds of prey had devoured him, and the ravens picked out his eyes. Suddenly I was ſurpriſed by the voice of a man, who cried: 'Oh my dear coſhen Paddy, I wiſh thoſe who put you there for noting were there themſelves.' I looked about and ſaw fifteen or twenty men and women lying in a dry ditch; I would have fled, but, conſidering that might not be ſafe, I rather choſe to walk at an eaſy pace. One of the fellows made up to us, and aſked where we were going. I told him to our country, Ireland. 'Arrah', ſaid he, 'are you a Catolic?' I ſaid I was. Upon which he ſaid; 'Faith, poor Paddy Lawler, who hangs there, was a good one.' 'And what, ſir, brought him to ſo unfortunate an end?' 'Why', ſaid he, 'he was in love with a proud ſcornful huſſy, and ſhe ſlighted him, ſo he met her in this plaiſh, and, becauſe ſhe would not accept of his ſhivility, he lent her a knock on the head, and ſo he got his will of her. She died the next day, after ſhe had given information againſt him: to be ſure her ſkull was broken, but he did not deſhine that.'

While he was telling me this ſtory, I trembled, but made the beſt ſpeed I could to the village, being infinitely more frightened of him than I had been at the ſnake.

He accompanied us there, for which I returned him thanks: how sincerely my readers may judge! But I made a virtue of necessity, and gave him fair words. 'Now', said he, 'are not all these heretics damned rogues.' 'Aye', said I, 'and I hope our true King will put all villains to death.' 'Arrah, give me your fist for that.' I was obliged to comply. When I got to the inn I told him I should be glad of his company but that I had a jealous husband, who would certainly kill me if he found any man in my company. 'Damn the rogue', said he, 'if I was as you, I would make him a cuckold in a crack.' I desired he would please to accept of a pot of drink, which he did, and, making a leg, walked off, leaving us unmolested; and I blessed God I had purchased life at so cheap a rate.

That soft answers turn away wrath is most assured; for I remember some years ago, when the Cavan rabble were in arms, my mother, sister, and I went to pay a visit at Rathfarnam, to the lady of our excellent recorder (Eaton Stannard Esq., who resigned).

On our return home, we were surrounded by a pack of these wretches, who ordered my father's coachman to pull off his hat to them, which he refusing, and they being all armed with short thick oak-tree clubs, they swore we should not ride in a coach and they walk: my mother, with surprising presence of mind, said: 'Gentlemen, you are very welcome to the coach; my daughters and I will walk, to oblige you with it'— which, villains, ruffians, and murderers as they were, they would not permit, but only desired we might huzza for them. This, notwithstanding our terror, we cheerfully did, and my mother said: 'Gentlemen, perhaps you are dry', and gave them a crown, with which they were so well pleased that they huzzaed for us, offering to guard us safe to town; but she alleging that would be too much trouble, they left us with a kind assurance that they would drink our healths and fight for us any time we stood in need of their protection.

Nothing material happened to us till we got to Chester.

We took a survey of the Cathedral Church, which had nothing like beauty to recommend it, any more than the old black walls which environ part of the city.

Next day we set out for Parkgate, which was crowded with nobility and gentry, waiting for a fair wind: here we were so long detained that my purse was quite exhausted. This was a sad situation; we were fixed to a point without any power of moving one way or another, wanting the necessary agent, money.

There was but one way left—which was even to apply to Lady Kildare, who was there; but, being ashamed to do it in my name, I e'en did it in my son's, who waited on her Ladyship with it, met a favourable reception, and brought home a guinea. The wind sprung up fair, and we embarked on board the *Race Horse*.

As I am always deadly sick at sea, I chose to keep on deck as long as I possibly could. My son being well-inured to the watery elements, skipped about, and sung marine songs. Most of the passengers went to their cabins, when Mr Hudson, the clergyman, seeing my boy speak to me, asked me Was not that young lad's name Pilkington? I said 'Yes!' 'I thought so', said he, 'for he is very like Mr Pilkington, the clergyman.' 'He has some cause to be so, sir, for he is his son.' 'How can you answer for that, madam?' 'Why, indeed, sir, I have some cause of knowledge of it, for I am that worthy divine's wife, and the boy's mother.'

The gentleman confessed the force of my plea, and expressed great compassion for us both; and I do verily believe, had he known our circumstances, he would have added relief to pity.

He seemed to be a learned and worthy gentleman, which I had the better opportunity of discovering, as he, my son, myself, and a gentleman whom I did not know sat all night in Lady Kildare's coach, which was lashed upon deck. We there were becalmed, and, amongst other things, Mr Hudson said that, had he ever been so unfortunate as to take a common woman and she had brought forth a son so like him as mine was

to my husband, he would at least have concluded that to be his own.

Upon which I related to him a true story. A servant-maid who had lived with Mr Pilkington in Ireland inquired of the persons who kept the next house who were the new lodgers they had got; the name made her but more inquisitive, and she begged I would permit her to see me; but, as I had met with many a trick in life, I bid my son and daughter sit behind the bed-curtain, and then desired her to come up. I asked her, Did she know me? She said No, indeed! but she had lived with one Mr Pilkington in Ireland, who had turned his wife out of doors; and that he lived on Lazer's Hill. 'And what,' said I, 'were the names of the children?' 'Why', returned she, 'there was Master Billy, Miss Betty and Master Jack!' 'And how came you to leave him'?

'Why, indeed, he was beating Miss and Master sadly, and I asked him why he did it. He said because they were none of his. "Oh, sir", said I, "sure Master Jack is yours, for he is your own picture." "Ay", said he, "the mother was thinking of me when he was got." "In truth, sir", said she, "I don't doubt that, for I believe you were the nearest person to her." For which offence she was directly dismissed; and could he have found matter against her life, he would have prosecuted her.

The children knew her, and whatever little favours she had by stealth done for them in my exile, I did my utmost to return to her. A benefit is seldom lost.

At length the day broke, and discovered us my native earth. I hailed the mother-land which gave me birth, but, knowing how little money I had, did not choose to land at Dunlary, which must be attended with more expense than I had any possibility of answering: the other passengers all went ashore. 'Twas about three o'clock, and my boy and I waited in the ship, not doubting but we should be soon at Ringsend; but it happened otherwise, for we were becalmed; and once more took our seats in the coach, and found there the hammer-cloth, in which I wrapped myself, and fell

faſt asleep. In the night I was wakened by the terrible curses of the Captain of the ship, who swore dreadfully we should be that moment loſt.

I dropped the glass, and asked him what was the matter. He said he had fallen asleep and truſted the ship to one who had directly thrown us on the North Bull. 'And are we then, to be loſt?' 'I see no remedy; we shall ſtrike in a minute.'

I pulled my son, who laughed at my fears, which really were very great. The ship struck upon a sand-bank, with such force that it rebounded on another, and beat it almoſt to pieces; however the morn arose, that gilded all the flowery plains and presented to our view a moſt agreeable proſpect, both of land and water; the tide left our ship on the ſtrand, so that without expense or difficulty we walked to Ringsend.

Here we took a little decent lodging, till I could be able to remove to Dublin; and I immediately dispatched my son with a letter to a nobleman whom I had formerly seen at my father's, who obligingly sent me a guinea: this enabled me to dismiss my lodging. My son brought me a coach, in which we put our portmanteau, and removed to an apartment he had taken for me at a small rent in Aungier Street.

Well, reader, I have now brought you with me to Hibernia, where you will suppose the daughter of a gentleman so universally eſteemed as Doctor Van Lewin would, after so long an exile, have surely found some friends.

I wrote a very mannerly epiſtle to my beloved spouse, in which I slightly mentioned his merciless treatment of me and of his poor children, and told him that, if he would pay me the sixty-five pounds for which I had his bond in Counsellor Smith's hands, I would not only forego the intereſt, which amounted to a considerable sum, but also immediately leave the kingdom; provided, also, he would give me assurance that he would take care of his youngeſt son. I leave every person of candour to judge whether or not this was a fair proposal; and I

most solemnly protest to Almighty God that I had no other intention, as there was not at that time above forty pages of my First Volume written. However, he scorned to send me an answer of any kind. Well, I wrote again; yet still his reverence was silent as the grave.

This I confess a little incensed me, and first determined me in the design of publicly vindicating my innocence, and laying open for universal benefit his unparalleled character; in which, if I have erred, 'tis in tenderness, as his actions

> *Call virtue hypocrite,*
> *Pluck the fair rose from a young innocent love,*
> *And plant a blister there.*—Shakespeare.

I wrote to Counsellor Smith and told him how Mr Pilkington had treated me, and withal informed him that, if he had too much lenity to sue him for my lawful right, I insisted on his delivering me the bond, that I might put it in force, for the relief of myself and my child. The Counsellor was at a loss how to act in so critical a point: he knew Mr Pilkington's talent of traducing every person who did not act in compliance to his inclination, and, on the other hand, justice compelled him to think I had a right to be paid what had so long and so unlawfully been withheld from me and by which I was drove to such extremities in London. He therefore wrote to him, and I suppose acquainted him how much it was out of his power, as an honest man, to defend him from the consequences of that bond.

Mr Pilkington, finding all his policy of no effect in this particular affair, condescended to honour the Counsellor with a most stupid epistle, in which he insinuated: 'that his motive for giving the bond was in order to make me live virtuously for the future, which he could sufficiently prove I had not done. (Produce your evidence, Mr Parson). That if he was allowed only such time to pay it as his circumstances would allow, he would try what remedy he could obtain from a Court

of Equity, when a full ſtatement of the case was laid before them.'

These are pretty near the words: I wish you had, my dear spouse, as it muſt have given pleasure to any Court to see you look conscience in the face.

But, not to be tedious, after much trouble and vexation of spirit, I procured from him twenty pounds at one payment, with which I took a little rural habitation near Bow Bridge.

I wrote a letter to my dear old friend, Mr Cibber, and told him that, however improbable it might seem to him, I had actually twenty pounds in my possession, and added, that I had

A little room to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,

and nothing wanting but the delights of his conversation, to make my situation completely agreeable. I believe Mr Cibber had not, till then, heard of my expedition, so that my letter muſt have surprised him. By the return of the poſt I received from his dear hand the following humorous epiſtle:

To Mrs Letitia Pilkington, etc.

Thou frolicksome farce of fortune! What! is there then another act to come of you yet? I thought you had some time ago made your final exit. Well, but, without wit or compliment, I am glad to hear you are so tolerably alive.

I have your agreeable narrative from Dublin before me, and shall, as you desire, answer every paragraph in its turn, without once considering its importance or connection. In the firſt place, you say I have for many years been the kind preserver of your life. In this I think I have no great merit, as you seemed to set so little value on it yourself; otherwise you would have considered that poverty was the moſt helpless handmaid that ever waited on a high-spirited lady. You seem to have a glimpse of a new world before you: think a little how you are to squeeze through the crowd with such a bundle at your back, and do not suppose it possible you can have a grain of wit till you have twenty pounds clear in your pocket; with half that sum, a greater sinner than you may look the Devil in the face. Few people of sense

will turn their backs on a woman of wit that does not look as if she came to borrow money of them; but, when want brings her to her wit's end, every fool will have wit enough to avoid her.

I am not sure your spouse's having taken another wife before you came over might not have proved the means of his becoming a better husband to you; for, had he picked up a fortune, the hush of your prior claim to him might have been worth a better separate maintenance than what you are now likely to get out of him. As to my health and spirits, they are as usual, and full as ſtrong as anybody's that has enjoyed them the same number of years.

If the value I have for you gives you any credit in your own country, pray ſtretch it as far as you think it can be serviceable to you; for, under all the rubbish of your misfortunes, I could see your merit sparkle like a loſt jewel. I have no greater pleasure than in placing my eſteem on those who can feel and value it. Had you been born to a large fortune, your shining qualities might have put half the reſt of your sex out of countenance. If any of them are uncharitable enough to call this flattery, tell them what a poor devil you are, and let that silence them.

I hope you have but one volume of your works in the press, because, if it meets with any success, I believe I could give you some natural hints, which, in the easy dress of your pen, might a good deal enliven it.

You pay your court very ill to me by depreciating the natural blessings on your side the water. Pray, what have we to boaſt of, that you want, but wealth and insolent dominion? Are not the glory of God's Creation there?—women, lovely women, there in their higheſt luſtre! I have seen several and frequent samples of them here: and have heard of many, not only from yourself but others, who for the agreeable entertainment of social life have not their equal playfellows in Old England.

And pray what would life be worth without them?—dear soft souls, for now, too, they are lavish of favours which in my youth they would have trembled to truſt me with. In a word, if, inſtead of the sea, I had only the dry ground Alps to get over, I should think it but a trip to Dublin: in the meantime, we muſt even compound for such interviews as the poſt or packet can bring or send to

Your real friend and servant,

C. Cibber.

I communicated this letter to Lord Chief Baron Bowes, the Hon. Arthur Hill Esq., and several persons of taſte, who were infinitely delighted with it, as they were with many others which I had from Mr Cibber, and which would considerably have embellished my work, had I not the misfortune to lose them, by lending them to a man of diſtinction, who by some accident mislaid them; so I muſt e'en entertain you with the neat product of my own brain.

Mr Victor, whom I have mentioned in my Second Volume and who is now treasurer of the Theatre Royal in Smock Alley, came to visit me several times, and frequently favoured us with an order to see the play. As we were on a very friendly and familiar footing, my son used, when he had an inclination, to call on my friend for a pass: one night he went once or twice for the purpose when the gentleman was abroad. What does the giddy creature do but awkwardly counterfeits his hand, in an order for two. He told me of it, and said he was sure Mr Victor would not deny it when he was informed who had taken that freedom with his name. I laughed at the reflection of the jeſt, when it came to be known, as Mr Victor had had the boy in his arms when an infant. Accordingly we took a coach, went to the play, and the forgery seemed to pass extremely well. The firſt act was scarce begun when a person entered, and, as the house was thin of company, tapped my son on the shoulder. I did not apprehend the cause of it, but began to grow uneasy when I found him ſtay a full hour: at length he returned, and informed me that he had been, at the inſtigation of Mr Sheridan, arreſted by two conſtables, from whom he was only delivered by the solicitations of Mr Victor. This greatly aſtonished me, as I thought Mr Sheridan ought to have had a little more reſpect for the son of a clergyman, especially as he was well convinced that as I knew his father (whom the Dean entertained more as a buffoon than a friend or companion) and his mother I had a power of furnishing the world with some

anecdotes which were hitherto unrevealed; but the scheme of letting my son escape was not any lenity in him, but a bait to catch me going out, whom they imagined they should discover by the boy; but it happened that a gentleman handed me out, by which this generous intent was frustrated. His little deformed brother had the assurance to tell my son some nights after that Mr Sheridan would esteem any satire I wrote on him a panegyric; which when I heard, in order to oblige him with a compliment to his taste, I enclosed to Mr Victor the following lines, to be forwarded to his mightiness:

To Mr Sheridan

Fain would the muse record thy crimes,
And leave them to succeeding times,
But finds it difficult to trace,
The vices of thy motley race;
Whether thy insolence and pride
Spring from the S——l father's side,
That pedant, who with rod in hand,
Could, in his paltry school command;
And underneath his cruel yoke
Many a generous spirit broke;
Who else were formed in camps to shine,
Or grace the noble patriot line:
Or did'st thou from thy dam inherit,
Thy sordid avaricious spirit,
Of whom I heard old Swift declare
So many vices were her share
That, were her sex created all
Pure as the first before the Fall
And but her crimes through all distributed,
The best would merit to be gibbeted.
Thy father he applauded next,
Studying a wench more than a text;
Who having got of money store,
Lavishing all upon a whore,
Was sent to hell, his latest journey,
By her base brother, an attorney.
Such be thy fate, thou wretch accurst,
Or else with spleen and envy burst;
Or with thine uncle, brave M'Faddin,
Whose infamy thy soul is clad in,

To free the suffering ſtage and nation,
Be doomed like him to transportation—
But who thy deſtiny can alter?
Thy very looks presage a halter.
Oh, may I live to hail the day
When the glad players shall survey
Thy tyrant, ſtripped of all command,
High on the well-fixed ladder ſtand,
And taking thence one glorious swing,
How will they spout 'God save the King'?
Then shall those clothes, in which disguise
You'd seem a lord to vulgar eyes,
Did not thy base and abject mien,
Betray the beggars brat within,
Be by thy kinsman hangman worn,
And ſtill a scoundrel thief adorn.

This, sir, I moſt humbly beg your acceptance of, as 'tis indeed the only thing which I could without dissimulation say of you.

I was told that this worthy gentleman, in a letter to the inimitable Mr Garrick, said: 'We shine like Caſtor and Pollux: you adorn Great Britain, while I illuminate Hibernia.' Nothing, sure, but his matchless ignorance could have drawn so disproportionate a parallel. I remember the firſt time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr Garrick perform, it was the character of King Lear. I was in one of the boxes, and, when he came to the mad scene, I was so much affected at it that I got up insensibly, and was going out, till I was waked, like one from a trance, by the lady who accompanied me pulling me by the sleeve and demanding where I was going. And to say the truth,

He made me marble, with too much conceiving.—Milton.

I am certain no person was ever capable of making the audience feel a part which they did not sincerely do themselves; and I'm convinced Mr Garrick never played a part wherein he did not, through the whole performance, believe himself the man; whereas Pollux, as Sheridan modeſtly ſtyles himself, is no other than Tom Sheridan, though he change dress and periwig

twenty times a night; he is indeed *Semper eadem, worse and worse*, as my countryman has it.

This brings to my memory a ſtory of a very eminent player who was to perform the part of Hannibal. A nobleman behind the scenes took the liberty to give a twitch to one tie of his peruke. The enraged hero turned on his heel, and with his martial truncheon ſmote the peer over the cheek.

A blow, by Heaven! and from an actor's hand,
He did not ſtab him, for that were poor revenge.

But, when he came off the ſtage, my Lord told him he believed he thought himſelf really Hannibal, when he could give with impunity ſuch an indignity to a man of his conſequence.

'My Lord', ſaid the player, 'if I did not think myſelf Hannibal, I ſhould never be able to make the audience do ſo.'—So much for theatrical affairs.

I now began ſeriouſly to reſolve on publiſhing my writings, and to that end had propoſals printed. Perſons were at firſt a little timorous, leſt I ſhould print a Liſt of Subſcribers, and by that means they might unwittingly give offence; but, when I declared no names ſhould be inſerted, I had a numerous contribution from all the nobility, clergy, and gentry; amongſt whom, when I name our excellent Lord Chancellor, in whom honour and titles had made no alteration but that of increaſing his politeneſs, munificence, and liberality to every individual, our patriot ſpeaker and worthy recorder Eaton Stannard Eſq., I believe no perſon of diſtinction will bluſh to have their names mentioned. Well, at length my Firſt Volume was finiſhed, and I wrote a bantering letter to Sir John F—ke, to whom I have the diſhonour to be allied, to tell him that I intended to dedicate it to him, *nemine con.* He whoſe mind is truly pictured in his ill-favoured face told my ſon that for himſelf everybody would take it as a thing done to make him ridiculous, ſince he had not any accompliſhments that might merit an encomium, which, indeed, was true,

except 'tis his matchless impudence in keeping possession of an estate which his own mother, the Lady ——, told him he had no more right to than to the Dukedom of Burgundy.

When his supposed father, Sir B—ph F—ke died, this young spark was an ensign in the army, and, stepping at once into affluence, he, being naturally of a covetous disposition, refused to pay his mother the jointure which she claimed, and was going to commence a suit with her, when one morning she called on him and said: 'Hark ye, Sir John; do you resolve to go to law with me for what's my right?' He begged to be excused, but told her: 'Self-preservation was the first law of nature.' 'So it is, sir', said she, calling him by his real father's name. 'Then you are no longer Sir J—n F—ke which I will go instantly and make public.' He fell dutifully on his knees, entreating her pardon for his disobedience, and promised for the future to pay all proper resignation to her superior understanding.— This, Sir John, you and many others know to be fact.

He pointed out to me, as a subject for everlasting praise, my beloved Lord Kingsborough, then Sir Robert King, and, though I had not the felicity I have since experienced of a personal acquaintance with him, yet the character pleased me, and accordingly I wrote a trifling dedication, far inferior to his merit, which notwithstanding he kindly accepted, and sent me the following letter:

Madam,

I return you my thanks for the favour of your dedication which, though I am sensible is too high a compliment, yet my vanity will not permit me to refuse. I beg you will take trouble to send your servant to-morrow morning, and you'll oblige,

Madam,
Your devoted humble servant,
R. King.

I accordingly sent my son, who returned with a letter, in which were inclosed two notes for ten pounds each. The letter was only this;

Madam,

I once more return you thanks for the favour you intend me, and have the honour to be,

Madam,

Your obliged humble servant,

R. KING.

York Stret, Tuesday morning.

An obliging and easy manner of conferring the higheſt favours is what few, even amongſt the moſt polite, have been able to arrive at, a perfection which alone is given to adorn a Marlborough or a Kingsborough.

But alas! how vain, how fleeting were all the joys I ever proposed to myself! This nobleman, in whose eſteem I imagined myself to be so deeply riveted, that not fortune, time, or fate could ever displace me, was, as I have since learned, by the insinuations of one Clancy, an old blind beggar whose wants I had often supplied both in London and Dublin, persuaded to believe that I had spoken disrespectfully of his Lordship; and that my son said he would print his letters, and sell them for halfpence a-piece, all which was moſt notoriously false. However, it had such an effect, his Lordship came to me, and, giving me ten guineas in a sort of commanding tone, desired me to give him his letters; I burſt into tears, and told him I would resign them (or even anything if possibly dearer) to his pleasure. I went to my drawer, took as many as I could find, and delivered them as I would

The ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.

He took them abruptly, and, departing, told me he would send in the morning for the remainder of them; he left me in a condition which I am utterly incapable of describing. A circumſtance so unlooked for sunk me into a train of the moſt gloomy reflections, which

might have been attended with fatal consequences, had not the entrance of some agreeable company dissipated my present reflections.

The next morning, before I was up, a chairman came and knocked at the door; the servant asked who he wanted: he said he came from Lord Kingsborough, and must see Mrs Pilkington herself. She told him I was not up, but he swore and stormed, saying he would not leave the place till he had his Lord's letters from me.

I happened to overhear him, and desired the maid to tell the chairman I would send to his Lordship presently. I accordingly arose, and, piqued at the usage I had received from the fellow, I must confess with shame I wrote a little warmly on the subject to my Lord, and, without allowing myself time for thought, despatched it off:

> *For I bear anger as the flint bears fire,*
> *Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,*
> *And straight is cool again.*—Shakespeare.

The fatal epistle had scarce left my hand e'er my heart was agitated with the most sensible remorse. I in vain despatched a messenger after the first.

> *'Twas past 'twas gone, 'twas irrecoverable.*

It reached his hands, and he only sent for answer: ' 'Tis very well.'

I believe the judicious part of my readers must have apprehended that the sin of ingratitude is not amongst the number of mine, since I have endeavoured through my work, if possible, to make the contrary conspicuous by rendering due praise to all my benefactors. Yet what could my beloved Lord imagine but that he had bestowed all his favours on an unworthy person?

I did not believe that, after all the anguish of mind I had sustained through my life, anything could move my philosophy (which made me determine never to be

overjoyed or surprised at any advancement in life, nor dejected or cast down at any adversity on this side futurity) so much as this.

Downy repose was a stranger to my pillow, and I fell a prey to the greatest languor and heaviness of soul. However, as I knew his Lordship was filled with the milk of human pity, I imagined by apologizing for the rash act I should be blessed with his forgiveness and a renewal of his friendship to me, to which end I wrote the following lines:

To the Right Honourable the Lord Kingsborough

No more my Lord with pleasure I expect,
Your friendly aid my weakness to protect.
Lost to those transports you have oft inspired,
And every happiness my soul desired;
Oh, where for succour, whither shall I fly,
But buried in unheard of sorrows die?
The soul of pity dwells not in a slave,
But kind compassion dignifies the brave.
At Darius' woes, great Philip's warlike son
Was moved, when conquests and when toils were done,
Each god-like hero has a tender part,
And woes like mine would melt a savage heart;
E're long my soul had no desire in view,
No hope, or wish, but that of pleasing you;
One smile from you could make a rich amends
For shattered fortune and the loss of friends;
Esteemed by you, I could with ease survey
My name and honour to the world a prey;
But now no more, I'm ravished with that voice,
Whose sacred sound bids agony rejoice;
The vernal blooms no longer give me ease,
Nor painted violets my fancy please;
Each darling object but elates my grief,
And death's cold hand can only give relief.
Yet, when Letitia shall exist no more,
But dust to dust, as she must short, restore,
Shed one kind tear of pity on her hearse,
Thou matchless subject of her latest verse;
And let no stone or marble ever tell
What woes her children or herself befell;
But, mixed and covered with forgotten clay,
Time shall dissolve her memory away.

His Lordship sent me the following answer, which only added more weight to my oppressed soul.

Madam,

I am extremely honoured by that esteem and friendship which you profess for me in your really fine copy of verses; yet, when I reflect on a late letter of yours, which I still have by me, I cannot help thinking myself as unworthy of your praises as I was of your threats.

I am,

Madam,

Your very humble servant.

I concluded from this letter that I had lost all the share in his esteem that I once flattered myself I was possessed of; which shows the instability of human affairs.

And here, gentle reader, my story and my life draw to a period. I am convinced, from the present situation of my health, that I shall never live to see this volume published. It is the only legacy I have to leave my poor boy, who, I fear, will meet with many enemies on account of my writings, when it will be out of my power to protect him.

But, oh, ye good and great! to you and the Almighty I commend him; and hope that tenderness which melted you to compassionate my woes will incline you to assist him. Believe me, my dear Lord Kingsborough, no creature living holds your Lordship in higher esteem than he; and, as you told me in one of your letters your inclinations were, and endeavours should be, to serve him, let not the memory of my offence prevent you keeping that promise sacred.

Appendix

I PROMISED in my proposals for printing this volume by subscription to give the readers a key to the First, Second, and Third volumes, in this place; but, having been advised by some judicious friends that such a thing would only tend to create ill blood, and excite a resentment too powerful to be withſtood by so inconsiderable a person as myself, it has been thought expedient to furnish them with an account of my mother's death, which I am the more capable of doing, as I remained with her to her laſt moments.

She had been a long time in a declining ſtate of health, having an extreme bad ſtomach and digeſtion, nor did she imagine that nature could have held out as long as it did.

She never seemed in the leaſt uneasy at the knowledge of her approaching end, often declaring that, if she could take me with her to felicity, she would leave this world without reluctance.

And, indeed, I am not surprised that her maternal love extended so far, as she even then foresaw the calamities which I have since suſtained, and knew that, if the world at her firſt setting out as a writer, with her extraordinary talents, scarce afforded her bread, my fate muſt be even harder, except I met the patronage of some illuſtrious person.

And providence seemed inclinable to comply with her wish; for, in the latter end of June 1750 I was seized with a moſt violent pleuretic fever, which I got by an extreme cold. I sent for Doctor Fergus, a moſt eminent physician and worthy gentleman; my mother was at this time so weak as to be obliged to keep her bed. When the Doctor saw me, and heard the symptoms of my disorder, he told me I was a dead man; that I should have applied some days sooner, since he was now of opinion that it had got too far the ascendency over me

for any cure to be effected; however, he ordered me to be bled four times that day, and then went up to my mother's apartment. She asked him his advice upon her own case and mine: he told her a little too frankly that nature might do something for my recovery, but that her death was inevitable; she, smiling, said to him that the worms would have but a poor feast of her, she being quite worn away.

Well, I was blooded according to his order, and the fever abated considerably. I had the next night an excessive perspiration which carried off all the symptoms except a little weakness.

In the morning a young lady, who honoured me with a particular regard, came to see me. She was so excessively delighted at my speedy and unexpected recovery that she resolved to spend the day with me; and my poor mother, ever willing to contribute to my satisfaction, told the nurse-keeper that she found herself much better, and desired she might be brought to my apartment; accordingly she lifted my dear mother like a child in her arms, and placed her in an elbow-chair by my bed side. She affected, in order to please me, to be extremely cheerful; and the young lady knelt down and asked her blessing, telling her she wanted to have a wedding in the house instead of a burying from it. My mother, who retained her spirits and good humour to the last, gave us both her blessing very devotedly, and her sincere permission to marry. I had a small chicken dressed for my dinner, of which my mother partook, but her stomach was too weak to keep it or a glass of wine, which she drank after it; so she was obliged to be carried to bed. After her departure, as the weather was vastly warm, I ordered the maid to open the sash-window; and, in the meantime, comes the Doctor. We were just going to drink tea: this gentleman is a little near-sighted; but, seeing the sash up and company in the room, 'What,' said he, 'this poor boy's gone? I thought so! and was going out: 'No, no, sir', said I, 'I am still alive.' 'Alive!' said he, 'and what are all these people doing here?' He immediately went and darkened the window,

taking the company by the shoulders, and turning them out; he then charged the nurse-keeper not to open the window nor let any person talk to me for a week.

I thought this prescription a little hard, as I imagined myself quite well: accordingly the next morning I sent the nurse out, got up, dressed myself, and went to my poor mother; she was agreeably surprised to see me, but, upon opening the curtains, I found she had a great cast in her eyes, which shocked me extremely, and she told me that everything appeared double to her. I did not give her to understand that I perceived it, but told her she looked better than I had known her do for a long time, She said the Doctor had given her over. 'Why, so he did me, madam; yet you see I am alive; and if you take my prescription, I dare say you will make a fibber of him.'

She said she would, and I proposed that my spouse (as I called Miss C——m and she and I should the next morning go to Chapel Izod, a place about three miles from Dublin, and spend the day. She seemed quite pleased with my request, and sent to have a landau bespoke for that purpose.

In the morning she was up and dressed before me, and was as sprightly as I had ever seen her, though quite weak, insomuch that she was obliged to be carried into the machine and out again.

We set out before breakfast, and went through the Phœnix Park. It was a fine day, and we had the landau opened; the fresh air vastly revived her, and she repeated a good many lines of the poem on *Windsor Forest*: she even complained of being hungry.

When we came to the Tavern, I ordered some tea, and to my infinite surprize my mother called for a plate of ham and some oil and vinegar, ate very hearty, and drank two glasses of white wine.

The readers may judge that I was overjoyed at seeing so fair a prospect of her recovery. She after made a shift to walk down into the flower-garden, and seemed to enjoy the balmy fragrance with great inward satis-

faction. I then went in, and bespoke dinner, which was young ducks and green peas. My mother lay down and slept till 'twas ready, at which hour she rose, and ate very hearty. There happened to be a couple of gentlemen in the house of our acquaintance, who after dinner joined company with us; and my mother told them that the Doctor had given her over, but she was resolved to outlive the whole faculty. In short, she related twenty agreeable stories to our infinite entertainment.

Little did I imagine that our present joy was only the prologue to the grief I too soon after received. We did not leave Chapel Izod till ten at night, when we all set out in the landau; I know not whether the air might not have been very fatal to her, for no sooner were we got a hundred yards but she began to cough, and continued so all that night, during which I sat up with her.

We lodged at this time with one Sheil, in Phraper Lane, Dublin. We had a first and second floor, for which we constantly paid ten shillings and sixpence a week; the man of the house had been a parish-clerk, and had held that dignity under my father for some years; he afterwards turned farrier, or horse-doctor, in which, meeting with no success, he came to Dublin, took a house which he let to lodgers, except the parlours and kitchen, and commenced a famous quack: I question whether the most eminent of that profession in London, which I take to be R——k, ever tried more salutary methods to destroy the human species than this profound Esculapius had done, nor with more success, whom we shall hereafter distinguish by the title of Doctor Sheil.

This wretch, who was ignorant beyond conception, was a compound of pragmaticism and hypocrisy; his eyes were eternally bent to Heaven, with the most solemn and austere aspect, while his heart was perpetrating the destruction of all who had the misfortune to be thrown into his house.

The first instance which convinced me of it was this: the light guineas were now cried down, so that people

would scarcely accept them on any account. This Doctor was very particular every Saturday to call for his money, being the most avaricious mortal I had seen. It happened one evening that we had no money in the house, but these guineas, one of which was very remarkable, and wanted six shillings. This I gave him and allowed him the deficiency. In a few days after, every light guinea which my mother had she sold, and took current guineas for them. She had exactly five weight ones in her purse one morning that I went out, she left her pocket hanging on a chair, as she was never suspicious of any one. When I returned, she was going to send me to pay some cash; when what should I see but the light guinea I had some days before given Sheil!

The thing astonished me. I asked if Sheil had been in the room. She said No, nor any person besides nurse; this nurse, under the rose, was much addicted to liquor. I called her, and examined her closely about the matter. She strenuously denied her knowing anything of it. At length, by threats and entreaties, she confessed that Shiel had given her half-a-pint of rum to change them in her pocket, he assuring her it was the same thing.

I now besought my mother's permission to lay the old canting rascal in Newgate, but she begged that I would let her die in peace, and not cause her last moments to be disturbed with contention; she farther conjured me not to mention it till she was either dead or in some other lodging. In compliance to her request, I dropped the affair.

But, notwithstanding her desire of quietness, this bloodhound—for such alone I can style him—resolved to hasten her exit; for the next day, watching his opportunity when I was out, he came up, and with an austere countenance demanded three weeks' rent, which was that day due to him. She told him in a faint voice that I was gone for money, and would pay him on my return; but he swore he would not be trifled with any longer; and, if she did not instantly pay him, he would turn her into the street.

Imagine what a shock the behaviour must be to one in her feeble condition. She could make no answer; but burst into tears. ' Come, madam ', said the inhuman cannibal, ' these arts won't pass with me: give me either my money, or value for it, or by God! you shall go out of this lodging.'

She gave him the keys of her drawers, and desired him to take any movables he thought proper for his security, and entreated for Christian charity he would leave the room, as his presence was baneful to her.

This was all he aimed at; so very modestly helped himself to everything that was valuable, and left the room.

I returned soon after, and was greatly surprised to see my poor mother trembling and pale, so that she scarce seemed to breathe. She faintly looked up at me, and said: ' My dear child, that villain Sheil has been the death of your mother; I knew I had not long to exist, but sure it was cruel to stab at half-an-hour of my frail life.'

I could scarce contain the various passions rising in my breast; love, pity, horror, and resentment reciprocally took place, and I should doubtless have gone and taken his life, but that filial duty withheld me from adding to my dear mother's affliction.

I prevailed on her to take a little mulled wine, after which she went to bed; and I found on the table these lines, which were the last she ever wrote.

My Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
I bow to thy correcting rod;
Nor will I murmur or complain,
Though every limb be filled with pain,
Tho' my weak tongue its aid denies,
And daylight wounds my wretched eyes.

I sat up with her all this night, during which she slept little, for the heavy cough on her lungs; but she retained her senses so well that she entertained me with many stories, and repeated part of a poem written on Mrs Waller. ' I believe, madam ', said I, ' she's a subscriber

to you.' 'Yes', said she, 'she paid the money to my father.' I now found her brain begin to grow defective, which gave the most piercing anguish to my heart I had ever received. She dozed a little about four o'clock in the morning; and, when she awoke, told me she had a mighty agreeable dream, which was, that her father came to her in a mourning coach-and-six, and told her he was very angry she had been so long ill and yet never sent for him whom she knew was always ready to assist her: 'I am come', continued he, 'to bring you out of all your troubles'; and with that took her in his arms like a child, and carried her away in the coach.

My boding heart readily interpreted this dream, as indeed did her own. 'My dear', said she, 'you know the usage I have received from your father, together with the knowledge I have that there are but few good clergymen to be found, have ever made me declare that I would permit none of them to visit me in my last hours except dear Doctor Delany; however, since he is from town, and the world would add impiety to all they have said of me if I don't have some one of them, pray send for the curate of this parish.'

I accordingly did, and we all joined in prayer; after which she fell into a good deal of discourse with him, and they drank a glass of wine together: he asked her if she forgave my father; and she related the following story to him.

There was an honest Irish papist on his death bed, and, when the Priest was going to give him absolution, he asked the sick man if he freely forgave all his enemies, otherwise he could not administer that Sacrament to him. The man replied: 'Arrah, faith, Father, I do forgive everyone, only Teddy Brenan, that pounded my cow.' 'Nay, but', said the Priest, 'you must forgive him also, or I cannot absolve you.' 'Well', said he, 'Father, if I die, I will forgive him; but if I live, I never can. Will that do?' said the sick man. 'Arrah, faith', said the Priest, 'if it won't do, it must do'; and accordingly proceeded. 'So sir', said she, 'if I die I do forgive

him, and I wish the God whom he has offended may do the same; but if I live, mark you that, Mr Parson, I never will.'

The clergyman departed, and in about an hour's time came a great long letter, written I suppose at the desire of Doctor Sheil, by some of the enthusiastical Methodists, of which Dublin is now the chief receptacle in his Majesty's dominions. It was written in their whining style, declaring that she, my mother, was damned beyond redemption; that she was now on the brink of hell; and that not the Blood of the Lamb could intercept her. We both laughed at this fantastic contrivance, and she only wished for strength to be able to answer it properly; but alas! that she never had.

This day she retained her senses tolerably till evening, when she began to talk incoherently. I sat up till four in the morning, at which time I grew very heavy. 'What!' said she, 'can't you watch and pray a moment, till this bitter cup passes from me; a moment and I shall be no more. Come', said she, 'kneel down, and take my blessing, and the last adieu.' With a heart rent in twain, I complied, and she laid her hand on my head, and said, very devoutly: 'The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless you; the Father, the Son, and Holy Ghost protect and guard you, and bring you safe to everlasting peace where I go a little before you, for surely, my dear child, I believe, through Christ, I shall be happy hereafter.'

The words made so deep an impression on my soul that I could not help repeating them; and I do it more particularly because some people have been cruel enough to say she died an atheist; but surely every person who examines her writings will find that she was a sincere believer in the doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the Church of England; the perpetual benefit of which I hope she now enjoys. I remember in the beginning of her illness she called me to her, and said: 'I have a thing to request, and you must by no means deny me, but promise on your life, your honour, and your soul,

to perform it'; I told her, as I had not often disobeyed her, she need not be so particular in charging me. 'Tis this', said she; 'in a few days you'll lose your poor little mother, and as you know I have no money, your father undoubtedly will bury me, and, perhaps, may propose putting my remains in his family burial-place; but if you suffer that, you have my heavy curse, nay, if it's possible, I will come from the grave to resent it. Lay me by my dear father, and let our kindred ashes mingle together; for, were I put in the ground with your father,

The miracle of Thebes would be renewed,
And the dividing flames burn different ways.'

Those were her very words: 'Now', said she, 'if ever you grow rich, erect a little square marble stone over me; and let this inscription be on it,

Here lieth, near the body of her honoured Father, John Van Lewen, M.D., the mortal part of Mrs Letitia Pilkington, whose spirit hopes for that peace, through the infinite merit of Christ, which a cruel and merciless world never afforded her.'

(She and her father are buried in St Anne's Church, Dawson Street).

I sincerely promised to obey her injunction.—But to return: Between five and six o'clock her breath grew short, and her eyesight failed her; I went, and embracing her hand, which was now almost lifeless, asked her if she knew me. 'Yes', said she, 'you are my eldest son, come from the college for my blessing; you might have called before, but God bless you!' It seemed as if her not being permitted to see him disturbed her last moments.

She then desired me to kneel down and pray by her, which I did, still keeping her hand in mine. I found it grow cold and heavy, and, looking up, just saw her expire with a sigh.

I now beheld the most tender and endearing mother

departed from me: my only prop and succour gone; while I saw myself ready to be exposed to all the malice of fortune. I too well before experienced the obdurate temper of my father to hope any favour from him. However, summoning up all my philosophy, and reposing my entire confidence in divine Providence, I left that scene of sorrow and lamentation, and retired to take a little repose.

I had some days before this secured all my mother's manuscripts in the hands of a friend, which was very fortunate for me, since the moment old Sheil heard she was dead, he ran into the dining-room, and secured everything he could lay hands on; after which he went to inform my father of the long-wished and joyful news. He could scarce credit it at first, but, when the pious Mr Sheil assured him on the word of a Christian that he spoke truth, my father, with great composure, said it had been well for her to have died some years ago. Old Sheil assured him that he believed she would not have died this bout, but for the fright he gave her in her sickness; for which kind office my father could not but thank him.

He gave immediate orders for her funeral, which you may depend on it was not profuse: he allowed her, however, a decent oak coffin and shroud, and the nurse-keeper told me that Sheil was so unparalleled a wretch that she could scarce keep him out of the room while she stripped the corpse; which the moment she had done, and put her shroud on, he came and took the linen in which she died, and secured that also.

When I arose in the morning, the old hypocrite asked me to breakfast with him, and endeavoured to comfort me by saying my father was too good a Christian to let me want, and that, as the cause of his anger to me was now removed by the death of my mother, the effect would undoubtedly cease. I told him I expected nothing from him, nor should I, though infinitely distressed, make any application to him, that nature instructed me to love and protect my mother, whose cause my duty

prompted me to espouse, of which I could not be ashamed, since I would do it were it to be done again. He said I ought to submit to my father, and write to him; and, said he, 'those papers and letters you have, send them to him, which will prove your respect, and I will engage to mediate matters so well between you that he shall allow you twenty pounds a year, though he won't see you.'

As I was too apt to be credulous, had any person but this man, whom my soul abhorred, made such overtures, I should have thought there was something in it; but if the harmony of angels proceeded from his lips, whom I looked on as the murderer of my dear mother, it would be as hateful as the hissing of serpents.

However, I listened to him, and answered that those papers would certainly obtain money for me, and promises were often broken; that as to twenty pounds a year, my father would as soon give twenty of his teeth; but, if the officious Mr Sheil would prevail on my father to give me fifty pounds, I would not only resign them, but would go to some part of the world where he should never hear of me.

The latter part of this my father would readily agree to, nay, have given me his blessing at my departure, but not a word of the nine-and-forty pieces. Indeed, another pious divine offered me a sum of money to go to America, which, because I did not consent to, he has since utterly rejected me; but a little time will show the world his motives for that, and open a very unexpected scene to the public; and, though I have not kept my promise to him in making the affair known before now, yet I take this opportunity of informing his reverence that I have not forgotten him. In short, the Doctor (Sheil I mean) went to my father and told my conditions; but he only laughed, and said I had not my mother's genius, and must quickly fall into contempt; therefore he very fairly set me at defiance; and, should I dare to print anything against him, he had interest enough to send me over the water.

I am sorry for the disagreeable necessity I am under of speaking or writing anything to displease him, but facts may be related, I hope, without offence.

The next day Mr Faulkner inserted the following paragraph in his paper.

'Yesterday morning died Mrs Letitia Pilkington.'

And the author of *Pue's Occurrences*, one of the worst papers published there (I suppose by my father's direction) inserted a very false and scandalous paragraph. While Mr Esdall, who is a gentleman of known worth and integrity, published a genteel encomium on her.

A few days after, I wrote the following little piece, which, as it was almost my first attempt in rhyme, and on so particular a subject, I hope the readers will pardon me for introducing it here.

On the death of my beloved Mother

And shall no mournful elegiac lay
Thy matchless worth and excellence display?
From me, at least, 'tis but a poor amends,
Thou tenderest mother, and thou best of friends;
While from my eyes the streaming sorrows run,
Accept this tribute, from thy darling son,
Who, taught by thee in melting numbers tells,
What agonizing pain his bosom swells,
What dreadful anguish preys upon his mind,
That thou art fled, and he remains behind:
Pleased if with you he might ascend the sky,
To the bright regions of felicity;
But here no joy, no comfort, no delight,
Can charm his fancy or divert his sight:
Wilt thou from never-fading bliss descend,
Me from the storms of fortune to defend?
'Midst the rude strokes of adverse fate protect,
Or in sweet vision all my ways direct?
Alas! too many blessings wait on thee,
To know one anxious tender pang for me;
Yet sure the pure celestial joys above
Cannot extirpate thy maternal love;
Which, with a care, description that surpassed,
Defended me from each untimely blast;
Raised me to knowledge in each polished art,
Refined my manners, and improved my heart;

Taught me from pleasing, sacred truths to know,
The source from whence perpetual mercies flow :
Then to the throne of never-dying worth
Taught me to pour my supplications forth.
May that transcendent power which called you hence
Be still my shield, my refuge, and defence,
Till the grim tyrant kindly ends my pain,
And we, enraptured, meet in Heaven again !

I never communicated these lines to anyone; and now transcribe them only from my memory. Since by writing this little account I have obtained the honour of speaking to the public, it gives me an opportunity of saying something in favour of myself, who I am convinced have been misrepresented to them, and for which, I hope, I shall be excused, as self-preservation is the first law of nature. There are many persons of some note in life who have, on hearing me mentioned, cried; 'Oh, horrid dog, shocking fellow, etc.' Pray, gentlemen and ladies, for what? Where are my accusers? Let them name the particular crimes for which I deserve those epithets or else not mention me at all. My Lord Stafford, I think, is the only instance which English history furnishes us with of a person being condemned for accumulated treason; nay, even he had a fair hearing for his life. But these people are for condemning me unheard, for no particular fault, only that such and such people say so and so. A consciousness of this has made me resolve to write my own life, by which means only I shall have a power of setting things in a clear light, and of adjusting many present ambiguities; and, though I confess the public are burdened with things of this kind already, many of which have no tendency to reform the manners of the age but rather vitiate them, yet I flatter myself, among the variety of real incidents and whimsical revolutions I have met with, they may find as well entertainment as matter to moralize on. As I do by no means assume the name of a writer, so the public may be assured I shall never attempt satire: if my betters have faults, that's no affair of mine; I am to pursue my own story.

A man who can't put up with a tweak by the nose, and a foot in the rump, is not fit to live in this fashionable world. I therefore assure the public beforehand that I will be quite passive, and though I name the error, not the man; by which manner of proceeding 'tis not improbable that by the time I am fourscore I may have an annuity of forty pounds a year; upon the hopes of which I may reasonably subsist and keep up my spirits. And in this I strictly follow the advice of a certain great man in Ireland, whose place of abode is not remote from the Phœnix Park and whose acquirements have justly raised him from obscurity to opulence; his extensive plans in building have excited an universal admiration of his taste in architecture. This worthy person I applied to, after the death of my mother, and informed him that I was possessed of some letters which he had in her lifetime been pleased to honour her with, and that as her papers would, undoubtedly fall into the hands of a printer, I thought proper, lest the publication of them might be offensive to him, to give him this information.

He sent his compliments by the messenger, and desired to see me the next morning. I accordingly waited on him, and, though my circumstances were not in the flow, yet, in order to convince him that I had no lucrative motive in addressing him, I put the letters under a cover, and sent them in before me.

I was then introduced to his presence; he received me with the utmost good manners, desiring me to sit. 'Young man', said he, 'I have had a letter from you lately, concerning some writings of mine to your mother; she was a lady whom I regarded on account of her father and family, whom I well knew, and therefore I corresponded with, and assisted her. My letters you have here sent me; and, young man, I'll keep them, and will give you a piece of advice better than gold, if you'll follow it.'

'There has been lately at my house his Grace the P——te ——, and several other persons of the most

eminent ſtations in this Kingdom, and, discoursing of your mother's writings, introduced you; and it was said that you had taken the liberty to write to several great men, very much in the ſtyle of your mother; they imagined when she was dead, they should have heard no more of the matter; but you seemed to keep her spirit alive. Now, young man', said he, 'consider you are not a woman, from whom even a blow cannot hurt honour: we tolerated those things in her, which in you would be culpable in the higheſt degree; in short, if you have any talents, which I am told you have, apply them to make friends inſtead of troubling your head about the follies of mankind; find out their virtues, and make that your theme.'

'Indeed, sir, that', said I, 'will be a difficult matter.'

'In short, sir', continued he, 'if you do not apply your genius according to the will of your superiors, care will be taken to send you out of the Kingdom before you are aware of it.'

I thanked him sincerely for his admonition, which I determined from that moment to eſtablish as my principle; and on my return through the Park, upon examining the affair, found it more rational to suppose that I should live by writing panegyric than satire: I resolved to try the experiment, and, at the same time, determined to beſtow random praise, no matter to me though the person I addressed was tainted with the moſt diabolical vices, I was to form the supposed virtues and graces from my own copious idea. The firſt I exerted my talent on was the son of a Bashaw, then resident in these dominions; and one whose wise interposition in the State matters of that Kingdom have made him so much the darling of the grateful people, and so far raised envy on this side the water, that on his return, inſtead of acclamations, he is accoſted with sneers and hisses wherever he appears, while he, conscious of his innate worth, sheds a contemptuous smile on the senseless idiots who are weak enough to censure his superior abilities.

I remember to have heard the applause of the Senate House, for telling Mr S——r that, as the season was far advanced and the gentlemen desirous of returning to their seats, he thought it best to prorogue the Parliament till April ensuing.

This sublime piece of elocution was matter enough for me, who, from my present system, you'll allow was a professed sycophant; I accordingly wrote some lines on the occasion, which were not of consequence enough to subsist till this time; therefore cannot be here recited. I waited on his Lordship, and put them into his hand as he stepped into his chariot; he received them, and drove off; the next morning I waited at the same place, till he was going out, and had the honour of a gracious smile; upon which I lived elegantly that day. The succeeding morning I received what? a familiar nod!—upon which I subsisted tolerably till five that afternoon. At that time, indeed, some extraordinary emotion in my stomach gave me to understand that nods and smiles, though conferred by the sons of Bashaws, will not fill the belly.

The indifferent success of my first enterprise made me almost determine never to attempt anything more in that way; though an affair of like nature, which happened some time before, might, if I had common-sense, have been sufficient to deter me. As I was walking one day, pensive and penniless through Henry Street, I saw some footmen and chairmen, with white gloves and cockades; and, on inquiring the occasion, was told that Lord H——th was that day married to Miss K——g. I immediately ran to a coffee-house, called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a flaming epithalamium, which I as suddenly dispatched, resolving to have the start of all Grub Street.

His Lordship came out and told the messenger that when Mr Pilkington wrote better verses, he would send him a reward.

I was at this time in a window opposite to his Lordship, who saw the man come over and deliver me the answer.

I took a pen, and, before his face, wrote extempore the following truth:

To the Right Hon. the Lord H——th

In a coffee-house hurried and pressed by my fate,
I wrote a few lines to get something to eat;
Perhaps, though the subject a dunce might inspire,
The want of subsistence has slackened my fire.
But if your kind Lordship that want will supply,
No man shall write faster nor better than I.

His Lordship sent word it was very well. It may be so, thought I, but faith I found it very ill.

I could not avoid repeating this story, in some companies I after fell into, and whether they resented the reception I met, or had some former pique to that nobleman, I shall not pretend to say, but shortly after, the following epigram was handed about:

When proper terms, we dulness would cloath,
We say you're as dull as the hill that's in H—th;[1]
But would you give dulness the force of record,
Say that every thing stupid resembles my L—d.

I should be sorry, by producing these pieces, to be thought to harbour the least resentment for the fate of my marriage-poem; the judgment of a peer must ever be superior to that of the insect called a scribbler, whose views extend no farther than a dinner or a shilling; and I only relate these little anecdotes to show that I am quite incapable of resenting anything my superiors are pleased to do.

As this is the first time I have been blessed with an opportunity of addressing the polite world, I find myself much inclined to prate, though I already begin to fear I shall be censured for this impertinent intrusion, where I am an entire stranger; yet as I have got so far, and my publisher, who is a man of real taste and distinguished abilities, neither of which my printer is

[1] 'Tis frequent in Dublin to say you are as stupid as the hill of Hoath.

deſtitute of; as they, I say, have not yet rejected any part of this Appendix as nonsense, I have a ſtrange inclination to venture upon a page or two more.

I remember to have seen amongſt my mother's papers an advertisement which she intended to have published in London, and, as it contains some humour, I here recite it, as well as I can recollect.

'Since it is become cuſtomary with every person to advertize the talents they either in reality or imagination possess, I have been told I have a ſtock on my hands which is of no manner of use to me, and, having sold everything but the gift of God to me, if any Simon will purchase I will dispose of it as follows':

'If any illiterate divine, from Cambridge or Oxford, has a mind to show his parts in a London pulpit, let him repair to me, and he shall have a sermon, not ſtolen from Barrow, Tillotson, or other eminent preachers, as is frequently the practice with those who have sense enough to do it, but fire-new from the mint. If any painter has a mind to commence bard without wit, and join the ſiſter arts, I also will aſſiſt him. If any author wants a copy of commendatory verses to prefix to his work or a flattering dedication to a worthless great man; any poor person a memorial or petition, properly calculated to dissolve the walls of ſtone and flint which environ the hearts of rich men, P——tes in particular; any print-seller, lines to put under his humorous, comic, or serious representations; any player an occasional Prologue or Epilogue; any beau a handsome *billet-doux* from a fair incognita; any old maid a copy of verses in her praise; any lady of high dress and low quality, such as are generally the ladies of the town, an amorous melting delicate epiſtle; any projector a paragraph in praise of his scheme; any extravagant prodigal a letter of recantation to his honoured father; any Miniſter of State, an apology for his conduct, which those gentlemen frequently want; any undertaker a funeral elegy; or any ſtone-cutter an epitaph; or, in short, anything in the poetical way, shall be dispatched in the moſt private,

easy, and genteel manner by applying to me, and that at the most reasonable rates.'

I think this advertisement may seriously now serve for me, since I find I have no means of subsisting but by a small smattering of wit, which is somehow inherent to me, to which I do assure my readers nothing but necessity could make me have recourse. I too well know that the greatest geniuses in that way have been scarce able to keep a coat to their backs; therefore, if some generous, noble, or humane person would bestow on me a small annuity, which might barely set me above want, I would resign all pretensions to the pen into the hands of those who by education and native endowments are better qualified to use it. Some persons of rank who are inclined to banter, tell me they would by no means deprive the world of their entertainment by giving me a provision, but if they will please to consider that one leisure-well-finished line is of more importance than volumes written in a hurry, they will be of another mind. If the great Mr Dryden had been possessed of an easy affluent fortune, his works, which are now almost buried in oblivion, would have been held in much greater esteem than they are; since 'tis impossible to think but a person of so extensive a capacity must have at one time or another produced something excellent.

And since I have said so much, one thing more: truth, gratitude, and honour compels me to say which is in relation to Mr James Worsdale, so often mentioned in these Memoirs. I'm sorry I'm obliged to confess that I think my mother carried her resentment too far in describing the character of this gentleman; but all persons who have any superior qualification have generally some imperfection adequate to it, which is done by Providence to show us that none are perfect on earth. Thus we see an Apollo in music a swine in his appetite: thus Swift, unrivalled in wit, was a slave to peevishness and ill-temper, which obscured his merit in the most social hour; and my mother, who possessed a pretty manner of writing, was apt to fall too

hard on those whom she imagined herself injured by. However, I'm convinced Mr Worsdale never did, nor intended, injury to her or any other person, as he is good-natured to a fault, and, as he has said himself:

Anxious to gain, but not to keep, his pelf,
A friend to every creature but himself.

And this a truth that I can assert, having lived some years in his house, which was truly hospitable to every indigent person that fell in his knowledge, but particularly such as had any pretensions to merit.

What my mother has said of him proceeded from some little pique, and therefore I hope people who read it will only laugh at her humour, but not seriously reflect on it, to the disadvantage of a person who is incapable of acting but with honour, justice, and integrity, which will be more fully in my power to demonstrate in the little account I intend to give of my own life.

And, although it would exceed the small limits I am prescribed, to apologize to every particular person pointed at in this volume, yet I hope they will be humane enough to harbour no resentment against me for anything it contains, since I have before specified the necessity I was under of publishing it; and as many characters are there of which I am really ignorant, so it would be impossible to break in upon the connection of one part with another by making alterations or leaving any part out.

There are some persons whom my mother was highly obliged to, and to whom, had she lived to complete this work, she would have returned her acknowledgments publicly: one of them was the Earl of Clanrickarde, a nobleman of most illustrious descent, and one who conspicuously retains the united virtues of his ancestors.

My mother having wrote his Lordship a letter for a subscription, he sent her in return a most polite epistle, which I have now the honour to possess, in which his Lordship promised shortly to favour her with a visit; and in some time he came. After having sat about some

half-an-hour chatting, he told her he had promised to subscribe to her works, but that he imagined a poem in her praise, written by himself, would be of infinitely more service to her; upon which he delivered her a sheet of paper, and she, really believing him serious, was about to open it.

'Pardon me, madam', said my Lord, 'you must not read my verses while I am present, or you'll offend my modesty.'

She laid the paper down, and shortly after my Lord took his leave. When she opened it, she found a draft on Dillon and Company for twenty pounds.

I hope I shall obtain his Lordship's forgiveness for the freedom I here take of mentioning his name; but I think such actions—and such alone compose his life—ought not to be obscured, and, though doubtless this is but a trivial instance of the munificence and honour of that worthy nobleman, yet as my mother was an entire stranger, and that his Lordship did it purely in compassion to her sufferings, and regard to her talents, she ever esteemed both the gift and the manner it was given in, as the genteelest thing that could possibly be done; and, as she did not survive to speak her sentiments on that occasion, I hope I shall be pardoned for attempting it.

FINIS

Appendix A

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

By J. Isaacs

"*Memoirs of Mrs Laetitia Pilkington, wife to the Rev. Mr. Matthew Pilkington. Written by herself. Wherein are occasionally interspersed all her Poems, with Anecdotes of several eminent persons, living and dead. Among others, Dean Swift, Alexander Pope, Esq; etc. etc. etc.* Dublin printed. London reprinted : and sold by R. Griffiths at the Dunciad in Ludgate Street, and G. Woodfall at the King's Arms at Charing Cross. 1748."

This first volume bears a notice at the end : "In the Press, and speedily will be Published, Vol II of this Work ; which will conclude the Whole." The second volume appeared from the same publisher. A second edition of the two volumes appeared in 1749, and a third edition, so marked, in 1751.

The second volume of the third edition contains this note :

"N.B. The Author intended another Volume of these Memoirs, but died before she had compleated it ; and the Publick may be assured, no such Third Volume will ever be published."

Nevertheless, in 1754 appeared,

"*The Third and last Volume of the Memoirs of Mrs Laetitia Pilkington, written by herself. Wherein are occasionally interspersed Variety of Poems : as also the Letters of several Persons of Distinction : With the conclusive Part of the Life of the Inimitable Dean Swift.*"

I have not seen any Dublin editions of her *Memoirs*, though no doubt copies exist, or the edition of Mrs Pilkington's poems, in which Pope's name is said to be found in the list of subscribers. Many of her letters to Lord Kingsborough are to be found in *The Real Story of John Carteret Pilkington, written by himself.* London. 1760, and in *The Life of John Carteret Pilkington, Son to the Reverend Mr Matthew Pilkington and the celebrated Mrs Laetitia Pilkington.* 2nd Edition. Dublin. 1762.

Bibliographical Note

Her poems are included in Volume II of *Poems by Eminent Ladies*. London. R. Baldwin. 1755, where they are prefaced by the following notice :

'MRS PILKINGTON.

Was daughter to Dr John Van Lewen, and was born in Dublin in the year 1712. She had a lively genius, and a natural turn to poetry, which qualifications very early gained her the friendship of Dr Swift, and several other persons of learning and distinction in Ireland. But as this Lady has been her own biographer, we shall refer the curious reader, for further particulars concerning her, to her own *Memoirs* : and shall only observe, that it is a pity this Lady was not bless'd with discretion, and, we may add, good fortune, in some proportion to her genius.'

Selections from the *Memoirs* with additional anecdotes probably not by her, were published as : *The Celebrated Mrs Pilkington's Jests : or, the Cabinet of Wit and Humour*, of which the British Museum Library possesses only the 2nd Edition, 1764.

The publication of the *Memoirs* brought out a shower of broadsheets by Letitia, her husband, and their friends and enemies. Several of these are in the British Museum in a volume of Dublin-printed miscellaneous broadsheets.

1. *Seasonable Advice to the Publick, concerning a Book of Memoirs lately published.* Printed in the Year 1748.

This expresses the writer's

" Surprize, or Indignation, at the Author of those Memoirs, who being long stigmatized as an incorrigible *Prostitute*, should now dare to make a publick Appearance, and endeavour to traduce and vilify the Characters of Persons of known Honour and Virtue."

2. *An answer to Seasonable advice to the Publick concerning A Book of Memoirs lately published.* Printed in the Year MDCCXLVIII.

This sheet concludes :

" I do what you did not dare to do, subscribe to this my Name.

L. PILKINGTON.

P.S. My Second Volume is in the Press, where Mr *J. Walsh's* Letter, and your Treatment of our Children, make a very considerable Figure."

3. *The Draper's letter to Mrs L— P——n, concerning the Book of Memoirs lately Published.* Dublin : Printed, in the Year 1748.

PLATE VII

The P–rſ–n's Reply to Mrs. L. P-lk-nt-n's Letter.

A Paſſage may be found, I've heard,
In ſome old Greek or Latin Bard:
Which ſays, would Crows in Silence eat,
Their Offals or their better Meat;
Their generous Feeders not provoking,
By loud and unharmonious Croakings
They might unhurt by Envy's Claws,
Live on, and Stuff to Boot their Maws. *Anon.*

Dear LETTY.

IT was a good Piece of Advice, I have met with ſomewhere, which bids us hearken diligently to what our Enemies ſay of us. They watch our Weakneſſes, and take all Opportunities of ſetting them in our View, tho' ſometimes, perhaps, in too bad a Light, yet we can ſee enough to convince us that we deſerve Cenſure. I am better'd by your calling me Fool in your Letter, and am ſeriouſly convinc'd that we are both Fools; You, in endeavouring to give yourſelf a fair Character in this Town, which is, *waſhing the Blackmore White*, and I, in endeavouring to perſwade you to Reform and Amend *Can the Ethiopean change his Skin, or the Leopard his Spots*, &c.

I do not know how you may like Scriptural Quotations; I am ſure you are paſſionately fond of Poetical ones, your whole Writings being little elſe; Quote on, regardleſs of that inarling Critick, who tells us, that

Quotations are to Patchwork near Ally'd
Both ſhews at once our Poverty and Pride.

Whoever ſees what iſſues from your Brain, may readily know that the efficient Cauſe is irreſiſtable, then how can you reform? When we ſee a pitchy Cloud of Smoak iſſuing from the Top of the Chimney of a Brew-houſe, we conclude that an uncommon Heat below produces it.

I ſhall only venture to give you one Piece of Advice, that is, (if you can poſſibly) make an handſome Apology to the Town for your Diſ-ingenuity in applying the Words of the Motto of your Paper to your ſelf, which were only true in the Mouth of their Author, inimitable SWIFT. Muſt the Armour of a Giant be clapt on every Pigmy? But Appropo, the following Fable is applicable to the Caſe before us.

The WAR HORSE and the little MARE.

A Little Tit, a Cheſnut Mare,
That ambled with diſtinguiſh'd Air,
That cock'd her Tail, her Ears and Noſe,
No matter what ſhe did expoſe.
As by a War-horſe once ſhe fed,
To him the following Words ſhe ſaid.
Sir Horſe, it is by all allow'd
That we have Reaſon to be Proud;
The Men have got an *Antient Book*,
In which ſometimes, by Chance they look,
They who have read it, do declare
Fine things are ſpoken of us there,
How we to War with Fury break,
And laugh where Spears and Lances ſhake.
¶. The *Bible*.
How we into the Battle ruſh
And value not what Weapons puſh,
And how we fly from Place to Place,
And bear our Riders with a Grace.
How we &c.
The Horſe no longer cou'd refrain,
But laugh'd, and laugh'd, and laugh'd again.
The Mare at laſt began to ſnort,
And aſk'd in Paſſion —What's the Sport?
Dear Mrs Mare, reply'd the Horſe,
I Laugh at your abſurd Diſcourſe.
Theſe Words of generous Steeds were ſpoke,
But you're a Garron,——there's the Joke.

I am ready to ſerve you on a proper Occaſion, Whilſt
RIDER GENTLE

DUBLIN: Printed in the Year MDCCXLVIII.

BROADSHEET IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

[*face p. 468*

4. *An Answer to a Fool who* modestly *ſtyles Himself the Draper.* N.D.
subscribed

" I am not your humble servant,
L. PILKINGTON."

5. A small pamphlet contains *A Letter from William Hammond, Esq; in Juſtification of himself, from the falſe and ſcandalous Aſperſions of Mrs Pilkington, in her Memoirs.* Dublin. Printed for Peter Wilson in Dame Street, MDCCXLVIII.

The letter, dated March 19, 1747/8, to the Rev Mr Pilkington, reads :

" I do not remember to have seen Mrs Pilkington, above two or three Times in my Life ; once was at your House (in Crow Street), when Doctor Walker was present, who carried me there to see you, and while we ſtayed she entertained us with repeating Verses, which she said were of her own making. I cannot recollect any other Conversation I ever had with her while she lived with you ; and since your seperation ; I never to my knowledge saw her."

6. *Mrs Pilkington's answer to the Rev P—son P—ton, Who assumes the Name of W. Ham—d, Formerly Runner in the Duke of D—set's Kitchen, now an Ensign.* N.D.

7. *The P—rs—n's Reply to Mrs L. P—lk—nt—n's letter.* Dublin. Printed in the year MDCCXLVIII.

8. *The Parson has the Worſt on't : or, A Duel between the Cassock and Petticoat.* N.D.

The Gentleman's Magazine, September 1748, in its Register of Books, p. 432, gives the following notices of items I have not seen :

The Parallel ; or, Pilkington and Philips compar'd. pr. 1s. Webb.

[The reader's own remarks on the writer of these will furnish as good a parallel.]

A letter from Mrs L—tia Pilk—ton to the celebrated Mrs T—sia C—tia Ph—ps. pr. 1s. Carpenter.

[This is another pamphlet rising out of Mrs P——'s Apology, and published in a borrow'd name, to expose her. It takes notice of some inconsistency in her charge on Mr G——, and that she shew'd herself a very forward girl at 13 to go to him, remarking how silently she passes over several parts of her

history, especially while she was in *France* ; and that, on the whole, she is a vain, insolent, etc., creature.

An artful prostitute, in falshoods practis'd,
To make advantage of her coxcomb's follies.

ORPHAN.

From all these pamphlets it appears that some persons are not pleased with her making the best of her cause.]

The chief source of information about Mrs Pilkington and her husband is *The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift*, magnificently edited in six volumes by Mr F. Elrington Ball, 1910–14. A short account of her relations with Richardson may be found in Miss C. L. Thomson's critical study of Samuel Richardson, 1900.

There is an important discussion of the trustworthiness of the *Memoirs* in Emile Pons, *Swift : Les années de jeunesse et le "Conte du Tonneau"* (Strasbourg, 1925), and a charming essay by Mrs Virginia Woolf is reprinted in her *The Common Reader*, 1925.

Mr F. Elrington Ball has also thrown important light on the identity of the Rev. Matthew Pilkington. The late Thomas Seccombe, in the Dictionary of National Biography, twice warned readers against confusing the husband of Letitia with the author of the *Dictionary of Painters*. Mr Ball, by printing, in *Notes and Queries*, of July 27, 1912, the will of Matthew Pilkington, has shown that the two are one person.

Matthew Pilkington, Vicar of Donabate, speaks of his "faithfull and affectionate Wife Ann Pilkington", remains true to the character given him in the *Memoirs*, in the following clause :

"Item. To my son William Pilkington, who never felt a filial affection for me (to the utmost of my observation) I give the sum of five pounds sterlg and to those two abandoned wretches John Carteret Pilkington and Elizabeth Pilkington I give the sum of one Shilling if Demanded within 12 months, and I should abhorr to mention them in any Deed of mine, if it were not to prevent all possibility of Dispute or litigation."

The will was made on February 14, 1754, and Pilkington died July 18, 1774. Mr Ball's concise account of Matthew is of interest.

"Pilkington, who was born at Ballyboy, in King's County, was the son of one William Pilkington, 'faber automatarius,' and entered in 1717, at the age of 17, Dublin University from the school of Mr Neil in Dublin. He was elected in 1721 a Scholar, and graduated in 1722 Bachelor of Arts. His marriage to the

celebrated Letitia Van Lewen took place in 1725, and was dissolved, so far as the power of the ecclesiastical court extended, thirteen years later, as appears from the following paragraph in *The Dublin Evening Post* of 7–11 Feb, 1737/8 :

" Last Tuesday came on in the Spiritual Court the trial of Mrs Letitia Pilkington *alias* Van Lewen for adultery with Mr Adair, which being fully proved, sentence of divorce was pronounced against her by Dr Trotter, Vicar General of the Diocese and Judge of the Consistorial Court."

Mr Ball says the will " shows that Letitia's husband married a second time, no doubt after her death, which occurred in 1750." The matter may now be finally cleared up. Letitia died on 29 August, 1750, and Matthew's haste may be judged from the following notice in *The General Advertiser*, London, for September 13, 1750, which confirms Mr Ball's conclusion :

" Dublin. Sept. 4. Last Week the Rev Matt. Pilkington, was married at Kilcavan, to Miss Nancy Sandes, a very amiable young Lady, Daughter of Pigott Sandes, Esq ; of Kilcavan in the Queen's County."

Some light may be thrown on Mrs Pilkington's accuracy by a comparison of her text of the long letter from Colley Cibber, with the full version printed by her son in his *Real Story*, and more recently included, from an independent manuscript copy in *The Orrery Papers*, edited by the Countess of Cork and Orrery, 1903.

Letitia's account of her meeting with John Wesley should be compared with the entry in his own *Journal* for Thursday, April 12, 1750.

" I breakfasted with one of the society, and found she had a lodger I little thought of. It was the famous Mrs. Pilkington, who soon made an excuse for following me upstairs. I talked with her seriously about an hour. We then sung 'Happy Magdalene'. She appeared to be exceedingly struck ; how long the impression may last, God knows."

This note may conveniently close with the following opinion of Mrs Montagu, Queen of the Bluestockings, from an undated letter to Mrs Donnellan now in Mr R. B. Adam's Johnsonian collection.

" I have read the first volume of Mrs Pilkington. She has a pretty genius for poetry, a turn of wit and satire and vanity—It is often said that Wit is a dangerous quality ; it is there meant that it is an offensive weapon, and is a perilous thing in society ; but Wit in women is apt to have other bad consequences ; like a sword

without a scabbard it wounds the wearer and provokes assailants. I am sorry to say the generality of women who have excelled in wit have failed in chastity ; perhaps it inspires too much confidence in the possessor, and raises an inclination in the men towards them without inspiring an esteem so that they are more attacked and less guarded than other women."

J. Isaacs.

Appendix B

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs *Lætitia Pilkington*,

WIFE TO THE

Rev. Mr *Matthew Pilkington*.

Written by HERSELF.

Wherein are occaſionally interſperſed,

All Her POEMS;

WITH

Anecdotes of ſeveral eminent perſons,
Living and Dead.

Among others

Dean *Swift*, *Alexander Pope*, Eſq;
&c. &c. &c.

DUBLIN Printed;

London Reprinted: and Sold by R. Griffiths, at the *Dunciad* in *Ludgate-ſtreet*, and *G. Woodfall*, at the *King's Arms at Charing-Croſs*. 1748.

To Sir Robert King, Bart.

Sir,

'Tis a very great pleasure to me, in an age where vice is looked on as a kind of fashionable accomplishment, to hear of one young gentleman who is not ashamed of being singularly good; who has a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity, without any sinister views; and who has happily united the Fine Gentleman to the Good Christian.

These, Sir, are unfading honours! these shall embalm and sanctify your name on earth; and, when this transient scene is past, be a sweet and acceptable sacrifice to God.

That your virtues may long adorn and bless this world and receive a full and glorious recompense in the next is the ardent prayer of,

Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

L. Pilkington.

PREFACE

It is usual with all authors to write Prefaces either to beg the applause of the public or else

By way of filling,
To raise their volume's price a shilling—

as a most eminent poet is said to have done.

I own, if the merit of any writer is to be judged by the number of sheets they have written, I have very little pretence to favour; but as *Multum in parvo* is an expression of an ancient poet, I hope my readers will excuse me, as I would rather have them rise from table with an appetite than glut them—a rule of temperance equally conducive to the health of our minds as of our bodies.

I once had the misfortune of writing for a printer who never examined the merit of the work, but used to measure it, and tell me it would not do at all except I could send him half-a-dozen yards more of the same

ſtuff; and, as Dr Young remarks on large folios well-gilt and bound, very proper to adorn a library whether the owner of it can read or write, or not:

> *So Tonson, turned upholſterer, ſends home*
> *The gilded leather to adorn the room.*

If I am obliged to send my work in a blue-paper covering, let them look on the inside, which, I flatter myself, will at leaſt amuse them.

As I wrote these *Memoirs* in England, the describing particular places or cuſtoms peculiar to Ireland, in order to make the work intelligible to the English readers will, I hope, be excused; for all countries vary from each other in many points.

So neither ſervilely fearing cenſure nor vainly hoping applauſe, I refer my readers to the enſuing pages.

PREFACE (*continued*)

I CAN'T but let my readers ſee my vanity in inſerting the following Poems written to me ſince I came to Dublin, and do aſſure them I have as many packets of a day as a Miniſter of State; ſome praiſing and ſome abuſing me: the beſt of which in my praiſe I have choſen out for their peruſal.

To Mrs Pilkington

Monday, April 4, 1748

Madam,.

If you can find a place for the following verſes in your Second Volume, I ſhall think myſelf highly honoured, who am with all ſincerity, etc.

I

When time's grown hoary with a thouſand years,
How muſt Hibernia laud thy name?
Though now ſhe ſeems to triumph in thy tears,
And almoſt glories in her ſhame.

II

Could Gaul or Albion boaſt a right in thee,
Who now muſt envy what we hate;
They'ld prize that noble worth we seem to flee,
And glory in so bleſt a fate.

III

Ye sons that put her honour to the teſt
Assert the glories of her name,
And let her ſtand to diſtant times redressed,
In virtue spotless as in fame.

To Mrs Letitia Pilkington
Clangill, July 16, 1748

Madam,

When I read the Firſt Volume of your works, I was touched with a feeling sense of your uncommon misfortunes, and am convinced the villainy of a pr—ſt, and envy of some of your own sex gave birth to all your afflictions; and I'll venture to say that the Doctor can't but secretly acknowledge

That Pallas sowed, within your mind,
Seeds long unknown to womankind,
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.

Now, Madam, in return for the satisfaction your book gave me, I send you the following essay, and if you like it

I disregard the critics' frown,
And all the quackbards of the town.

I am your friend,
Bernard Clarke.

Hail, charming fair, with low but friendly lays,
I'll tune my pipe, and vie to sing thy praise.
Ambitious always to defend thy fame,
And sing thy spotless but much injured name.

Thy ſtory oft with pitying soul I read,
And judge thy hapless fate was hard indeed;
Ungrateful man! could neither wit nor art
Raise thy compassion or secure thy heart,

When all the joys, that please in human life
Shone bright in her, and formed a perfect wife;
Respected and revered where'er she went,
Discreetly gay, yet strictly innocent;
Her sprightly parts, her lively wit and sense
To none but you e'er gave the least offence;
But, could the serpent with the lamb agree?
No more could such a heav'n-born fair with thee;
Ambition, envy acted each their part
To soil what should be partner of thy heart:
Go, abject slave, you meanly spent your life,
In low pursuits; you'ld prostitute your wife.
The Dean[1] first brought you from a low estate,
On his account admitted to the great;
How could you then that honour of the age
Betray to fury of a party-rage?
Your wife, too partial, wipes this from your door,
Though thousand thousands know the fact is sure:
Thus we may see th' ignoble mind in you,
In spite of all her sense or art can do;
Had but her wit in ancient days appeared,
As Homer's now, it would have been revered;
Ah! could I, but like thee, in gliding strain
Invoke the muse, add transport to the plain;
To you, whose wit inspires my softest song,
I'ld speak—the groves should echo it along;
To sing Letitia should be all my aim,
For deathless numbers give immortal fame;
Should not some tender pity move the fair
To chase thy grief, and dissipate thy care;
Let them but figure all thy woes their own,
And weigh th' invidious tattle of the town;
But Flavia, reeling from forbidden game,
If rich, respected, though she's lost her fame,
Cries: 'Lud, I wonder who'ld believe her lies;
I read her *Memoirs*, but thank God I've eyes—
Though ten to one if she could read her prayers,
Who gave herself those supercilious airs':
Thus may you see all those who suffered shame
Are ever first to blast another's fame;
But who can judge, that hears another groan,
Who ne'er had felt a torment of their own?—
And souls like thine must feel a deeper blow
Than half the world have sense enough to know.

[1] Swift.

Oh, King,[1] what praise hereafter will be thine!
How will thy bounty and thy greatness shine?
Who gave relief with an unsparing hand,
And wert Mæcenas of Hibernia's land;
This deed shall foremoſt of thy actions live,
This shall immortal praise and honour give—
This shall remain on lateſt time's records,
And King be envied by the future lords;
Should I attempt to give her honour due,
I could each hour sing something that was new;
But my faint muse, unequal to my aim,
I find fall short of the inspiring theme;
To praise such matchless excellence divine,
Suits not such lowly humble ſtrains as mine;
Could I have power to touch th' harmonious ſtring,
Or bid th' insphered soul of Milton sing,
Or call down Shakespeare from the realms of light,
To tell thy ſtory, or describe thee right,
Then should I triumph over time and fate,
And be hereafter counted truly great,
Great he muſt be, indeed, who pictured well
All graces Heaven could form or poet tell;
Yet be content while you in luſtre shine,
And paint your wrongs in soft and well-tuned line;
The world, though late, your merit shall befriend,
And all your sorrows in applause shall end.

I hope the gentleman prophesied, for really I have had so many misfortunes that it is now time to have a little ease.

To Mrs. Pilkington on Reading her Memoirs

When beauty suffers in fair virtue's cause,
And men refuse to innocence applause;
'Tis then the muse, in all her charms should rise,
And bear that Merit to it's native skies.
Such 'twas of old inspired the Grecian song,
And bore her heroes and her nymphs along;
From her proud Rome possessed the sacred flame,
And from the urn preserved Lucretia's name.

Britons, whene'er the dismal tale you hear,
Oh! pay to Pilkington, the pious tear:
A second Lucrece now in her behold!—
By friends forsook and by her husband sold;

[1] Lord Kingsborough.

Sold, cursed, ensnared to infamy and shame,
O base betrayer of a woman's fame!
Touched with remorse, let thy own bosom say
What worms, what snakes, within that bosom prey:
What pang thou feel'ſt for guilt unheard, unknown;
And may that pang for ever be thy own!
Oh! can'ſt thou yet forbid thy eyes to flow,
And render tear for tear, and woe for woe?
Say, can'ſt thou see thy once-loved partner roam,
Exiled by thee from children and from home:
Exposed to want, to grief, to luſt, to care:
And thou, the author, smile at her despair?

Alas, ye Gods! to him was never given
The meaneſt spark of gratitude from heaven,
Else would his breaſt with kind compassion bleed;
Else would his soul deteſt the impious deed.
Else would his heart the long-loſt passion prove,
And rouse his honour to redeem his love.

Ah! injured fair, no more his honour mourn!
His honour's fled, ah! never to return.
Let him, secure, of every joy possessed,
Be lulled to peace and visionary reſt;
Thus when his soul from every care is free,
No sense of heaven, nor yet a thought of thee.
Then all-inflamed shall vengeance wing its way,
Steal on his sight, and snatch him from the day.
Amazed, each one, shall own the sentence juſt,
And send his bones with curses to the duſt.

But thou, superior to the worſt of days,
Shalt rise in health, in virtue, and in praise.
Envy shall cease, and malice be no more,
Each woman love thee, and each man adore.
With themes celeſtial shall thy spirit glow,
And, in full rapture, live another Rowe.

H. K.

Taunton, Somerset.

N.B. *This laſt poetical address to Mrs Pilkington, is not in the Irish Edition, being sent to the publisher in London.*

Volume II

To the Right Honourable the Lord Baron Kingsborough.

My Lord,

Though your Lordship has been pleased positively to prohibit my dedicating this volume to you, yet, as I had the following poem written, I could not resist the temptation of prefixing it to my work, which I must rely on your goodness to pardon, as

I really am,
With all possible gratitude
And respect,
Your Lordship's
Most obliged,
Humble servant,
L. Pilkington.

Oh! King, Live for Ever!

To thee, within whose Heaven-illumined breast,
Resides each virtue, which adorns the blest;
'Tis bold presumption to attune my lays,
Seraphic notes should hymn sublimer praise;
Angels enthroned, in bliss with rapture view
Their own divine perfections, live in you:
Say, while you wander, through the rural shade
By sapphire fount, or flower-enamelled mead,
By wisdom nursed, by contemplation fed,
By both, to ev'ry art and science led;
While sacred honour, that immortal guest
Lives in each action of thy life confessed,
Wilt thou, propitious, while I wake the string,
Attentive listen to the strains I sing;
No venal lay I offer to impart,
Accept the rapture of a grateful heart.
Come, inspiration, from thy hermit-seat,
O, give me flowing numbers sweetly great!
Free as his bounties, beauteous as his frame,
And pure and bright, as his unspotted fame;
For nature, prodigal to King, has given
All gifts, admired on earth, and dear to Heaven;
Then to Hibernia, lent this sacred store,
Too blest Hibernia, can'st thou wish for more;
Philosophers can, from the noon-tide sun,
Extract one solar ray, though finely spun;

Then, in that ray, the various colours shew,
With which God paints the rain-foretelling bow;
May I, like them, presume, with happy art,
To trace, diſtinct, the virtues of thy heart,
Or turn, aſtonished, from the dazzling light,
And own it too intolerably bright,
When ev'ry beam, does with full force unite.
Here did I pause, when, lo! the heaven-born muse,
Who, if aright invoked, will ne'er refuse
Her aid, appeared, and said, thy noble choice
May better than the muse inspire thy voice;
To me eternal wisdom gave the care
Of King, no meaner power could interfere;
Pleased with the task, I took the lovely child,
Blooming as spring, with looks serenely mild;
Hence flows beneficent his boundless mind,
The joy, the love, the friend of humankind;
Modeſty, learning, genius, wit, and taſte,
By female sweetness, manly virtue graced;
Hence take their source, oh fav'rite of the skies!
To which, though late, triumphant shalt thou rise;
There mix with souls, like thine, divinely pure,
And taſte the rapture fitted to endure:
She ceased, thanks heavenly visitant; I said,
To thee my gratitude be ever paid;
For what, sufficient, may I render thee,
Who raised a patron that protected me,
Who viewed my anguish with a pitying eye,
When ev'n a son, and brother past it by.
All-righteous Heaven, attend my ardent prayer,
Make him thy conſtant, thy peculiar care,
Whose mercy, like the dews that bless the ground,
Silently falls, refreshing all around;
While, with such winning grace, his bounties flow,
They double all the blessings they beſtow;
Touched with a painful joy, the lab'ring heart
Struggles its mighty transport to impart;
Meanings crowd thick, the tongue it's aid denies,
And springing tears the loss of speech supplies.
The Peers of Ireland long have been a jeſt,
Their own, and ev'ry other climate's peſt;
But King shall grace the coronet he wears,
And make it vie with Britain's nobleſt ſtars;
And when, in time, to grace his nuptial bed;
Some chaſte, illuſtrious charmer he shall wed:
May love, and joy, and truth, the pomp attend,
And deathless honour to his race descend.

Volume III

To the Right Honourable Sir John Lewis Ligonier, Knight of the Bath, One of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, etc., etc.

Sir,

'Tis customary with mankind to deem all dedicators flatterers, who rather pay court to the fortune of their Patrons, than to any real merit they possess. But in order to avoid censure, on account of this too obvious meanness, I have happily made choice of a gentleman to present this last offspring of my beloved mother to whom had I eloquence enough to say all that is good and great, the world must allow 'twere barely doing justice to his exalted character.

To expatiate, Sir, on the various points in which you excel, would be a task most fittly adapted to the accuracy of a Plutarch, or to the perspicuity of a Rapin, than to a pen so unskilled as mine, in every polished art.

Since to display your magnanimity in the field, wisdom in the council, singular politeness and universal benevolence demands the flowers of rhetorick and poesy.

Yet, sir, that you are dear to the soldier as his honour, to the public as a guardian, and to all who are blessed with a participation of your social hours, as a sincere friend and most agreeable companion, I hope I may be allowed to say.

I should never, sir, have arrived at the honour of drawing even this imperfect sketch of Sir John Ligonier, but what I retained the sentiments from my mother, whose intent it was, had she lived, to have inscribed this volume to you.

In this address therefore, Sir, at the same time that I satisfy my own ambition, I do an action, grateful to the Manes of a departed mother; since though she hated vice, and was bold enough to reprove it, goodness like yours was her darling theme.

I have the honour to be with unspeakable respect,

Sir,

Your most devoted,
Most Obedient,
And most Humble Servant.

J. C. Pilkington.

Long Acre,
Jan. 31, 1754.

THE PREFACE

Lest the world should imagine I published this Volume in order to displease my father, or any other person, the reflection of which would give me the utmost uneasiness, I thought it necessary in this place to declare the reason it lay so long in obscurity; and why it is at this time made public.

My mother before her death had taken in a number of subscriptions in Ireland, and after her departure from life, as I was left quite destitute of money or friends, I was obliged to pursue the design of printing the volume; to which I was encouraged by several persons of real worth and distinction: but tho' I became indebted to the public, it was never in my power, to raise a sufficient sum to defray the expense of printing; but on the contrary, through the resentment of those, whom my Mother had formerly described, I was not only basely traduced in my reputation, but plunged into a world of calamities, which I may perhaps at some time hereafter relate, together with the various passages of my life. However amongst many accusations that fell heavy on me, one was, that I had defrauded the public by taking subscriptions to a work which I not only had not a design of printing, but one that never existed, except in my own imagination; as they were kind enough to declare, that my mother never wrote such a book.

Yet should I have been content to have stood all this reproach, and much more, nay, as the subscribers were persons of fortune and humanity, whose contributions proceeded more from a desire of serving me, than a curiosity to see the book, I would have remained their debtor for ever, sooner than have brought such an affair over, but that, having a wife and family to support, and finding it impossible to obtain from my father the smallest succour, though I applied to him in the most submissive and pathetic manner; on the contrary when I found him endeavouring to hurt me in the opinion of

those,[1] with whom I had some intereſt, I thought it but prudent to acquit myself of the charge of dishonesty, by delivering the books to my benefactors and at the same time to endeavour to make as much as possible by it.

To this end I came to London laſt October, but had not brought the manuscript with me, which was in the hands of Mr Powel, printer in Dublin. I thought it prudent, not being overſtocked with cash, to try how a subscription would take in London, before I ventured to pay a sum which was due to Powel. I therefore printed proposals, and communicated my plan to Mr Foote, who had when in Ireland, professed great friendship for me, (not without some cause) as will be seen hereafter. He highly approved my project, and assured me I might make a considerable sum by it; and that for his own part, he would get me at leaſt a hundred subscribers, all which, not knowing the gentleman's real disposition, I sincerely believed. His farce of "The Englishman in Paris" was at this time acting, and I ventured to write the following lines upon it, which I sent to him in a letter, and begged his permission to insert them in the "Daily Advertiser."

To Samuel Foote, Esq., on seeing his "Englishman in Paris."

When brilliant merit juſtly claims applause,
Commands eſteem and admiration draws;
When every action suits to please mankind,
Delights the sense, and elevates the mind;
Each bard enraptured should exalt his lays,
And gladly pay his tributary praise;
Yet British wits are silent when they see,
The laſt inimitable comedy;
In which a spirit lives through every part,
That charms, that soothes, that captivates the heart;
'Tis thine, O Foote, with a peculiar ease,
At once to lash, t' inſtruct us, and to please;
So sweet, yet poignant, all your satires flow,

[1] Particularly the Lord Bishop of Derry, to whom I am much obliged

That patiently from you our faults we know;
The dunce, the fribble, the affected wit,
Chaſtised by you, muſt silently submit;
Still may Britannia, with a grateful sense,
Thy matchless labours ſtrive to recompense;
Thus we in time, may ev'ry error find,
And Foote ſtill prove a mirror to mankind.

The gentleman was pleased to honour me with the following answer:

Dear Sir,

It is impossible for me to thank you as I ought, for your enclosed favour; and full as impossible for me to answer the contents of your obliging letter; there is at present such a conflict in me, between modeſty and vanity, that as neither can get the better, I muſt leave the deſtination of your elegant piece to your own discretion.

I am,
Dear Sir,
Moſt Sincerely Yours,
Samuel Foote.

Covent Garden.

An indifferent person would now imagine, that this gentleman was inclinable to serve me, but whether he contracted insincerity in his late tour to Paris, or whether 'tis nature to him, I know not. But when I went to him with the subscription papers he took a quantity of them and desired me to call in about a week; he then excused himself, by saying he had been unwell, but finally, when I pressed him hard, he wrote me the following polite and obliging note:

Sir,

I am sorry the disadvantageous light in which some of your countrymen have placed you here, has put it out of my power to be as useful to you as I could wish. I have sent you half a guinea, together with all your subscriptions, you will consider that the many

calls I have of this kind (though not too much for my inclination) are a little too heavy for my income.

Yours etc,

Samuel Foote.

I shall make no comment in this place, upon this extraordinary revolution; perhaps as he says himself,

'Tis pride, nay, something worse, the pocket's low.

Epilogue to the "Englishman in Paris."

But on his acting the characters of Ben the sailor, and Buck in the "Englishman in Paris" one night, some envious, anonymous scribbler furnished out the following lines; and as that gentleman's transcendent abilities, are superior to any low things of this nature that can be said, I hope it will not be thought malice in me, to transcribe them here.

To Samuel Foote Esq; on his condescending to enact Ben and Buck.

Oft hast thou sought the comic muse in vain,
While thy strained gesture but excited pain;
For when Sir Courtly Nice was played by thee,
The murm'ring audience cried 'it cannot be';
With like success some other parts you tried,
Nay, ev'n for favour in the buskin vied;
But all in vain, you were compelled to drop it,
And act the satyr, the buffoon, and poppet;[1]
Till wisely pond'ring what composed your mind,
Where you no generous sentiment could find;
You saw the error, and to end dispute,
Shin'd in your native character, a b—te.

I am told, that the ludicrous author of this, was not threatened with so slender a revenge as tea or coffee, but absolute Newgate and the pillory; which poor subterfuge gave him so much reason to pity his antagonist, that he has since held him incorrigible, below the notice even of a scribbler.

[1] i.e. in the Haymarket.

And here I cannot help remarking at the same time, that I return my most sincere acknowledgements to my noble subscribers in England, that amongſt the number of persons whose characters my mother had endeavoured to illuſtrate by due praise, not one, except his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and Sir John Ligonier, to whose superlative bounties I am unspeakably indebted, would assist me. But as they are the greateſt and nobleſt characters which compose her writings, I muſt e'en content myself; and tho' this volume is not in octavo which I at firſt proposed, but afterwards oblig'd to alter my design, in order to make it match the other two, I am persuaded, that as my subscribers are composed of the greateſt and beſt persons in England, they will pardon that defect, since it contains the purposed quantity.[1] However, any person who imagines they have paid too much, shall have the overplus returned on sending to me.

N.B.—A list of subscribers is omitted for particular reasons, which the reader will be better qualified to guess at after he has perused the ensuing pages.

[1] The Irish edition is in octavo.

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